March 1933

What Southern California is Really Like. See page 266
The Clowns Who Make Our Laws. See page 330

The American Mercury

Edited by

H. L. MENCKEN

Rehearsing for Baseball — *Arthur Mann*
Prison Stupor — *Victor Folke Nelson*
Wine From American Grapes — *Philip Wagner*
Big Leaguer — *John Fante*
Salvation for the Select — *Frank Devine*
The Feud in the Rotunda — *Albert Halper*
The Facts of Life — *Samuel Grafton*
The Catholics in the Revolution — *Theodore Maynard*
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Yeggs

by

JIM TULLY

***in the April issue of The American* MERCURY**

THE yeggs are no more," says Jim Tully, and he goes on to lament the passing of the most daring and colorful group of professional brigands ever known in America.

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This article is pure, uncut Tully—an inimitable brand of literary stimulant. Here are a history of the yegg profession, an illuminating explanation of how they operated and of their status in the criminal world, and an impression of their *Weltanschauung*—in short, a fitting epitaph for those picturesque desperadoes, such as only Jim Tully, once a road-kid and yegg's companion himself, could write.

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXVIII March, 1933 NUMBER 111

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

THE ARTS

THE ART OF HENRI MATISSE.
By Albert C. Barnes & Violette de Mazia.
Charles Scribner's Sons
$5 6⅛ x 9⅛; 464 pp. *New York*

This book is divided into two parts: an account of the general characteristics of Matisse's work, and an appendix of detailed analyses of representative pictures. Some of the chapter titles give an idea of the scope of the text proper: "Method," "Plastic Form and Design," "The Psychology of Matisse," "Decoration and Decorative Design," "Drawing," "Color," "Light," "Space," "Thematic Variation," "Portraiture," and "Matisse Compared with his Contemporaries." The authors are sharp in their criticism. Matisse, they say, "is primarily an intelligence," and lacks "the impulsiveness that results in untrammeled spontaneous expression." His pictures are "comparatively poor in human significance, in stirring emotional quality," and they have "no individual imaginative insight" into the mystery of life. "By centering his interest upon decoration he misses the supreme values of painting." Nevertheless, "Matisse is a very great artist, a man of keen sensitiveness, vigorous intelligence, and enormous erudition." There are 223 illustrations and an index.

JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO.
Introduction by Alma Reed. *The Delphic Studios*
$6 8¼ x 11; 160 pp. *New York*

Miss Reed's introduction is pleasant, short and free from the usual critical fustian. She outlines the life of Orozco, and then lets his melodramatic paintings and lithographs tell their own story. His murals, as everyone knows, have had a great success, both in his native Mexico and in the United States. Their brilliant color, of course, is lost in these halftones in monochrome, but the reproductions at least convey something of their astonishing vigor. A really demoniacal quality is in some of them, and in even the least there is something that arrests the attention like a bugle call. Nevertheless, Orozco, on occasion, can coo like a dove, as his portrait of his mother shows. The reproductions, in the main, are excellent. Each one is dated.

ART OF TODAY: CHICAGO, 1933.
By J. Z. Jacobson. *L. M. Stein*
$3 8 x 10⅞; 154 pp. *Chicago*

Mr. Jacobson, in his introduction, denounces regional schools of art, and says that the fifty-two Chicago painters and sculptors he here deals with do not constitute one. Their work, indeed, does not even show a partiality for Chicago subjects. Nevertheless, he believes that they have something in common, and so he ranges them together. His method is to give each artist a page for a reproduction—all of them in photogravure, and most of them pretty good—and a page for an explanation. These explanations, alas, are not always illuminating, for artists usually grow incoherent when they try to tell what they are trying to do. The work represented covers a wide area, though all of it is modernistic in tendency. There is some excellent painting, but there is also some puerile daubing. At the end are biographical sketches of the fifty-two artists.

AMERICAN INDIAN DANCE STEPS.
By Bessie Evans & May G. Evans.
A. S. Barnes & Company
$5 8⅞ x 11; 104 pp. *New York*

To many persons, say the authors, the dancing of the American Indians seems to be little more than "a mere jumping up and down to the monotonous beat of a crudely fashioned drum." But this shows very superficial observation, for as a matter of fact the Indians have a great variety of steps, and some of them are anything but simple. The Misses Evans went to New Mexico to study these steps, and their observations are here set forth, with diagrams by J. Maxwell Miller and sketches in full color by Poyege, an Indian of the San Ildefonso tribe. The book will be of great interest, not only to anthropologists, but also to students of dancing. It is beautifully turned out, and in some cases the music of the dances is given. There is a preface by Frederick W. Hodge, of the Museum of the American Indian. At the end there is an index.

HISTORY

BENGAL MUTINY.
By George Dangerfield. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2 4⅞ x 7⅜; 272 pp. *New York*

The Indian Mutiny bulked large in Nineteenth Century history, but of late the memory of it has been almost obliterated by later and even more melodramatic events, and so it is pleasant to have this succinct and effective account of it. Mr. Dangerfield does not pretend to offer anything that is new. He accepts the standard authorities, and tells his story without any display of erudition. But it is so

Continued on page vi

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LIPPINCOTT PHILADELPHIA

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good a story that it deserves to be read anew. Few wars on the same small scale have produced fiercer fighting or a more glorious display of heroism than the Mutiny. Its heroes, indeed, were counted by the dozen, and their prodigies kept England in a glow for many years. Mr. Dangerfield hints at the end that another Mutiny is very improbable but there are both Indians and Englishmen who think otherwise. There is a brief bibliographical note, but an index is lacking.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION OF INTERNATIONAL DISPUTES.
By Helen May Cory. The Columbia University Press
$3.50 5¾ x 9; 281 pp. *New York*

Dr. Cory, who is on the faculty of Columbia, distinguishes between voluntary arbitration and compulsory arbitration. The latter, to which her book is confined, refers to those "obligations whereby states have undertaken, in advance, to have recourse to arbitration for the settlement of their disputes." It was in Latin America, strangely enough, that the first treaties of compulsory arbitration were concluded in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. The idea spread rapidly to Europe, where, especially since the World War, more arbitration treaties have been signed than on the American continents. The treaties in actuality amount to little. Their chief difficulty lies in the fact that "most states still restrict their obligation in the domain of arbitration to 'legal questions' or 'claims of right,'" which are understood to bar out questions of "national integrity and honor." Dr. Cory outlines the history of the movement admirably. A list of arbitration treaties, a bibliography, and an index are appended.

A POLITICAL & CULTURAL HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE.
By Carlton J. H. Hayes. The Macmillan Company
$3.50 5½ x 8⅝; 863 pp. *New York*

This is the first volume of a two-volume reworking of Dr. Hayes's "Political and Social History of Modern Europe," first published in 1916 and revised in 1924. The new version gives a good deal more space to the arts and sciences than its predecessor, it has more and better maps and illustrations, and it has been much improved otherwise. It would be hard to find a more useful general history of the period. Dr. Hayes's information is wide, his judgment is generally sound, and he writes in a manner which, without being brilliant, is clear and attractive. He is a Catholic, but the fact is not visible in his narrative, for he deals with the Protestant revolt in an admirably fair and judicious spirit. The illustrations are all from contemporary paintings

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and prints. In appendices are lists of kings and elaborate bibliographies, followed by an index. The present volume closes with the year 1830. A second will follow.

THE MAKING OF EUROPE. *An Introduction to the History of European Unity.*
By Christopher Dawson. The Macmillan Company
$3.75 5¼ x 8¾; 317 pp. *New York*

This is a cultural history of Europe from the Fourth to the Eleventh Century, a period of 700 years, which "was the most creative age of all, since it created not this or that manifestation of culture, but the very culture itself—the root and ground of all the subsequent cultural achievements." Mr. Dawson, who is lecturer in the history of culture at the University College, Exeter, ignores almost completely political history, and devotes himself wholly to such basic forces as the Roman Catholic Church, Byzantine culture, and the sweep of Islam. He considers at great length the various points of contact of the Islamic and Byzantine world and the Christian world, and he has many shrewd things to say about the influence of these clashes on subsequent European history. Altogether, a useful book. There are sixteen illustrations, four maps, a bibliography, and an index.

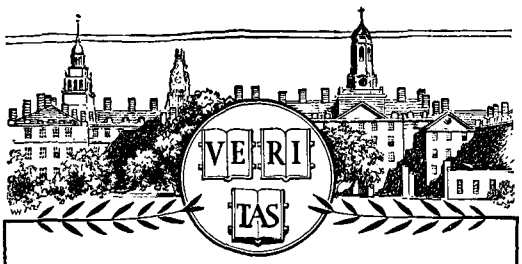
THE LEGACY OF ALEXANDER.
By M. Cary. The Dial Press
$4 5¾ x 8¾; 448 pp. *New York*

Dr. Cary is reader in ancient history in the University of London, and general editor of the Dial Press History of the Greek and Roman World, of which the present book is Volume III. It is a history of the Greek world from Alexander's death to the Roman conquest. "I have made an attempt," says Dr. Cary, "to provide for the English-speaking public an up-to-date account of the Hellenistic world, with special but not exclusive regard to its political history." His discussion is very comprehensive, taking in the Farther East, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Russia and the Balkan lands. Special chapters are devoted to the Hellenistic war-craft, cities, economic life, art, literature, science, philosophy, and religion. There are sixteen valuable appendices, three good maps, a selected bibliography and an index.

THE STREAM OF TIME.
By Mrs. C. S. Peel. Charles Scribner's Sons
$4 5⅝ x 8⅝; 265 pp. *New York*

Mrs. Peel here undertakes an interesting experiment, and carries it out with unfailing skill and effect. Taking the adventures of an imaginary English family as a basis, she tells the social history of the period from 1805 to 1861. Her Londons—John

Continued on page viii



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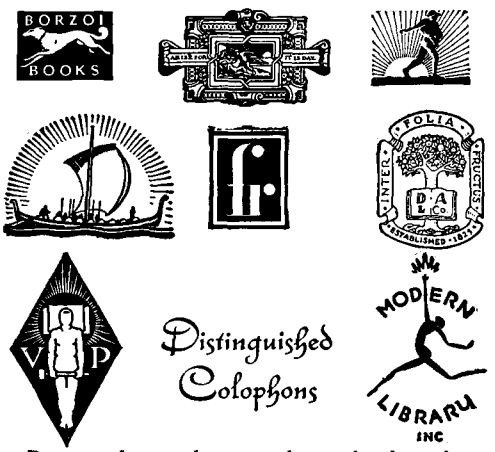

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Robert and Emily Julia, and their children and grandchildren—belong to the class of rich industrials that emerged with the century, and gradually amalgamated with the old aristocracy. In the course of the narrative many real documents are made use of, including a number of family letters. The characters are well imagined, the background is made sufficiently vivid, and there is a lot of interesting and unfamiliar detail about the English life of the period. The book has many illustrations, mainly from contemporary prints.

THE ERA OF THE MUCKRAKERS.
By C. C. Regier.
The University of North Carolina Press
$2.50 5⅞ x 9; 254 pp. *Chapel Hill, N. C.*

Dr. Regier here offers a very useful piece of research. The Era of the Muckrakers was less than thirty years ago, but it is already half forgotten, and its records lie buried in the files of extinct newspapers and magazines. Dr. Regier has gone to these sources, and unearthed the facts. There is evidence of hard industry on every page of his book. His discussion of his material is sometimes not as happy as it might be, but on the whole he accounts for the muckraking movement with sufficient plausibility. Later on its relations to the general political current of its time will have to be studied more carefully. One notes somewhat sadly that practically all of the surviving muckrakers have gone over to the enemy. Not a few of them—notably Ida M. Tarbell and Mark Sullivan—have become shining defenders of the existing order.

THE WAR BEGINS, 1909-1914.
By Mark Sullivan. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3.75 5⅞ x 9; 629 pp. *New York*

With "The War Begins" Mr. Sullivan reaches the fourth volume of "Our Times". The preceding volumes have been "The Turn of the Century," "America Finding Herself" and "Pre-War America". The chief event of the period here covered was the split between Roosevelt and Taft, and to it Mr. Sullivan devotes no less than eight of his thirty chapters. He goes into the business in considerable detail, and his account of it is valuable, for he draws upon first-hand information, and avoids partiality. Among the other topics discussed are the dance craze of the years immediately before the war, the rise of Henry Ford, the coming of the Freud necromancy to the American intellectuals, and the popularity of such sages as George

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Bernard Shaw. The book is lavishly illustrated, mainly with contemporary photographs, and has a good index.

THE FALL OF THE GERMAN EMPIRE.
Selected & edited by Ralph Haswell Lutz.
The Stanford University Press
6⅛ x 9; 2 vols.; 868 + 593 pp.
$12 *Stanford University*

Dr. Lutz, who is professor of history at Stanford, says: "These two volumes of contemporary German sources, covering the period from the outbreak of the World War to the collapse of the German Empire, form the first of a contemplated series of publications on the reorganization of Germany since 1914." There are 523 documents, including, beside official papers, personal and partisan pamphlets, annals, selected secondary documents, proclamations and posters. "The originals or authentic copies of all documents which are included in these volumes are now in the Hoover War Library of Stanford University." At the end of Volume II there is a chronology of German political and military events, and also a combined index. The editor's explanatory notes are brief and useful. The translations are by David C. Rempel and Gertrude Rendtorff.

A HISTORY OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.
By Cyril E. Robinson.
The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
$3 5½ x 8¾; 471 pp. *New York*

Mr. Robinson is assistant master at Winchester College, England. Here he has written an able survey of the most interesting period in Roman history. It covers nearly a thousand years, ending with the death of Caesar. The legendary and Etruscan times are passed over lightly, but beginning with the First Punic War the discussion becomes more and more detailed, so that near the end full chapters are devoted to the Gracchi, Marius, Sulla, Pompey, and Caesar. The influence of Greek culture upon Roman life is treated at length, and so are the literature, philosophy and law of the Republic. The volume is apparently intended as a college text-book, and it is a good one. There are several useful maps and chronological tables, and also an index.

PSYCHOLOGY

THE GESTALT THEORY & THE PROBLEM OF TRANSFIGURATION.
By Bruno Petermann. Harcourt, Brace & Company
$4.50 5½ x 8⅞; 344 pp. *New York*

Dr. Petermann, who is a member of the psychological faculty of the University of Kiel, here attempts

Continued on page x

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, PUBLISHER

Continued from page ix

the most searching criticism of the gestalt theory that has yet appeared in English. He probes deeply into the metaphysics and experimentation of Wertheimer, Koffka and Köhler, and supports his argumentation with intricate logic and massive data. His final judgment is drastic: "In view of the results of our critical discussion, it will no longer be possible to agree that the gestalt theory is really capable of satisfying the requirements it has set itself. It fails whenever one seriously investigates whether it is proven."

PSYCHOANALYSIS OF THE NEUROSES.
By Helene Deutsch. *Robert O. Ballou*
$4 5⅝ x 8⅜; 237 pp. *New York*

This book belongs to the International Psychoanalytical Library, edited by Dr. Ernest Jones of London. It contains eleven chapters, all of which were originally delivered as lectures in Vienna. They fall under the four general heads of hysteria, phobia, obsessional neurosis, and melancholia. The volume is full of very interesting case histories, all of which passed through the office of Dr. Deutsch. She goes into the technique of the treatment and the general therapeutic process only casually. She assumes a basic knowledge of the subject, "much as the doctor at a clinic assumes a knowledge of pathological anatomy when he is discussing a case." Nevertheless, so widespread is the knowledge of the fundamentals of psychoanalysis today that her discussion is well within the comprehension of the intelligent layman. The translation is by W. D. Robson-Scott.

THE FEAR OF BOOKS.
By Holbrook Jackson. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$7.50 5¾ x 9⅛; 199 pp. *New York*

Mr. Jackson's theme is that dreadful perversity which induces certain busybodies to undertake to decide what their fellow citizens may and may not read. He traces the history of this censorship from the earliest days, and details its extravagances with a pawky humor. It is amazing to discover how many wholly harmless books, now handed over to sucklings, have been denounced and padlocked by virtuosi of virtue in the past. Even such things as "Hypatia", "Aurora Leigh" and "Jane Eyre" were once under the ban. Mr. Jackson embellishes his record with an enormous number of quotations from other sages, and has got into it many unfamiliar and amusing facts. His book appears in a limited edition of 2048 copies. There is an index.

Continued on page xii

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Continued from page x

RELIGION

STUDIES IN THE BIRTH OF THE LORD.
By Elwood Worcester. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2.50 5¼ x 7¾; 300 pp. *New York*

Dr. Worcester, who is a Protestant Episcopal priest in Boston, came into notice in 1907 as the founder of a cult called the Emmanuel Movement, which struck a sort of compromise between the Freudian psychology and Christian Science, and made for a time a great stir. It is now apparently moribund. In the present book he attempts to determine the history of the dogma of the Virgin Birth. He believes and argues that it was introduced into Christianity by Apollos of Alexandria, a disciple of John the Baptist, whose following in those days was still large. The Virgin Birth of John, it appears, was believed in before the Virgin Birth of Jesus; the latter was only an afterthought, and Paul never heard of it. Dr. Worcester's scholarship is impressive and his reasoning is very persuasive. Unfortunately, he spoils the effect of it by arguing at the end that, in such high and mysterious matters, the objective truth has only a sort of curious importance, and is greatly overshadowed by something that he calls spiritual truth. If that were really a fact, then it would be a clear waste of time to write such books as this one.

RELIGION IN VARIOUS CULTURES.
By Horace L. Friess & Herbert W. Schneider.
Henry Holt & Company
$5 6 x 9¼; 586 pp. *New York*

This is the first volume of what is to be a two-volume work. It opens with a discussion of primitive religion, and then proceeds to Shintoism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, the Greek religions, Judaism and Christianity. The history of each is set forth, and its principal dogmas are described. The authors maintain an objective attitude, and keep straight faces while dealing with some of the most dreadful imbecilities that humanity has ever embraced. They show wide and sound learning, and their book is well planned and clearly written. Altogether, it is a very valuable work. Their second volume will be devoted to Moslemism, the native religions of China, and the cults of the Near East. There are many illustrations, and at the end of the present volume is a carefully chosen and intelligently annotated bibliography.

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Continued from page xii

ECONOMICS

THE ECONOMIC FOUNDATION OF BUSINESS.
Edited by Walter E. Spahr.
Ray Long & Richard R. Smith
$8 6⅛ x 9⅝; 2 vols; 655 + 627 pp. *New York*

Sixteen professional economists participate in this symposium. Most of them are members of the department of economics of the School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance of New York University, and the editor is chairman of the department. "The authors' primary purpose has been to write for the beginning student and the general reader rather than for the economist or advanced critic. They have sought, therefore, to state and to illustrate as clearly and as simply as possible the fundamental principles according to which our economic order functions." The subjects dealt with are, among others, the development of American economic institutions, the principles and problems of production, population problems, government regulation of business, money and credit, banking, foreign trade, business cycles, public utilities, rent, wages, social insurance, and the dominant theories of economic organization. Good bibliographical notes are appended to each chapter.

RED ECONOMICS.
Edited by Gerhard Dobbert.
The Houghton Mifflin Company
$3 5½ x 8¼; 327 pp. *Boston*

There are fifteen essays here, by as many men dealing with various phases of Soviet political economy. The subjects discussed are planning, economic organization, economic information and the press, the captains of industry and trade, industrial organization, agriculture, state finance, money and banking, communications, the home market, housing problems, social problems and conditions, foreign technical assistance, foreign trade, and the political-economic relations between the Soviet Union and the United States. Most of the authors are German or Austrian economists or journalists, but there are also some American newspaper correspondents, including Walter Duranty of the New York *Times*, William Henry Chamberlain of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and H. R. Knickerbocker of the New York *Evening Post*. All of the authors obviously know what they are talking about, and their contributions make a very useful book.

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FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE OF The American MERCURY ● ● ●

HOSPITALS ARE LUXURIOUS HOTELS FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT AND FLATTERY OF THE SICK. Mr. Mencken's editorial this month shows that the cost of medical service has risen enormously in recent years because of our fantastic notions that being ill is a romantic business. *See p. 257.*

THE CIVILIZATION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA! James M. Cain, who is too well known to MERCURY readers to need an introduction, writes an appraisal. It is one of the best articles the MERCURY has ever published. It is neither Rotarian whooping nor anti-Rotarian invective, but really thoughtful, philosophical and intelligent, and it ends with Mr. Cain's announcement that he is going to stay in California! *See p. 266.*

IT COSTS $50,000 PER TEAM TO TRAIN FOR THE BASEBALL SEASON. Arthur Mann, veteran baseball reporter, describes the Spring training trips of the big clubs and shows exactly what it costs. He discusses its advantages and disadvantages. *See p. 291.*

HOW SEX IS TAUGHT IN AMERICAN COLLEGES. Here is a piece (it should have been written long ago) about the typical moralist in charge of sex instruction in an American university. *See p. 299.*

A STORY BY ALBERT HALPER. Mr. Halper is the author of a novel, "Union Square," which is the March selection of the Literary Guild. "The Feud in the Rotunda" in this issue is a strange story about the struggle between man and machine in a post office. *See p. 305.*

A NEW RELIGION—FOR THE HIGH-TONED. Beginning as a humble Y.M.C.A. worker's dream, the Oxford Movement has roared through the English and American universities and is in a solid position in the drawing-rooms of both nations. Originally a modest campaign by Dr. Frank Buchman against dirty habits and evil thoughts among college boys, it has developed into a great scheme of salvation for the downhearted upper classes. *See p. 313.*

GETTING RID OF THE MEXICAN. For years the Babbitts of Los Angeles brought in Mexicans by the thousand, hoping thereby to keep union labor in its place. Now they have a great swarm of mendicants on their hands. Whole trainloads are being shipped back to Mexico at the communal expense. *See p. 322.*

THE MAN WHO BEAT MOSES. This is a piece about Fred Brown, who defeated George Moses for the New Hampshire Senatorship in November. *See p. 324.*

AN UGLY CITY THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BEAUTIFUL. Pittsburgh is a place where many people have made much money and moved away—and they have left it an eyesore. It needs a million trees and a hundred monuments. *See p. 326.*

WHEN OUR RULERS GET FUNNY. William Seagle has dug through the journals of the American Legislatures and unearthed a lot of amusing stuff on what our legislators do when they are in a sportive mood—their burlesque bills, mock sessions, etc. *See p. 330.*

PRISON STUPOR. Mr. Nelson, once a prisoner, describes how prison life saps a man's strength and vitality, making him a weak, day-dreaming dawdler. *See p. 339.*

VICTOR HERBERT'S STYLE OF CONDUCTING. Herbert had a particular liking for rubato in his composing, and when he conducted he emphasized it, but most conductors nowadays, especially the radio impresarios, miss it completely. *See p. 335.*

THANK THE POTATO FOR TAMMANY HALL. Literally, New York's government has been directly affected by the potato, and in fact politics and society elsewhere in America and Europe have been influenced by it. *See p. 347.*

THE CATHOLICS IN THE REVOLUTION. Most of the States in 1776 had laws putting the Catholics under disability. Nevertheless, the great majority of Catholics favored the Revolution, since the revolutionary ideology was in direct accord with the prevailing Catholic political theory. *See p. 352.*

WINE FROM AMERICAN GRAPES. An article which should be of interest to Americans at this time when the legalization of wines is impending. The author discusses the native grapes and potential wines at length, and compares them with the European. *See p. 360.*

Also in this issue a poem by Thomas Hornsby Ferril entitled "Something Starting Over", a story by John Fante called "Big Leaguer", a poem by Margaret Widdemer, "Old Ladies", a poem entitled "In Praise of Islands", by Frances Frost, the Library by H. L. Mencken, Americana, The Soap-Box, the Check List of New Books, and Editorial Notes.

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The American
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VOLUME XXVIII NUMBER 111

MARCH 1933

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE medical brethren suffer from the Depression like the rest of us, and perhaps to a more painful degree, for doctors' bills, as everyone knows, are always the last to be paid. But in addition they now entertain a viper that is all their own, to wit, the final report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. The essence of that report is that medical care has now got too expensive to be paid for by the vast majority of Americans, and that something must be done to relieve them of the burden. Naturally enough, considering the times in which we live, that something appears to consist, in the last analysis, of throwing the burden on the taxpayer. In other words, it consists in converting the doctors, or at all events most of them, into public functionaries. It is this that they fear and object to. They want to remain free agents, as they are now (or believe they are), and they give public notice that they will resist to the last ditch any effort to turn them into anything else.

The Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, I observe sadly, has been mistaken by some of the newspapers for one of the innumerable Hoover commissions, of unhappy memory, but as a matter of fact it was organized on May 17, 1927, more than two years before the late Wonder Boy entered the White House, and its actual operations go back to the first months of 1928. Who appointed it I do not know. The *Journal* of the American Medical Association, the trade journal of the resurrection men, hints that the Hon. Edward A. Filene, LL.D., the Boston seer, probably had a hand in the matter, but that seems to be only a guess. All that history can really tell us is that the committee appeared suddenly in 1927, that the Hon. Ray Lyman Wilbur, M.D., Sc.D., LL.D., turned out to be its chairman, that the Hon. Harry H. Moore, Ph.D., a for-

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ward-looking man, was appointed its "director of study", and that it was composed in the end of fourteen doctors and two dentists in active practise, six public health officers and professors of public health, eleven representatives of institutions and special interests (the nurses, the druggists, the insurance companies, and so on—but not, somewhat curiously, either the Christian Scientists or the morticians), six experts in law, economics, sociology and other such mysteries, and nine members of the general public, including the celebrated Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, and deputies from Wall Street and Delta Psi.

The committee went to work promptly, and began to issue bulletins so early as November, 1929. Since then it has published twenty-eight of them, some brief but others running to hundreds of pages, at a total cost, according to the *Journal* of "almost a million dollars". Rather oddly, the taxpayer has not been asked to meet its bills. Instead, the money has been furnished by a consortium of philanthropic foundations, including the Carnegie Corporation, the Milbank Memorial Fund, the Rockefeller Foundation, and the Social Science Research Council—but not, I note, the Commonwealth Fund, which disclaims the whole enterprise, and somewhat tartly.

The final report, which bears the imprint of the University of Chicago Press, is signed by all the representatives of the public, and by all save one each of the members of the public health, special interests and social science groups—but by only seven of the fourteen practising physicians and surgeons, and by neither of the two dentists. Thus, though the signers include such eminent medical men as Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, Osler's successor as professor of medicine at the Johns Hopkins, and Dr. J. Shelton Horsley, the Richmond surgeon, the profession in general is arrayed against the report, and all the direct representatives of the American Medical Association on the committee, including its secretary, refused to sign.

A prayerful study of the document convinces me that the gentlemen of medicine are rather more scared than hurt. After all, the report does not actually propose to convert them into public functionaries instantly and *en masse*, and so make them, at one stroke, the slaves of gangs of politicians, or, still worse, of boards of public-spirited busy-bodies; all it does is to hint that this may come in the more or less remote future. Its immediate recommendations are a good deal less revolutionary and inflammatory. It proposes, first, that the doctors of the country, who have tended, of late, to organize themselves into groups of specialists, now organize themselves into larger groups embracing all ranks, from the most exalted regional surgeons and experts in the right auricle to the lowliest inspectors of tongues, including also dentists, nurses, pharmacists, masseurs, dietitians, and (I gather inferentially) embalmers. Secondly, it proposes "the extension of all basic public health services—whether provided by governmental or non-governmental agencies—so that they will be available to the entire population according to its needs." Thirdly, it advocates putting the costs of medical care "upon a group payment basis, through the use of insurance, through the use of taxation, or through the use of both these methods."

It is the first and the third of these recommendations that are giving the doctors the most concern, but it seems to me that the second is the one that really

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offers the most serious menace to their professional security and dignity, for it offers encouragement without limit to a competition that has already done them great damage, and might very easily ruin them altogether.

The health departments of the land, so far, have not got away with so much public money as the public schools, nor indeed with half so much, but they are certainly getting away with larger and larger sums every year. A generation ago their activity was pretty well confined to compiling vital statistics, to safeguarding water and food supplies, and to maintaining quarantines against contagious diseases, but of late they have gone in for doctoring and nursing on a truly colossal scale, and when the supply of customers runs out they actually send out catchpolls to track them down. If the free dispensaries be counted in as part of their service —and the committee itself apparently so counts them—then the health departments have gobbled at least a half of the work that private doctors were doing thirty or forty years ago.

What this competition means to thousands of hard-working and competent medical men was made very vivid to me some time ago by the experience of an old friend. He was a doctor in a poor neighborhood in a large American city, and for almost three decades he had rendered good and faithful service to a large body of satisfied patients. He was no Osler, of course, but he took his profession seriously, kept up his studies, and was a pretty good all-round doctor. For years he made a comfortable living—delivering babies, lancing boils, looking at tongues, prescribing castor oil, and carrying out all the other procedures of a modest general practitioner. During the great influenza epidemic of 1919 he handled 200 cases, signed death certificates for only six patients, and was scarcely out of his clothes for a month. He was, in his neighborhood, a man of eminence, and he was not unknown outside it.

But then the health department of his town began to go into the medicine business, and in a few years his practise was as good as ruined. Half a dozen free dispensaries of one sort or another were opened in his bailiwick, and nurses on the city payroll began to rove the streets in municipal Fords, seeking prospects. One of his chief sources of income, in his palmy days, had been his obstetrical practise. He delivered babies at $20 a head, and took in enough at the business to pay his rent. But now the city nurses began pouncing on his patients at the first sign of divine retribution, and by the time those patients came to term they were installed luxuriously in some tax-supported maternity hospital, and having the time of their lives. My friend, of course, could not remonstrate with them, but it was at least ethical for him to make some discreet inquiries. "The nurse told me," he was commonly informed, "that I could get a professor to help me—and it wouldn't cost a cent."

In a few years the practise of this laborious and worthy man was ruined, and he fell into grave difficulties. All of his more thrifty patients left him; there remained only a few dead beats to whom rooking the doctor was half the fun of being ill, and a rather larger body of insolvent morons who avoided the dispensaries in fear that the medical students supposed to lurk there would slaughter them to get their bones. Presently my friend became ill himself, and what remained of his once comfortable income ceased altogether. His

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colleagues, including some distinguished specialists, attended him gladly and without charge, for such is the fraternal custom of the craft, but the incidental expenses of his illness were heavy, and after it had gone on for a couple of years his reserves were almost exhausted. When he died at last he left next to nothing. This was the net reward of a quarter of a century of hard and useful work. This was the natural fruit of state medicine, urged by fanatics and paid for by fools.

In so far as the first and third recommendations of the committee contemplate a further extension of that malignant folly, they deserve all the damnation that the embattled doctors have been heaping upon them, but I think it is only fair to add that there are some reservations accompanying them that take a good deal of the poison out of them. One is the reservation that, in a community of any size, there ought to be, not one large group of physicians and surgeons, dentists and nurses, pharmacists and morticians, but a series of groups, and that something resembling free competition between them ought to be maintained. The other is the reservation that the whole scheme ought to be tried out on a voluntary basis, and for a considerable time, before any move is made to saddle its costs upon the public.

In this last reservation, alas, there is no sign of any tenderness toward the taxpayer: he is to be allowed to escape, it appears, only until the details of the group scheme have been worked out to a sufficiency of decimals, and it is in smooth running-order. But all the same, he is indubitably given that humane time of grace, and while it lasts he will have some chance to put up a defense and maybe to fight his way to security. A few years ago his prospects under the circumstances would have been dismal indeed, for the tide was roaring against him and the public-school pedagogues were showing all other varieties of uplifters how easy it was to take him. But since then he has begun to protest and revolt—to such an extent, indeed, that even the pedagogues are being chased away from the trough. Thus the advocates of free medicine for all have brought their goods to what seems to be a falling market, and by the time they close with their victim and try to get his signature on the dotted line, he may be ready to soak them in the *kishkes* and make off unscathed. No one, back in the Golden Age of prehensile altruism, would have regarded such a miracle as possible, but in these iconoclastic days it is actually coming to pass.

The doctors, in their combat with the visionaries of the committee, are handicapped by the fact that they are themselves largely responsible for the situation which gives its soarings whatever plausibility they may have. On the one hand they have not offered sufficient resistance to the evil tendency, so apparent since the turn of the century, to make medical care more and more expensive, and especially hospital care. And on the other hand they have given far too much encouragement to the baleful proliferation of free service. If now, with a Depression in full swing, those costs begin to be prohibitive to larger and larger numbers of patients, and they go flocking to the dispensaries for the treatment that they can't afford to pay for, it is certainly not surprising to find the professional do-gooders, who are always eager for more power, reaching out eagerly for the whole business, and proposing to reduce the doctors to the estate and dignity of hirelings working for them, and at their direction.

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I do not believe that the doctors, taking one with another, have profited to any considerable extent by the vast increase in the cost of medical care. The average income among them is probably not much more today than it was twenty years ago: if it has grown at all, then it is only to the extent that other professional incomes have grown. The general practitioner, indeed, is probably worse off today than he was then. Nor has most of the excess gone to the specialists. It has gone to the hospitals, and they have got it, not in the character of institutions for the care and cure of the sick, but in the character of luxurious hotels for the entertainment and flattery of the sick.

Their luxuriousness is naturally most visible in the gaudy quarters and elaborate attendance provided for the rich, but it runs all the way down the line to the wards and dispensaries, and the cost of lodging a free patient has increased at almost the same rate as the cost of lodging a pay patient. In most hospitals of any pretensions caring for the former now actually costs more *per diem* than the average American hotel gets for a room, a bath and three meals. But this luxury, great as it is, is not enough for the patient who has to give any thought to his social dignity. He must buy more if he would keep up with the Joneses—and not infrequently that keeping up with the Joneses precipitates him into such a financial disaster that he is the rest of his life recovering from it.

A substantial part of the increased cost, of course, is due to improvements in the art of medicine. Not a few of them call for expensive apparatus, and all of them call for kinds of skill that cannot be had for nothing. It is obviously far more costly to make a series of *x*-ray plates and cardiograms of the heart than it used to be to do the whole job with a stethoscope, or even with the naked ear, as was the custom when I was young. A Wassermann may not cost as much as a permanent wave, but it at least costs more than no Wassermann. And it is plainly more expensive to cut out a gangrenous appendix and nurse the patient back to health than it used to be to give him a dose of Glauber's salts and send for a clergyman.

But all of these costs are very easily exaggerated. They run, at most, to a great deal less than the costs of mere comfort and convenience. A large part of them, even in the case of pay patients, are performed by persons who are notoriously underpaid—for example, hospital internes and student nurses—and all of them may be obtained by any reasonably prudent person at very moderate rates. What runs up the bill is the elaborate attention and entertainment that commonly go with them. Theoretically, it should be cheaper to treat a patient in a hospital than in his home, but actually, as everyone knows, it is immensely more expensive. He is housed in a building that commonly represents an investment of millions, he is boarded and lodged as comortably as in a first-rate hotel, and in addition he is looked after day and night, in his special capacity of invalid, by a staff of persons who, however little they are paid in cash, must still be housed, fed and somehow clothed.

It all runs to a formidable sum, even for a light illness. People will not go to a hospital that has the name of being run parsimoniously; they prefer the gilded hell which offers all the latest luxuries, from sunbaths on the roof to bedside radios. They like to think that they have had the whole works; it somehow caresses their

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amour propre, and gives them a standing with the neighbors. Years ago, patients emerging from surgery used to devote their talk mainly to their sensations on going under the ether: now what they talk about is the cost of the adventure. And even those who pay nothing, I am informed, get pleasure out of the thought that the bigwigs who looked after them, if paid at all, would have been paid a lot.

What is to be done about this I do not know, and neither, apparently, does the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care. The scheme it proposes would not really diminish those costs; it would simply tend to load them, in the long run, upon the taxpayer, and so encourage their infinite increase. The doctors themselves, realizing the gravity of the situation, have attempted to meet it in various American cities by setting up hospitals, or parts of hospitals, for patients of the so-called middle class—that is, for patients who are able to meet a reasonable expense when they are ill, and do not want to accept charity, but are yet too poor to maintain themselves for months on the scale of a bootlegger at Palm Beach. The trans-Atlantic steamship companies showed the way here when they began to operate one-cabin boats—comfortable enough for any rational person, and yet much less expensive than the fashionable liners.

But the middle-class hospitals have been anything but roaring successes, save maybe in a few places. The very fact that they are relatively cheap seems to be the chief objection to them; the normal American, when he is sick, is eager for the best attention that he can get, and the general habit of mind of the country, apparently surviving the Depression, makes him believe that the best is necessarily the most expensive. So he goes in for a swell room and special nurses, and the quarters that were established to save him from bankruptcy are occupied by patients who ought to be in the wards. His doctor, I daresay, tries often enough to dissuade him, for the money that he wastes will usually have to come out of the doctor's pocket, but persuading him is not easy. Indeed, it will probably take a few more years of the Depression to convince him that he is living, in sickness even more than in health, a good deal beyond his means, and that he will continue in difficulties until he goes back to the simpler life of his fathers.

The report of the committee makes much of the lack of hospital facilities in the more remote parts of the *Hinterwald*, and indeed of the lack of any decent medical care at all. Of the 3072 counties in the United States only 1765 have hospitals, and probably a quarter or a third of these are no more than crude dressing-stations. In the more backward States there are considerable areas in which no competent medical man is in practise; the people, when they are sick, have to travel many miles for treatment. Naturally enough, such isolated and usually benighted persons are easy prey for quacks, which swarm in every rural section of the United States. And it is in the country towns, too, that nine-tenths of the patent medicines consumed in the country every year—about half a billion dollars worth—find a market.

All this, of course, is unfortunate, but that anything can be done about it is very doubtful. The committee is somewhat vague on the subject: it hints that the States ought to provide medical service where it is lacking, but does not go into much detail. A few unusually enlightened rural communities have induced doctors to settle in them by offering guaranteed incomes to competent men, but it must be

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plain that such communities are too intelligent to be numerous. The rest, I daresay, must go on trusting to patent medicines and the chiropractors until God Himself sends them relief. Certainly, it can't be easy to tempt a medical man of any dignity to live in an American country town, with its complete lack of civilized contacts, even if the bait be economic security. Moreover, that security can never be really secure so long as the Methodist *shaman* survives.

In this direction the doctors have let themselves be hustled and run amuck by the public health brethren. The public health business tends more and more to fall into the hands of professional uplifters, and they spend a great deal more time discussing what ought to be done than what can be done. Their chief postulate seems to be that it is the bounden duty of the state to take care of every citizen who can't or won't take care of himself, and they are always eager to pour out the taxpayer's money to that end. But there is really no such duty. The really helpless and friendless sick, of course, must be cared for, if only to keep them from shocking the well by lying in the gutters, but the public responsibility does not go half so far beyond that simple business as uplifters appear to think.

Nor as a good many otherwise sensible doctors have apparently come to think. They have, in their charity, allowed themselves to be imposed upon in a gross and shameless manner. They begin by giving free treatment to persons whose inability to pay for it is only too obvious, but bit by bit they find themselves facing larger and larger hordes of dead-heads, until in the end, at least in certain fields, there are precious few pay customers left. The public schools, now in process of rational liquidation at last, have led in this movement, but the public health uplifters have followed hard upon their heels. The dubious doctrine that what ought to be done must be done has been converted into the even more dubious doctrine that what ought to be done must be done free, and as a result great multitudes of Americans, hitherto willing enough to pay their way, have been converted into mendicants, and a large part of the burden of their mendicancy has been thrown upon the medical profession.

There is, as a matter of fact, no plausible reason for arguing, as uplifters always do, that the privilege of first-rate medical care is a right that every free-born American acquires at birth, regardless of his merits or his means. It is nothing of the sort. Charity is not a franchise; it is only a favor, and it is a favor properly offered to the really helpless, and to no one else. It may impose upon the benefactor something that he chooses to regard as a duty, but it certainly gives no vested right to the beneficiary. In this region, as in others, sentimentality is a potent weapon in the hands of uplifters. They are adepts at convincing their betters that what they think ought to be done is ordained by God, and cannot be evaded without a grave breach of decency. But though they know how to win customers for that idea, it remains nonsense all the same.

Thus the doctors are beset by uplifters on the one side, as they are beset by quacks on the other, and it is no wonder that they begin to be concerned about the future of their trade. The report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care has shaken them mainly because it seems to show that the uplift is beginning to invade their own house. But the truth is that it has been there for a long while,

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and with their own innocent connivance. If they were converted into public job-holders tomorrow, as the committee proposes, they would scarcely be much worse off than they are in many an American community today, with free dispensaries taking half of their patrons away from them, and luxurious hospital-hotels bankrupting the rest, and so leaving nothing for their own fees.

Just how they are to get out of these difficulties I do not know. My gift for constructive criticism is indeed somewhat meagre. But two or three devices to the desired end are so obvious that even one who tears down without building up may discern them. One of them is to undertake a more bilious scrutiny of applicants for free service, and of agencies which seek to provide it. The doctors have let the public health and public schools schemers run away with them. They should have resisted this movement vigorously, as the lawyers in like case would have certainly resisted it, but in only too many American communities they have helped it on, thus acquiescing idiotically in their own destruction.

In particular, the magic words, preventive medicine, have upset them, and led them into transparent follies. The first duty of a doctor, in prevention as in cure, is to his own patients, and not to a vague and miscellaneous mass of people who ought to be other doctors' patients. The limits of prevention are fixed by Nature, and within the limits of private practise they are plain enough, but when a medical man succumbs to uplifters and begins to rove the wide pastures of Utopia he sometimes loses all contact with fact, and begins to talk as foolishly as the uplifters themselves. If all the health departments ran as wild as the public schools were lately running, and every crazy scheme to abolish death were in full operation, people would still continue to die. The postponement of that event can never be achieved so effectively by public functionaries as by private practitioners. The man who can really manage it, in so far as it is possible at all, is the family doctor, and he will succeed in proportion as he devotes himself to his actual patients, and lets the rest of humanity take care of itself.

Both the report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care and the caveats of those members who dissent from it lay great stress upon the importance of this family doctor. He has been forced into the background of late by the specialist, and even more by the encroachments of state medicine. The committee proposes to save him by attaching him to a hospital and making a sort of minor bureaucrat of him. But this, manifestly, would not help him. On the contrary, it would widen still further the breach which now opens between him and his patients, and make him still more the satellite of the specialists. The way to restore his old importance is to restore his old functions, and that is certainly not going to be done by transferring even more of his patients to hospitals.

What is needed, I suppose, is a revival of the home care of the sick. In some part, of course, it must be impossible, for there are not a few medical situations in which, considering modern methods of treatment, home care would be almost equivalent to no care at all. But the number of such situations is probably considerably smaller than most laymen have come to think. A competent doctor is still capable of taking care of the overwhelming majority of his patients without lodging them in an

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expensive hotel, and if he had well-trained midwives and practical nurses to help him he could probably look after many more.

In this department, as both the majority and minority of the committee say, there has been bad planning. The hospitals have trained so many nurses that there is now an enormous over-supply of them, but they have been trained for hospital work, and are far less useful elsewhere than they ought to be. If there were a large body of nurses especially instructed in the care of patients at home there would be less tendency to seek hospital care for every trivial sore throat or sore thumb, the cost of illness would be very materially reduced, and there would be more money left for the doctor's bill.

In all this, I may seem to be venturing to tell the medical granddams how to suck eggs. If so, I apologize most humbly. My excuse is that the report which now disturbs them is addressed, not to the profession only, but to the general public, and that its recommendations, if carried out, would make every American his brother's keeper with a vengeance. That they lie within the range of practical politics I doubt seriously; the movement, indeed, has begun to turn in the other direction, and I hope to see the day when health departments are restored to their proper business of dealing with *general* menaces to the peoples' health, and free medical service is restricted to the actually indigent. (I begin to be so optimistic, indeed, that I even look for the day when the public schools will be confined to teaching the three *r*'s to the children of the poor, and all their present costly soarings will be only a dream dimly remembered.)

But though the doctors thus seem to run no hazard of being converted into robots operated by politicians, as they might be if the committee's recommendations were put into thoroughgoing execution, they still face a very unpleasant professional situation, and it is no wonder that they discuss it in some alarm. Their remedy, as I have ventured to hint, is probably in their own hands. If, on the one side, they will unite in a genuine effort to throw off the uplifters who now victimize them, and on the other side try to rid their customers of the grotesque idea that being ill is a romantic business, and an excuse for the indulgence of levantine luxury and the waste of a great deal of money, most of it not in hand—if they will proceed realistically in both of those directions they may conceivably throw off some of the difficulties which now beset them.

I confess that it always irritates me to hear medical men denounced as prehensile, as is often done, not only by quacks, but also by persons who should know better. They are actually, with very few exceptions, fellows of a vast and innocent sentimentality. The great majority, indeed, might be described with perfect accuracy as easy marks. The men of no other profession are so facilely operated on by specialists in other peoples' duties. They walk into the arms of every new uplifter who happens down the road. My hope is that the report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, with its bald proposals to reduce them to a kind of peonage, will at last awaken them to the fact that they also owe some duties to themselves, and that, with everything else equal, the more they regard those duties the better they will be able to serve their actual patients.

H. L. M.

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PARADISE

BY JAMES M. CAIN

I SHALL attempt, in this piece, an appraisal of the civilization of Southern California, but it occurs to me that before I begin I had better give you some idea what the place looks like. If you are like myself before I came here, you have formed, from Sunkist ads, newsreels, movie magazines, railroad folders, and so on, a somewhat false picture of it, and you will have to get rid of this before you can understand what I am trying to say.

Wash out, then, the "land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers": all these are here, but not with the lush, verdant fragrance that you have probably imagined. A celebrated movie comedian is credited with the remark that "the flowers don't smell and the women do," but in my observation nothing smells. Wash out the girl with the red cheeks peeping coyly from behind a spray of orange leaves. The girl is here, but the dry air has taken the red out of her cheeks; the orange trees are here, but they don't look that way: the whole picture has too much pep, life, and moisture in it.

Wash out the palm trees, half visible beyond the tap dancing platform. Palm trees are here, but they are all phonies, planted by people bemused with the notion of a sub-tropical climate, and they are so out of harmony with their surroundings that they hardly arrest your notice. Wash out the movie palazzos, so impressive in the photographs. They are here too, at any rate in a place called Beverly Hills, not far from Hollywood; but they are like the palm trees, so implausible in their surroundings that they take on the lifelessness of movie sets. Above all, wash out the cool green that seems to be the main feature of all illustrations got out by railroads. Wash that out and keep it out.

When you have got this far, you can begin quite starkly with a desert. As to what this desert looked like before it was touched by man you can get an idea by following it across the Mexican border into Lower California, where man is feeble and touches no more than he has to. On one side you can put an ocean, a placid, oily-looking ocean that laps the sand with no sign of life on it except an occasional seal squirming through the swells, and almost no color. On the other side, some hundreds of miles inland, put some mountains. Between ocean and mountains, put some high hills that look as if they were spilled out carelessly with a gigantic sugar scoop, and between the hills, wide, flat valleys. Have both hills and valleys a gray, sunbaked tan; put a few tufts of dry grass on the hills and occasional clumps of stunted trees in the valleys, but see that the naked earth shows through everything that grows on it.

You are now ready for the handiwork of man. I suggest that you put it in with water-color, for if it blurs here and there, and lacks a very clear outline, that will be so much the better. The hills you can leave just as they were. In the valleys, in addition to the stunted clumps you already

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have, put in some trees: a few palms, eucalyptus, orange, fig, pomegranate, and other varieties that require little water. You might smear in some patches of green lawn, with hose sprinkling them: it will remind you that bringing water in by pipeline is still the outstanding accomplishment of man in this region.

Now then, put in some houses. Most of them should be plain white stucco with red tile roofs, for the prevalent architecture is Spanish, although a mongrel Spanish that is corrupted by every style known on earth, and a few styles not hitherto known. But you can also let your fancy run at this point, and put in some structures *ad lib.*, just to exhibit your technique. If a filling-station occurs to you, a replica of the Taj Mahal, faithfully executed in lath and plaster, put that in. If you hit on a hot-dog stand in the shape of a hot dog, prone, with portholes for windows and a sign reading "Alligator Farm," put that in. Never mind why a hot-dog stand should have portholes for windows and a new line of alligators: we are concerned here with appearances, and will get to that part later.

If you think a blacksmith shop in the shape of a gilded tea-kettle would be an agreeable nifty, put that in; by the time you get it there it will be an Automobile Laundry, Cars Washed, 50c, but leave it in anyhow. You might throw in a few structures in the shape of lemons, oranges, pagodas, igloos, windmills, mosques, and kangaroo heads, without bothering to inquire what they are doing there; if you must have signs on them, mark them "For Sale, Cheap." For the rest, long rows of wire poles, some advertising statuary done in *papier mâché*, and the usual bungalows and tract offices. It doesn't matter much, so you paint everything up gaudily and have it different from the place next door.

Now take your opus out in the noonday sun, tack it down on a board, and look at it. You will find that something has happened to it. In that dreadful glare, all the color you smeared on so lavishly has disappeared; your trees do not look like trees at all, but are inconsequential things reaching not .000001% of the distance to the heaven they aspire to; your green lawns are hardly visible, and the water that sprinkles them is but a misty mockery of water; your gay structures, for all their artistic incongruity, fail to apprise God of the joke: all that is left is the gray, sun-baked tan that you started with. Well, that is Southern California.

The main thing to remember is the sunlight, and the immense expanse of sky and earth that it illuminates: it sucks the color out of everything that it touches, takes the green out of leaves and the sap out of twigs, makes human beings seem small and of no importance. Here there is no oppressive heat, you understand. The climate is approximately as represented: temperate in Summer, with cool evenings when you often light a fire; almost as temperate in Winter, except for the occasional night that makes you long for the steam heat of the East. It is simply that the sunlight gives everything the unmoving quality of things seen in a desert. And of course this is greatly aggravated by the similarity of the seasons, in itself. Nothing changes. Summer follows Winter without a Spring, Winter follows Summer without a Fall. The citrus trees flower and bear all at the same time: you never get a riot of blossoms as you do in Western Maryland when the apple-trees are in bloom, or a catharthis of stinking, primitive accomplishment, as you do in Delaware when the tomatoes go to the cannery. Here the oil wells flow right along, so do the orange trees, so does everything. It is terrifying.

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You may suppose that here an addict of dark days is voicing an aversion to sunlight, and that I exaggerate the effect which the sun has on things, particularly on the appearance of the countryside. I don't think so, and I adduce one curious scrap of evidence to bolster my position. About halfway between Los Angeles and San Diego is a small beach colony, called Balboa. It lies on a lagoon that makes in from the ocean, an inlet perhaps half a mile wide and two or three miles long. This must be fairly deep, as it is a deep, indigo blue. Now this patch of blue is the only thing for miles, nay for hundreds of miles, that can compete with the sunlight, and nullify it, so that you see things as they really are. As a result, Balboa seems a riot of color, although it is nothing but a collection of ordinary beach cottages when you get into it. You stop your car when you come to it, feast your eyes on it, as an Arab might feast his eyes on an oasis; think foolishly of paintings depicting Italy and other romantic places.

I think that this circumstance, the fact that one patch of blue water can make such a difference in the appearance of the landscape, shows what really ails the look of this part of the country; gives a clue, too, to why the inhabitants are so indifferent to the really appalling atrocities that they have committed. Balboa, although not pretentious, is built in some sort of harmony, for with its setting the residents had an incentive to build something to go with it; but elsewhere, it makes no difference what people do, the result is the same. If they erect a beautiful house, as many of them have, the sun robs it of all force and life; if they erect a monstrosity, it passes unnoticed, is merely one more thing along the road.

There is no reward for æsthetic virtue here, no punishment for æsthetic crime; nothing but a vast cosmic indifference, and that is the one thing the human imagination cannot stand. It withers, or else, frantic to make itself felt, goes off into feverish and idiotic excursions that have neither reason, rhyme, nor point, and that even fail in their one purpose, which is to attract notice.

II

Now, in spite of the foregoing, when you come to consider the life that is encountered here, you have to admit that there is a great deal to be said for it.

First, I would list the unfailing friendliness and courtesy of the people. It is a friendliness somewhat different from what you find elsewhere, for it does not as a rule include hospitality. The man who will take all sorts of trouble to direct you to some place you are trying to find does not ordinarily invite you into his house; it is not that he has any reason for keeping you out, it is merely that it does not occur to him to do it.

Hospitality, I think, comes when people have sent down roots; it goes with pride in a home, pride in ancestors that built the home, conscious identification with a particular soil. These people, in one way or another, are all exiles. They have come here recently, and their hearts are really in the places that they left. Thus, if they do not do as much visiting with each other as you see in other parts of the country, or the gossiping that goes with visiting, they do have the quick friendliness that exiles commonly show, and I must say it is most agreeable. You may encounter many things you do not like in California, but you will go a long way before you meet a churl.

With the friendliness and courtesy, I would bracket the excellent English that

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is spoken here. The Easterner, when he first hears it, is likely to mistake it for the glib chatter of habitual salesmanship. I think that is because the language you hear here, even from the most casual garage mechanic, is too articulate to seem plausible. For one accustomed to the bray of Eastern Virginia, or the gargle of Second Avenue New York, or the grunts of the West Virginia foothills, or the wim, wigor, and witality of Southern Pennsylvania, it is hard to believe that the common man can express himself coherently, unless he has learned the trick somehow by rote. So that when the common man out here addresses you in easy grammar, completes his sentences, shows familiarity with good manners, and in addition gives you a pleasant smile, you are likely to resent it, and assume that he is parroting the radio, or the talkies, or else that he has been under the tutelage of a high-pressure salesman somewhere, and supplied with a suitable line of gab. In other words, even when you hear it you don't believe it; instead, you keep your ears open for the "authentic" talk of the region, uncorrupted by influences tending to neutralize its flavor.

Well, I have listened to it for more than a year now, and I believe it, and I think I am middling hard to fool about such things. The authentic talk of the region is simply good English, and you will hear it wherever you go. The intonation is not what you may have suposed from listening to Aimée over the radio. Aimée comes from Canada, and her dreadful twang bears no relation to what is spoken here. The actual accent, to my ear, has a somewhat pansy cast to it; it produces on me the same effect as an Englishman's accent. It is clipped, not as clipped as the New England accent, but a little clipped; in addition, there is a faint musical undertone in it: they "sing" it, which is probably why it affects me as an Englishman's English, since he also sings his stuff, although in a different key. Pronunciation is excellent. The populace seem to be on familiar terms with most of the words in the language, and you rarely hear that butchery of sonorous terms that is so common elsewhere.

With the good English goes an uncommonly high level of education. These people read, they know what is going on in the world, even if they hold some strange ideas about it, of which more later. And I might mention at this point a cleanliness hardly to be matched elsewhere. Except for the few Mexican hovels in every town, there is no squalor here, or dirt. The houses are very badly planned, but two rooms in them are built with the best of skill, and polished with the utmost care: the kitchen and the bathroom. There is no litter. As in some European cities, where even on the most crowded Sunday there is no scattering of lunch-wrappings in the parks, a homogeneous population takes pretty good care of its nest. And the sunshine, a blight in so many ways, may be due for credit here. It is a sort of general disinfectant.

Next, I would list the things that require an effective communal effort: schools, roads, gigantic water projects, recreation facilities, and so on. The schools, in my opinion, are the best in the country. I find three States ranked ahead of California,—Nevada, New York, and Wyoming,—in the amount of money expended per unit of attendance, or population, or whatever it is that they measure by; but I say that money is not the only thing that counts in education. My brief for the California schools rests on the simple fact that our two children did terribly in the East, whereas here they do fine. They like

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school, learn their lessons, take an interest in what the school does; and so they get a great deal more out of their time than I got when I was their age. Also, they are treated with the utmost consideration, not only by their teachers, but by their colleagues in bondage.

This last is a great point with me, for they are foreigners (I am their stepfather, not their father), and I had been afraid they would run into the Ku Klux aspect of the American temperament when they got into American schools. They did run into it in New York: trust a foreigner who got here in 1930 to haze a foreigner who got here in 1931. But here they don't run into it, which gets me back to the friendliness of the people, probably one reason the schools do so well. For it makes no difference how much you spend on schools, if half your juice is wasted assimilating immigrants, as it is in New York, or fighting irregular attendance, as it is in rural sections of the East, or mopping up the swamps of illiteracy, as it is in the South, you are not going to have much of a school system. Here, the effort goes into the studies, the school paper, the sports, and the other things that children ought to be doing; there is a minimum of waste, particularly on "discipline," that infallible symptom of rasping gears. There seems to be hardly any disciplinary problem in California schools. When children enjoy being there, like their teachers, and do their work, why start the bastinado?

As to higher education, I can tell you nothing, as I have had no chance to study it. I would like it better if these various institutions weren't quite so wild about football; but it is only one man's opinion, so let it pass. I shall have to pass up the water projects too, as they have a Metropolitan Water District here whose workings I can't quite get the hang of, so that it would probably be better if I just flunked out. The main point, though, is that the water is here: it is piped into houses, lawns, fields, and orchards; it is the staff of life. I doubt if any other section of the country uses as much water as this one does, and these States, as you may have heard, are quick on the spigot.

The roads are superb. They run for miles in every direction, eight tracks wide where traffic is heavy, with illumination at night, beautiful curves and easy grades, no mean feat of construction when you consider that they never get very far without having to cross a range of mountainous hills. Of course, they are not primarily ornamental: this section, to a greater extent than any other, is dependent on the automobile, as forty years ago it was dependent on the horse. The distances are so vast, the waste of time so cruel if you go by bus or street car, that you must have your own transportation, and whether she needs greasing is literally a matter of greater moment than whether the roof leaks. Everybody has some kind of second- or third- or ninth-hand flivver; even the cook comes to work in her car. Of course, she can't cook when she gets there, but anyhow she arrives in style.

As you might expect, there is a great skill in everything that pertains to the automobile, that extends much further than the roads it runs on. No motor disease has been heard of that the local specialist can't cure, and at a reasonable price. Snagged top? A place that does nothing but fix tops. Crumpled fender? Another place that attends to fenders. Starter acting funny? Places everywhere that "reweld starter teeth without removing flywheel." The markets, most of them, have smooth, flat parking areas in front of them, so you can drive right up and have the potatoes lifted into the back seat; there are lunch

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places that hook a tray on the side of your car, so that you can eat without so much as getting out. Of course, this gives me the colic, but it gives you an idea how far the thing goes.

Traffic control is perfect, with no endless tinkering with it as in the East; I think it moves through Los Angeles faster than through any other city on earth. This is the one section I ever heard of that did something about a place to park. Driving in New York is one long nightmare of finding a place to leave the car, as it is in most other American cities; here, there are parking places everywhere, run by brisk fellows in white smocks who whisk your car out of the way, hand you a ticket, and charge you from a nickel to twenty-five cents, depending on the location. What a load off your mind that is!

The recreation facilities are endless. Every town has its country club, or several of them, which will take in almost any presentable person who will pay the very moderate dues. But there are plenty of public places, either privately operated, or run by municipalities, where anybody can play for a small admission charge: golf courses, riding ranches, tennis courts, and so on, many of the last being free, as they are maintained by the towns chiefly for children. Plenty of them, you understand: no calling up two days in advance to reserve a court for one hour in the afternoon.

For my part, what I take most delight in is the swimming pools. Anywhere you go you can have a swim: a clean swim, a pleasant swim, a swim run by people who really know their stuff. Think what this means. In all of New York City, except for three or four hotels that have pools, and one or two small places uptown, there is not one place where the six million can get wet without going to Coney, Brighton, or some other dreadful beach. The city maintains "bath-houses," where worthy widows of dead policemen dispense towel and soap for three cents; but they are intended primarily to provide bums with a bath, and only one of them has a pool, a small, horrible affair that I should certainly hate to fall into.

But here all you have to do is drive up, plunk down a coin, get towel, soap, and suit, if you haven't brought one, and dive off. You can be sure the suit has been steamed and properly dried before you got it. No dirt, no noise, no slopping around a filthy dressing-room where uncouth voices yell "Hey locker!" I swam all last Summer in a high-school pool. It was the best I was ever in: the charge was fifteen cents. One curious thing about it may interest you. As it was a public pool, it took in just an ordinary run of people, about half children, half grown-ups; all clean, well-behaved, and dressed in gay suits, but just average people. Yet out of all the thousands I saw there, not five appeared during the whole Summer who could really swim. Down at the Ambassador, in Los Angeles, and at Agua Caliente, in Mexico, the idle sons of the rich dive, float, and crawl with the finest grace; but even so simple a trick, apparently, is beyond the idle sons of the poor.

III

Now I come to the tough part of my piece. If the foregoing is true, as it certainly is, and much more of the same that I could put in if I had space, why is it, you may well ask, that I don't break out into a decent hymn of praise at once, instead of making my bass a sour note under the twittering treble?

I wish I could, but I can't. The thing simply won't add up. When I take off the first shoe at night, and wonder what I

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have to show for the day, I usually know that I have nothing to show for it. I can't take a schoolhouse to bed with me, or a State road, or a swimming pool; some can, and if you can you had better come here at once, as this is the place you were born for. But not I. To me, life takes on a dreadful vacuity here, and I am going to have a hard time indicting it. Frankly, I don't know exactly what it is that I miss. But if you will bear with me while I grope a little, I shall try to get it down on paper.

Let us take a fresh start, a long way off, in a place that everybody can agree on: Paris. It may seem unfair to choose a city that had its beginnings in Roman times, and compare it with a section which in its present phase is hardly fifteen years old, but let it pass: an unfair comparison is precisely what I want. What is it, now, that charms me about Paris, that gives me what I don't find here? The so-called "culture"? The yodelling of the current Violetta at the Opera, or the pirouetting of her agile assistants, as they sway and whirl to thunderous applause and then sink lightly back into their wheelchairs? The actresses along the boulevards? The paintings in the art store windows? The symphony concerts?

Nay, none of these. If I want a Violetta, I should have heard the last one in Los Angeles, probably the best in the business; when I want hoofing, I can see better hoofers in Hollywood than in Paris, and the same goes for actresses; when I want paintings, I can see the best in the world in Pasadena; when I want symphonies, I can hear excellent performances in the Hollywood Bowl, and under pleasanter circumstances than in a stinking hall in Paris.

No, what I like is a jumble of the tangible and the intangible, of beauty and ugliness, that somehow sets me a-tingle: the sinister proximity of big things, and the smokestacks on hinges, pulled down as the boats go under the bridges; the glimpse of a medieval street, the way a boy chants, *"Matin, le Temps, Echo de Paris!"*; the glow of lights behind the awnings as the gathering dark brings out the lettering, the captain in the Café de la Paix who looks like Otto Kahn; the patina on the arch at the Étoile, the salesman who says he has *les Camel, les Chesterfiéld, et les Licky Streak*; the bronze statues in the park behind the Louvre, the fake artist painting the wrong bridge down by the river; the great façade of Notre Dame, the shiny-faced nuns hawking souvenirs beneath it; the fish market, and the discovery that they tie a lobster's claws here, instead of pegging them, as we do, and an ancient peasant, bending beneath a rack that fits him with the terrible precision of a polished yoke on the neck of oxen; the meal I had in the Avenue Victor Hugo, the meal I had in the Rue de la Pepiniere, the meal I had in the Rue Royale, the meal I had —wherever it was. In other words, a perpetual invitation to explore, to linger, to enjoy.

I think this beckoning jumble, in great or small degree, is the essence of the appeal which any place has for you, and that if it isn't there, you are going to be most unhappy about it, even if at first you don't quite know what ails you. Well, it is what this place lacks. You can drive for miles, and the one thing you can be sure of is that you are not going to be rewarded by so much as one little scrap, one little unexpected bit, one hint of charm, that you can sit down with for a moment, and, as I have said, take to bed with you that night. Of course, the place does have a history, and there are many fine relics of the Spanish occupation, all preserved with an admirable regard for what is due them.

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But they, after all, are a closed chapter. The one now being written somehow never manages to be delightful, produces nothing but an endless succession of Rabbit Fryers, 50c; Eggs, Guaranteed Fresh, 23c Doz.; Canary Birds, 50c, Also Baby Chix, Just Hatched; Car Mart, All Makes Used Cars, Lowest Prices; Orange Drink, 5c; Eat; Drink Goat Milk for Health, Drive Right In; Pet Cemetery, 300 Yds., Turn to Right; Finest English Walnuts, 15c Lb.; $100 Down Buys This Lot, Improvements Installed, No Assessments; Eat; Scotty Kennels, 100 Yds.; Pure Muscat Grapejuice, 35c Gal., We Deliver; Eat.

I have got so that if I go out for an afternoon's drive, I usually wind up at Goebel's Lion Farm, smoking a cigarette with Bert Parks, the chief attendant. God in Heaven, a cat is something to look at! I have followed all the doings out there faithfully, from the birth of the leopard cubs to the unfortunate fate of Jiggs when he strayed into a cage with two she-lions and got frightfully chewed up. I learned with great interest what happened when Paramount sent a star out there to have his picture taken feeding Caesar, as a bit of publicity for a forthcoming picture. Instead of biting the meat Caesar bit the actor. First time I knew a lion liked ham.

Eat. That is the measure, alas, of the cookery of the region. You can go from Santa Barbara to the border, and you will not strike one place where you can get a really distinguished meal. There are, to be sure, the various Biltmores, and in Los Angeles the Ambassador, a restaurant called the Victor Hugo, a hotel called the Town House, and Bernstein's sea-food place. All of them have their points, and the Town House, I must say, really knows how to put a meal together. But they suffer from two circumstances. The first is that they can't sell liquor. If you want food *and* drink at the same meal, you have to go to a speak, and a California speak is so bad that there is nothing to say about it. The other is that they really have nothing to make a distinguished meal with. Meats are obtainable here, and vegetables, the best you can get anywhere; but when it comes to fish, and particularly shellfish, those indispensable embellishments that transform eating into dining, they are simply not to be had. Brother, God hath laid a curse on this Pacific Ocean, and decreed that nothing that comes out of it shall be fit to eat; and anybody who tells you different has simply never fished in another ocean.

The oysters are frightful. They serve what they call Eastern oysters, which means oysters that have been transplanted from the East to Puget Sound or some such place, and taken after they are grown. They are pale, watery, and fishy. Then they serve the native oyster, known as the Olympia, or Olympic—there seems to be some difference of opinion on the point. These are small, dark, and mussel-like in appearance. The taste is quite beyond the power of words to convey: I had to exercise all of my 90 hp. will to get down enough to call it a test. If you can imagine a blend of fish, seaweed, copper, and pot-washings, all smelling like low tide on a mud-flat, you will have some faint notion of what an Olympia oyster is like.

The crab is an ocean crab, smooth, without spines, and singularly coarse and tasteless. As a rule they serve it as cracked crab, which means that they steam it, chill it, and cut it up quite nicely, with the shell cracked so you can pick out the meat with an oyster fork. I think it would be better if they didn't let the ice come in contact with the crab, and thereby suck out the salt, but I hope they don't begin

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taking pains with it, just to please me. Any way they served it, I wouldn't like it. The only good crab I ever had out here was the other night, at a little party in Beverly Hills. It was in a salad, and I at once sought out my hostess.

"I've got to know more about this," I said. "I'm just writing a piece saying the crabs out here are lousy."

"I don't think so," she said. "I've had good crab in the Brown Derby, lots of times."

"Never mind the Brown Derby," I said. "I've got to be reliable and accurate about this thing, and what I want to know is: Where did you *get* this crab?"

"Well if you've got to know," she said, "that's canned crab, but I don't know why you had to be so inquisitive."

In other words, it was good old Crisfield blue-claw, and maybe it didn't taste good!

The lobster is that crustacean known in the East as a crayfish and in France as a *langouste*, and it's not much, any way you take it. It has eight big legs, but no giant claws, so that there is no claw meat. The fat and coral are inedible, and there is hardly any shoulder meat. The gigantic tail, when steamed and served cold, is white and of even texture, but tasteless. Broiling doesn't help any. The tail muscle of a *langouste*, when broiled, splits off into pieces, like a rope that has been unravelled, so that it is disagreeable to eat, and has no more taste than it had before.

But the prize monster of these parts is called an abalone. The abalone, if pulled out of the North Sea, would be a *coquille*, and if pulled out of Long Island Sound would be a scallop; but as it is, it is pulled out of the Pacific, which makes it different. The shell is large, some six or eight inches across, and fluted like a scallop shell, very pretty. The thing itself is a lump of muscle about the size of a small lemon, and so tough that if you tried to cut it, it would jump off the plate and hit the lady at the next table in the eye. So they operate on it with a hammer to soften it up a bit. How many outfielders they have to post, to field it home when it jumps off the block, I don't know; but when they get through with it, it is a sort of Childs pancake, and this they dip in batter and fry. You can have it. I got half of one down once: what an experience that was!

There are barracuda, salmon, halibut, swordfish, and tarpon, but I personally don't regard them very highly. Swordfish, I suppose, is as good as it is said to be; but for my part, when they begin serving fish in steaks, it doesn't seem like fish any more. The medium-size fish, like shad and bass, which go so well after the soup, don't seem to taste right: perhaps the trouble is in the cookery. The only fish I can say much for out here are the sand-dab, which looks like a small English sole and tastes like perch; the grunion, a near-smelt that is against the law for some reason, and that you have to get bootleg, and the trout. The trout all seem to come from Noah Beery's trout farm, on the road to the Mohave Desert. They are pretty good, anyhow at the Town House, where they know how to make a *meunière* sauce.

IV

Now then, if there are no smells to caress my nose, and no sights to delight my eye, and no food to tickle my mouth, this gets us down pretty much to what we laughingly call my intellect. God knows I am not particular here, not anything like as particular as I am about oysters. I don't ask for talk about Proust, or familiarity with the cosmic ray theory, or acute critical appraisal of the latest Japanese painter; I

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can take such stuff or leave it alone, and I usually feel better when I am off it. But I do ask—what shall I say? Something that pricks my imagination a little, gives me some sort of lift, makes me feel that that day I heard something. And I am the sort that is as likely to get this from the common man as his more erudite cousin, the high-brow.

But what do I get? Nothing. For when a gentleman appears at my door, orange peeler in hand, bows gracefully at my halting invitation to come in, removes his hat with the utmost aplomb, enters, sits down easily, and explains in accents that would do credit to a Harvard man that this particular article is manufactured by the O'Peelo Company, and bears the signed guarantee of that firm, handsomely engraved with one extra blade all for ten cents—when that happens, it is hard for me to escape the reflection that what this wight has his mind on is an orange peeler.

Now, right there, I think, I finally get into words my main squawk against this section: the piddling occupations to which the people dedicate their lives. Bear in mind my disclaimer of high-brow leanings, which is honest, and the earthy nature of the intellectual fodder that I ask. I am greatly stimulated by a trapper boy in a West Virginia coal-mine, or a puddler in a Pennsylvania steel-mill, or a hand on a Nebraska corn-farm. These people, although they usually talk a dreadful jargon, are frequently morons, and sometimes anything but admirable personally, all take part in vast human dramas, and I find it impossible to disregard the stature which their occupations confer on them. If they are prosperous, it is big news; if they are hungry, it is tragic; and no matter what their condition is, they share some of the electric importance of the stages they tread.

But what electric importance can be felt in a peddler of orange peelers? Or of a dozen ripe avocados, just plucked that morning? Or a confector of Bar-B-Q? Or the proprietor of a goldfish farm? Or a breeder of rabbit fryers? They give me no kick at all. They give themselves no kick. The whole place is overrun with nutty religions, which are merely the effort of these people to inject some sort of point into their lives; if not on earth, then in the stars, in numbers, in vibrations, or whatever their fancy hits on. They are not, as I have hinted, and as I shall show more clearly in a moment, inferior people. Rather the other way around. But they suffer from the cruel feebleness of the play which the economy of the region compels them to take part in.

If it were only possible to create for them a suitable play artificially, as it is possible to fashion a play for childhood, where libraries, schoolhouses, athletic fields, and a few leagues and debating clubs are all that is needed to set things humming—the thing would have been done long ago. But with grown-ups it is not as simple as that. The yarn has to be there. There can be no build-up, as they say in the movies, for the main situation; it cannot be evoked at will, and it cannot be faked. If the voltage cannot be felt, the whole piece falls flat, and it will throw off no jumble of delightful sparks, of the kind we were talking about in connection with Paris.

They not only give themselves no kick, but they have developed, out of the things they do, a curious slant on life, particularly on Labor, which you have no doubt read about and probably misunderstood. For these occupations are not only piddling, but also fly-by-night; none of them seem to pay, and it is unusual to find a man who is doing the same thing now as he

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did last year. If he has a poultry farm, a few months ago he fixed flats and a few months before that had a news-stand.

This makes for the most incredible incompetence at those routine things that you have always taken for granted. The paperhanger takes five days to do a job that a good man would finish in one; the restaurant has its lights so placed that your head casts a shadow on your plate, making it impossible to see your food; a house, well-designed otherwise, has one corner of the living-room gouged out to let in a trick stairway, the result being that you cannot lay a rug; the salesman has a persuasive line of talk about the merits of the article, and then has to look on the icebox door to find out the price; the telephone clerk reports that somebody called, but hasn't taken his number so you can call back; the waiter clamps a fork over the spoon when he serves peas, in the elegant manner of an Italian serving asparagus, not noticing that when it is peas he is serving, and not asparagus, this makes them bounce all over the table like shot; the bookstore is sorry, sir, but would have to know the publisher before it could order that book for you, apparently not knowing that the United States Index, which is lying open on the counter, was invented specifically to solve this problem; the apartment-house has it drawers built exactly three inches too short to hold a shirt; the movie impresario wires frantically to New York for a certain writer, only to discover that for a year he has had the varlet on his own lot.

You may think I overstate the case, in a strained effort to be comical. I assure you I do not. It is not only my observation. It is the observation of every Easterner who comes out here: I have talked with dozens of them on the subject, and all of them make the same report, most of them with much fancier illustrations than those I have given.

Now, this kind of thing, together with the state of affairs that lies back of it, has bred a fear of good, honest, well-paid craftsmanship that is at the bottom of the very genuine anti-union sentiment that you find here. This sentiment, no doubt, had its origin in the disturbances that led to the dynamiting of the Los Angeles *Times* office some years ago, and Big Business certainly had a hand in that fight. But Big Business, so far as I have had a chance to observe it, is pretty sensible now. The core of the anti-union feeling here these days is not so much Big Business as Little Labor; and how this works out I can best show by quoting a man I talked with shortly after I came here.

"This is how it is," he said. "Your dirt farmer from Iowa, or wherever it is, gets here with a little pile, just about enough to keep him, and at first, after freezing his face in those blizzards for forty years, it's great. He has a swell time, sees the Mt. Wilson Observatory, the Pacific Ocean, the millionaires' houses in Pasadena, the Huntington Museum, and Hollywood; he's never seen anything like that before, and he loves it. But then what? There ain't no more. After six months he's so sick of doing nothing that he'll take fifteen dollars a week, or ten dollars a week, or three dollars a week; or he'll start any kind of cock-eyed business, he'll do *anything*, just to keep busy. And boy, maybe you think that baby can't hate union labor! Because union labor, anyhow the way he figures it, means that pretty soon he's out of a job, and there's *nothing* for him to do but water the grass."

That sums it up very simply, and it certainly takes the wind out of your indignation, makes all your fine theories about collective bargaining seem as silly as your

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theories about civil rights seem in Mexico. For indignation, particularly in this controversy, rests on some sort of sporting sympathy for the under-dog; but when you find out that the under-dog has a couple of mice under *him* yet, in great danger of being mashed flat, what are you going to do? Begin feeling sorry for the mice, I suppose. There they are, and they certainly confuse the issue quite thoroughly. Just the same, I greatly prefer a dog-fight to a mouse-fight; and the fact that these are worthy mice, down there through no fault of their own, doesn't relieve their doings of a certain what-of-it quality that I find very hard to get excited about.

What I would like to see here, to make an end of my carping, would be a vast increase in what might be called economic vitality. The whole place would be pepped up, I think, by big, slashing industries, industries that bind men together, make them feel their competence as workmen, fill them with the vanity that demands adequate recompense; industries that afford an afflatus of the ego that is requited only by fine food and drink; industries that produce pep, bustle, enjoyment of life. They are really what throw off the jumble of sparks, cover a country with things that appeal to the imagination. But so far there are not anything like enough of them.

Some, you understand. Oil production is enormous: I must say that a trip through the well forests, for all their dreadful reek, hands you something. Movie production is also important: I believe oil and movies account for nearly 25% of the revenues of the place from the outside. Furniture, Hollywood garments, and various other manufactures are growing. But still, not enough of these to go around. The typical Southern Californian is still the Middle Westerner who was a crack sidewalk contractor in Sioux City, and a punk rabbit breeder here. Nobody told him that many Southern California streets don't have sidewalks: no walking done, you know. So he is out of luck. So his talents are wasted. So it is not his fault. But he is terribly dull company.

A word about the nutty religions. They don't cut anything like as much ice as you might think from reading about them. They are here, and practically everybody polices his discourse with "pass on," instead of "die:" he can't be quite sure what cult you may belong to. Even so, they are more like pastimes than the religions you are probably accustomed to. People find in them a relief from boredom, give them the zealous attention that a fad might command elsewhere; but they change off pretty easily from one to the other, and apparently don't care about them very deeply.

Aimée doesn't seem to cut any ice at all. The newspapers treat her with the amiable levity that New York reserves for the Metropolitan Opera House, and I personally have never met a Californian who has even seen her. I am an object of curiosity, in fact, when I let it be known that I have seen her, and a great disappointment when I have to admit that this was before she reduced and changed the color of her hair.

V

I wish now to do a little speculating about the future of this place. From what I have said, you may think it is pretty dark, but I wouldn't bet on it; there are a number of favorable factors, and I should like to check them over briefly.

First, let me emphasize again the distinctly superior human material that is on hand. Circumstances, particularly the fact

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that at the moment there are no very stimulating things for them to do, may have condemned these people to the kind of activity I was describing a moment ago, but they are capable of bucking stiffer winds, and when stiffer winds begin to blow they will acquit themselves impressively. I remind you that a selective process has affected the settlement here that has not gone on in many other American localities. In general, I think it can be said that most sections of the United States were first populated by failures. They are usually referred to as "pioneers," but that euphemism doesn't dispose of the fact that they were doing very badly where they were, and pulled up stakes to see if they couldn't do better somewhere else.

But that hasn't been the case here. Making all allowance for the automobile tramp and others of his kind who have come here, the person who has unpacked and stayed usually has had a pile. Sometimes it has been a big pile, for a great deal of wealth is visible: I hope I haven't given you the idea that everybody here is just one jump ahead of the sheriff. Oftener it has been a little pile, but anyhow it has been some kind of pile. The typical settler here has made what some walk of life regards as a success, and is here to enjoy the climate; that means that he is a person of some substance. Whatever he does after he gets here, the original ability is there; it is transmitted to his children, and it is something to be reckoned with.

Next, I shall surprise you by citing as a favorable factor the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, which with various affiliated organizations pretty much controls the commercial development of the region. It seems to me that the economic situation out here has forced it, perhaps unconsciously, to acquire a profounder notion of its responsibilities than you will find in most organizations of its kind. The average American chamber of commerce, in my experience with it, is a noisy, tiresome, and exceedingly childish booster affair, with no maturer idea of its function than to bring as many factories to town as possible, in order that merchants will have more customers, realtors more prospects for their lots, and property more benefit from the unearned increment. That, and a running wrangle with the Interstate Commerce Commission, carried on by the traffic department, over some freight differential enjoyed by a nearby city, is about the extent of its activity. As to whether the factories are desirable, as to whether abolishment of the differential would throw several railroads into bankruptcy, they seldom give a thought; and sometimes, as when one Eastern city proudly announced the advent of a soap factory that had stunk so badly it was run out of another city, you wonder whether they are quite bright.

But here the basic situation is different, and you can see what it is from the phrase you hear so often around the Los Angeles chamber: "We know we can't go on selling climate forever. People have got to have something to do after they get here." In other words, the boom is over. People fell for the climate all right, and bought lots, and settled down. But piles, whether big or little, have a distressing tendency to melt, so that the section faces the necessity of becoming an economic unit that can run under its own steam, piles or no piles. To that exceedingly difficult problem, which is after all the problem I have been stating in a roundabout way, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce is addressing itself with a sobriety which I must confess impresses me.

It is not content to get a new factory, although it has got plenty of these in the last few years. It has been forced to do

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what most Chambers of Commerce do not do: undertake an exhaustive study of the possibilities of the region, that takes into account the needs of the population as a whole, and that is much broader in its scope than the leather-bound "presentation" got up for some particular manufacturer.

Now, if this profounder attitude is real, and not something that I thought I detected and didn't, you would expect it to give some tangible evidence of its presence, something you could put your finger on and say, "There, that's what I mean." And so, in fact, you find it. The offices are quiet and run with swift efficiency. There are no signs telling you to "Smile, Damn You, Smile." There is an atmosphere not unlike what you associate with the research departments of a big university, with the difference that this research has a purpose, a smell of dealing with live, important things, that most university research plainly lacks.

And there is something that I pay a great deal of attention to when I try to estimate a man's integrity, which is a healthy respect for a fact. It amounts almost to a religion in this place. You hear frequently the rueful admission that "we've got a reputation to live down, all right:" they seem terrified lest old mistakes will be repeated and come home to roost. So that you are no sooner handed a table of figures than you get the footnote: "Now listen: This is not any of our hooey. This comes right out of the United States Census Reports, and you can bank on it to the last decimal point." Well, I buy that. I am a sucker for the man who is worried about the last decimal point.

In other words, out of the Gethsemane of its woe these last few years, this Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce bids fair to emerge as what a chamber of commerce ought to be, and so seldom is. It is very powerful, much more so than the chambers of commerce you are probably accustomed to. It is a sort of government outside the government, bearing about the same relation to the body politic as the Communist party does in Russia. (I suppose I put that in out of pure malice.) And, like the Communist party in Russia, it is most intolerant of all schemes for monkeying with the gears. Radicalism of any kind is anathema to it. I suspect that the big fellows enrolled in it are not anything like so hot on this subject as they are thought to be; but big fellows are not the only ones it must satisfy: the very fact that it has a large membership, has to study the problems of even the littlest fellows, and is the repository of a highly concentrated leadership, has forced it in this matter to go along with the crowd.

This, I must say, I find deplorable. I never feel that a city is really in the Big Time unless it has soap boxers damning the government in the parks, and parades that occasionally result in cracked heads. Why I regard such things as cosmopolitan I don't know, but I do. Yet it would be foolish to maintain that I miss them out here as much as I would if they were absent, say, in New York. Again like Russia, this section is not ready for that kind of thing yet. You have to get the gears turning before you can throw left-handed monkey wrenches into them. And, of course, the basic realities take some of the sting out, too.

The one basic reality that can dignify Red goings-on is hunger, and there is very little of it here. Ten cents will buy an incredible amount of food, and hardly anybody lacks ten cents; if somebody does lack it, the genuinely humane treatment he gets here alters somewhat the circumstance that he can't put up a general

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squawk. What I am trying to say is that the air, the sun, the lay of the land, the feel of what is going on here, make the inalienable right of man to talk, wrangle, and fight himself out of his daily bread seem somewhat beside the point; that may be what other sections have their mind on, but not this one. It has its mind on something else, and it is only sensible to judge it by what it is trying to do, and not by what you think it ought to be trying to do.

Which brings me to my final point, which is the idea held by everybody here that some sort of destiny awaits the place. Of recent years, the implications of a destiny have bemused me greatly; and I believe that one of the troubles of the United States as a whole is that it no longer has one. In the beginning, its destiny was to reduce a continent, and that destiny, as long as it lasted, made everything hum; transformed the most shiftless bacon-and-beaner into a pioneer, placed an epic frame around our wars, gave the most trivial episode the stature of history. But the continent has been reduced, alas, so that destiny has blown up.

Now what? If you know, you are a wiser man than I am. We have a great deal of running around about it, visionaries providing us with a lot of pat destinies: one set trying to make us the most cultured nation on earth, and demanding that we pile novel on top of symphony on top of skyscraper until we claim our place in the æsthetic sun; another set trying to make us the most moral nation on earth, piling Prohibition laws on top of cigarette laws on top of anti-Evolution laws on top of blue laws; another set trying to make us the most prosperous nation on earth, piling tariffs on top of R. F. C.'s on top of apostrophes to the Forgotten Man. But all these stars, unfortunately, begin to look a great deal like fish-scales, and where we are actually headed, if anywhere, it is pretty hard, for me at least, to see.

So that when you come to a place that not only thinks it has a destiny, but knows it has a destiny, you cannot but be arrested. Where this place is headed is to be the leader in commerce, art, citrus production, music, rabbit breeding, oil production, furniture manufacture, walnut growing, literature, olive bottling, short- and long-distance hauling, clay modelling, æsthetic criticism, fish export, canary-bird culture, playwrighting, shipping, cinematic creativeness, and drawing-room manners. In short, it is going to be a paradise on earth. And, with such vaulting ambitions, it might pull off something: you can't tell. It is keenly aware of the Orient, and also of Mexico; streams are meeting here that ought to churn up some exciting whirlpools. I, personally, even if the first act hasn't been so hot, am not going to walk out on the show. One thing it *is* going to be, within the twelve-month, is the wine center of the New World. I guess you think I'm going to walk out on that, do you? That will make a lot of things different.

No, I stay. The climate suits me fine.

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BIG LEAGUER

BY JOHN FANTE

A LONG time ago, when I was a little second-grader, they were building the new school. At noon hour we used to go to where they were putting up the new building and swipe tar. We chewed it.

It was on account of the tar that Sister Agnes did not like me when I was a little second-grader. But it was not my fault if she got messed up. The desks were so little in the second grade that when she sat down beside me she took up all the room, and I did not know the tar was on the seat.

We were supposed to recite, but I was chewing tar. Sister Agnes saw me. She came down to my desk. When I saw her coming I got scared. I took out the tar and dropped it. I thought it hit the floor. But it fell on the seat. Heck. I didn't know that. I didn't know she would sit down in the little desk with me. But she did.

She shook her finger and said, "How many times must I tell you not to chew that stuff?" She was mad. I did not answer, and she got up. I mean she almost got up. I mean she tried to get up. I mean the tar hung on.

Her dress pulled. I tried to help. The dress started to tear. She got very mad. She told me to take my hands away. She slapped me. It was a hard sock. Then she told a girl to get the scissors. She cut a little hole in her dress.

She said, "You are a dirty boy, and I have a notion to beat you to death."

I had to stay after school and clean up. Sister Agnes was there, too. I had to scrape with a knife. All the tar did not come off. I was awfully sorry, but I did not tell her. I do not like to tell people I am sorry. I was not scared, though. Who ever heard of me being scared of Sisters?

I got the black piece of cloth scraped off, and I tossed it into the waste-basket. Sister Agnes was still mad. She did not even look at me. She knew I was there, but she did not look at me. It was funny to say good night to her, but you have to say it.

So I said, "Good night, Sister."

She said, "Go to the basket and get that piece of cloth."

The cloth was tarry and sticky. I felt cheap, giving it to her. I felt sorry for her. I thought she was going to sew up the hole with the tarry piece. Tar stuck to her fingers. I got scared. I felt goofey.

She said, "You are a bad boy."

She said, "You are a very bad boy."

She said, "You are a very, very bad boy."

I played like I did not hear. I looked at the door. I played like I was rolling tar with my fingers. I was thinking I had better tell her I was sorry. But it would be sissified. I did not.

She said, "Are you listening to me?"

I was thinking about sissies.

I said, "What?"

You are not supposed to say "What?" to Sisters. You are supposed to say, "What did you say, Sister?" So I did wrong again. I was in for it again.

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I knew it was coming, but I did not duck. I did pretty good for a little second-grader. It did not hurt at all. It would have hurt some other guy, but I was tough.

She said, "That's all. Go home."

I should have said, "I am sorry," then. I would have said it, but I didn't.

After that, Sister Agnes did not like me. Once she hollered in front of the whole room that my hands were dirty. I had to go out and wash them. Once I spilled ink, and I did not have a blotter.

Sister Agnes came down the aisle.

"Hurry!" she said. "Blot it up! Hurry!"

You are supposed to have blotters. I did not have any. I borrowed one from a girl.

In front of everybody, Sister Agnes hollered, "After this, bring your own. Good heavens! they only cost a penny!" I felt cheap. The kids thought I was poor.

II

Sister Agnes was not the second-grade teacher when we came back the next year to start the third grade. The second-graders had another teacher. I went to her and asked about Sister Agnes. She said Sister Agnes was in Philadelphia, which is where the great ball players come from.

That year I was only a third-grader, but I was the best ball player in the school. I pitched. I struck out forty men. I banged out twenty homers. Sister Agnes should have been here. She should have seen the game I pitched against Whitman. She should have seen me hit home runs when I was a fourth-grader. She should have seen me bust out sixty-nine homers and eighty-seven triples when I was a fifth-grader. She should have been here last year to see me strike them out, one . . . two . . . three. And every game, too! I am sure great.

Last September, who do you think was teaching the second-graders again? Sister Agnes! I met her in the hall. Gee! When she came toward me, I felt just like the time she came down the aisle and sat on the tar. She did not talk about the tar, though. She said she heard all about my great pitching. And that goes to show that when you are great, you are just great, and even when you do something bad, you are still great.

I liked her more and more every day. She helped me whenever I had to stay after school. That goofey Sister Justin, the principal, made me stay in. If the team had me pitching, we would have won the Emerson game. Now the Emerson kids think the Catholics are no good. That shows you. Do you think that goofey Sister Justin cared if the Emerson kids called us red necks and popes? Heck, no!

She said, "He has to be punished. I am going to show this boy that he can't do as he pleases around here." Blah, blah, blah.

But Sister Agnes was nice. She came into the room after school and rooted for me by telling me to work faster. Nearly every day I had to write five hundred times, "I must not laugh during prayers." It took a long time to write that. The game was half over before I got done with "laugh."

I would look up, and Sister Agnes would be in front of me, watching me write. Oh, she was keen! Her hair was red, just red as bricks. And you could barely see tiny freckles on her face. Ho! Ho! That was funny. It made me laugh, because Sister Agnes used to say, "Hello, you red-headed, freckle-faced Italian scamp." Pretty good! What about *her* red hair? What about *her* freckles?

She would lean over and say, "Faster, faster, faster. Think of those homers! Think of those triples!"

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I sure did think of them! I sure did! I wrote to beat the band. She counted every word. I thought I never would finish. When I did, I gave the pages to that goofey Sister Justin. Then I ran all the way up to Emerson. But all the guys were gone. I was late. Nobody was on the ball field, and the janitor told me how bad Saint Vincent's was beaten. The team always gets the hell beat out of them when I do not play.

Sister Agnes always asked about my house. She always said she was coming to my house to find out if I was mean to my mother. I am glad she did not come. My house is not a very good one. It is not really my house. I mean, it belongs to my father. It is not so hot. The front window is busted open. My brother did it with a horseshoe. The hole makes the house look like poor people. Our front porch used to be white, but when we play ball we keep score on the walls and posts. Now the porch looks crazy. Sister Agnes would think we were awfully poor if she saw it. In the front yard, where we have first base, second base, third base, short stop, pitcher's box and home plate, all the grass is worn off. Sister would see how poor we are if she saw it. I am glad she did not come.

My mother got excited when I told her Sister Agnes wanted to come. She told me to find out when she was coming. But I didn't. I lied. I told my mother Sister Agnes would not come until Summer time.

My mother was not polite to want Sister Agnes to come to our house. Sisters do not eat out. They have a place. That is why they are Sisters. I would feel awfully cheap if Sister Agnes came. Our house is not much. She would think we were awfully poor when we started to eat. My mother would have macaroni. Sister would think that was crazy. We do not have a tablecloth. My mother spreads newspapers. She puts the funny pictures under my brother's plate and the box scores under mine. When I eat, I can see what the boys are doing up in the Big Time. It looks like the A's again this year.

III

One day my mother wrote to Sister Agnes. I went down to the creek and read the note. It was not a good note. It was blotted. My mother wrote it with that old pen. She made a mistake, too. She put her name down like this: "Maria Toscani." Which is wrong. When other mothers write notes to Sisters, they do it this way: "Mrs. . . . ," and then they write their last names. They do not use the first name. My mother should have put her name down this way: "Mrs. Toscani." When she puts it this way, "Maria Toscani," people know we are poor.

My mother wrote:

Dear Sister Mary Agnes:

I am sorry indeed that you can not come to see me. My boy tells me of you nearly every day, and I am eager to know you. May I send you a dish of my macaroni some time? Just a sentiment for the fine way you treat my boy.

MARIA TOSCANI

I was in a heck of a fix. The note said my mother was sorry indeed, and Sister would think that was funny, because I did not ask her to come, so she could not say no, so why was my mother sorry?

I did not know what to do. I played hookey. I played hookey all morning. I sat on the bench at the depot and watched the trains. The Athletics travel on big trains like those.

There is a guy they call Jumbo, and he came to the bench. He wanted to know if

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I was playing hookey. He is not a kid or anything. He is a man. He wanted to know why I was playing hookey. I showed him the note and told him.

"Oh," he said, "this is easy."

He tore the note into pieces. He said I should go to Sister Agnes and ask her, face to face, if she wanted some of my mother's macaroni. It was a very fine idea.

I went to school, and I told Sister Justin that the reason I was absent in the morning was because my mother had the pain in her side again, and I had to go to the drug-store for medicine. And do you know what? That dumb Sister Justin acted like she did not believe me! Blah on her! Just because she is principal she thinks she can believe anything she wants. I fooled her, all right.

After school I went to Sister Agnes' room. Jumbo's idea was sure a swell one. I do not mind if I ask people face to face to eat my mother's macaroni, but I do mind if I have to give them notes. It is a lot different.

Sister Agnes was playing the organ. She was alone. The room, and the organ, and Sister Agnes and everything made me think of the time when I was a kid. I looked around, and do you know what I was looking for? I was looking for the little desk with the tar stuck on the seat. And sure enough, there it was, in the back of the room. I sat in it. Gee, it was sad. There I was, the greatest pitcher this school ever had, and sitting in the same little desk I used when Sister Agnes was my teacher.

The organ stopped, and I heard her say, "Well, what on earth are you doing back there?"

I said, "Oh, nothing."

She said, "Come up here, and we will talk."

I started to get out of the little desk.

But she said, "Wait. I want to show you something." She walked down the aisle.

It was just like the time she came down the aisle and sat on the tar. I thought she did not remember the tar, but that was what she wanted to show me. Gee, I got so red. I got freezy as ice when she found me in the same little desk.

But it was not so awful. She pulled my hair, and she told me about convicts who come back to the place they commit sin. I laughed and then she laughed and then we both laughed. Gee, she was pretty. I wish I could have said, "I am sorry" a long, long time ago. I should have said it just then, but I still do not like to say this to people.

Instead, I said, "My mother wants you to eat some of her macaroni."

She said, "Sure! Thank your mother and tell her I'll be glad to eat a whole bucket of it."

I was sure surprised! I did not think Sisters ate macaroni. But I guess they do. Sister did not mean a real bucketful, though. She just meant a whole lot. But I guess my mother thought she really meant a whole bucketful.

Ye gods! Next day I had to lug a bucket of macaroni to school. I hollered, but it did not help any. My father was home. I went up alleys so none of the boys could see me. I sneaked in the back door and gave it to Sister Cook and told her to give it to Sister Agnes.

Sister Agnes said it was the best macaroni she ever tasted. I bet she was fooling, though. I know about those things. I know that once my mother gave some macaroni to the Dowws. They said it was good, too. But Archer Doww said it tasted dirty, and I saw whole gobs of it in the chicken-yard. I felt so cheap I beat up Archer. So I know people. I know what they do.

After I brought the macaroni, Sister

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Agnes liked me all the more. I used to ditch ball-practise to talk to her. A swell player like me doesn't have to practise, anyhow. For a little while, Sister Agnes would talk to me about being a priest. Then she would figure my batting average. She knew how. She figured that I was hitting .599, which is a lot better than Rogers Hornsby. On the ball-field, I used to bust out homers just to see what Sister Agnes would say. I busted out eight homers, five triples, and three doubles in the Thoreau game. I pitched, too. So that shows you. Sister Agnes did not believe I did so much in one game. I made the second-graders tell her all about it.

IV

Sister Agnes figured I would be thirty-five years old before I could become a priest.

I said, "Hey Sister, how old are you?"

She said, "You must never ask a nun her age."

Then she lifted the blotter from her desk and showed me a picture. It was her mother and father and Sister Agnes when she was a girl. Sister Agnes wore a high hat with a feather in it. I looked at it for a long time.

She took it away from me and put it under the blotter.

"Now," she said, "how old do you think I am?"

I said, "I bet I can guess."

"Guess," she said.

"Twenty-five," I said. I was guessing any old number.

She laughed. That meant I guessed right. When people laugh that way, they mean you have guessed right.

Before she said good night she told me to go to the sacristy and pray our Lord to make me a priest. I went. I prayed like she said, but I did not pray very hard, because I did not really want to be a priest. I am going to be a big leaguer. I did not pray to get into the big leagues though, because I pray for that on Sundays. I go to Communion for it. I am making a novena for it, too. A novena is when you go to Holy Communion nine straight times. If you make a perfect novena you can ask our Lord for anything in the world. But I do not really need a novena to make the big leagues. I am already a great player. A novena cinches it for me.

Just when I got up to leave, I thought of a wonderful idea. I knelt down again and made up a prayer. A swell prayer. Here it is: "Oh dear, sweet Infant Jesus, if you will help me get Sister Agnes' picture, I will make my next novena one about asking you to make a priest out of me." I prayed like the dickens. I was holy. I knelt up straight. I kept my hands together.

After praying, I went to Sister Agnes' classroom. I was going to ask her for the picture. I sure wanted it. Oh! You should see that Sister Agnes!

She was not there. But you could hear forks and knives in the convent. That meant the Sisters were eating supper. I sure wanted that picture.

So I stole it. I put it under my waist. I sneaked away and beat it for home. After supper I went up to the attic and hid the picture. I keep all my important stuff there, and nobody can see the picture. Nobody but me.

Next day I got to thinking, and I did not know what to do. It was awful, because Sister Agnes knew I did it. When I got to school, I did not go out on the field. I sneaked into the washroom and locked myself in until the bell rang. I stayed in the washroom at recess, too. I stayed in there at twelve o'clock, too.

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After school, I broke ranks and ran behind the church. George McClure saw me, so I went into church to make an Act of Contrition, because stealing is a mortal sin. While I was kneeling there, here comes George McClure.

He said, "Hey, Sister Agnes is looking for you."

I said, "What for?"

He said, "Search me."

I said, "Does she look sore or anything?"

He said, "Not that I know of."

Before I went to see her, I made up another prayer. It was a pretty good one. Here it is: "Oh dear, sweet Infant Jesus, if you ever helped anybody, please help me now."

Sister Agnes was playing the organ. She heard me come in. I was so scared I could not talk. I was all leery and freezy. It felt like the time she came down the aisle when I was a little second-grader.

She said, "Hello!" It was fishy, I can tell.

I said, "Hello."

She said, "You must never come here again."

She said, "You must never talk to me again."

Then she hollered, "You hear me?"

I said, "Yes, Sister."

She said, "Go home."

And after that, she never liked me. I know she will never like me again. I can tell.

I did not go home though. I went out on the ball-field. I thought I would practise hitting some long ones. I did. That night I hit six home runs and five triples.

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GEORGIA

PLATFORM of an aspiring statesman, as released to the world by the Augusta *Chronicle*:

> Upon the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce my candidacy for the judgeship of the municipal court and if elected to the post I hereby make the following pledges for charity: American Red Cross $200.00, Salvation Army $150.00, the American Legion $150.00, Spanish-American War Veterans $150.00, Junior Order American Mechanics No. 29, $150.00, The Klan $150.00, Boy Scouts of America $150.00, Shilo Orphanage $100.00, Asbury Methodist Church $400.00, Second Baptist Church $150.00, Henry Bible Class of St. John's Methodist Church $150.00, Lutheran congregation $150.00, the Jewish Colony $100.00, St. Vincent De Paul Society of St. Patrick's Catholic Church $150.00, Mize Chapel $100.00, St. Luke Methodist Church $100.00, Sibley Presbyterian Church $100,00, Crawford Ave. Baptist Church $100.00, Woodlawn Baptist Church $100.00. These above pledges I will pay in monthly instalments and is for the term of four years which is the term of office.
>
> I am a native of Richmond county, born and reared on a farm and operate a farm. I am fifty-six years of age, also superintendent of Asbury Methodist Church Sunday-school. I've been justice of peace for the 123rd district G. M. for the past nineteen years, served on the board of education six years. I am the founder of the Herman J. Oellerich Plumbing Company, which is now located at 305 Ninth street, in Augusta. I am sure that there is no other candidate that is in the race for the same post, that is any more capable of holding the office than I am. I know the needs of the laboring man, and the wants of the tax-payers, and if elected I will do all in my power to make the court self-sustaining, and I will greatly appreciate your vote and influence in my behalf.
>
> H. H. OELLERICH.

KANSAS

THE editor of the *Alliance Herald* of Stafford spits on his hands to do justice to a romantic event:

> They were in the city Saturday afternoon from the Gay Hill neighborhood. They

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were Mr. J. B. Nott of Meeker, Colorado, and Miss Ophelia Cox, of Waubunsee. They had met, loved and were here to have their love given the legal sanction necessary to their happiness, and were not long in finding their way to Judge Kirk's office, where in his usual dignified style he tied the silken cord of Hymen which no man dares put asunder. The bride was beautiful, lovely and as timid as the first blushes of the morn. The bridegroom was a handsome and manly young fellow, and a type of those among the mountaineers who have crowned Colorado with the glory she wears. Both seemed impatient at delay and when the judge had joined their hands and eloquently pronounced them man and wife a blush of joy crimsoned the cheeks of both bride and bridegroom. Like two uncaged birds in the early Springtime—full of song—they flew to our city and were mated in an atmosphere of joy, leaving on the 4 o'clock Broncho Limited for their home near Gay Hill, looking as supremely happy as if they were sauntering down the flower lined paths of never-ending joy.

THE life of the spirit in Topeka, as revealed by the *Daily Capital*:

The Church of the Living God will have a pie-eating contest Friday night at the home of Mrs. Maggie Watson, 1420 Washington.

MARYLAND

THE grand jury of Queen Anne's county shoulders heroically its share of the burdens of the time:

We, the members of the grand jury for Queen Anne's county, do respectfully make the following report:

We have been in session three days. We have examined eleven constables and sixty-five witnesses. We have made sixteen presentments and found sixteen true bills and have dismissed five cases.

A number of former grand juries have asked that more comfortable seats be provided for the grand jury room. This has not been done. We refrain from renewing the request, and for the sake of economy we are content to sit on crippled chairs and benches.

Having finished our labors we now ask to be discharged.

MASSACHUSETTS

EDITORIAL in the *Tech Engineering News*, published in Cambridge, the home of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology:

Will this rational world of ours be forced to admit the existence of the supernatural? The most advanced physicists, votaries of that most practical of sciences, have decided that there is no absolute law in nature. The unusual is admitted. Celebrated psychiatrists and physiologists, Lombroso, Morelli, Sir Oliver Lodge, Flammarion, have confirmed phenomena produced by mediums. The return of the dead has several times been witnessed by men of standing, and lesser phenomena occur more frequently.

MISSOURI

WANT AD from the eminent Kansas City *Star*:

WANTED—An effeminate and contented bull, to lead through the streets advertising Eddie Cantor in "The Kid From Spain." Loew's Midland Theatre.

NEW YORK

A GREAT American artist takes a page in *Variety* to pay off a whole series of spiritual debts:

I WOULD LIKE TO EXPRESS MY DEEPEST APPRECIATION

To: Standard Brands for their continued faith in me.

To: J. Walter Thompson Company's radio staff for their invaluable aid, friendship and psychological help.

To: N.B.C.'s production men, engineers, control men and all who have helped broadcast our programmes.

To: Every radio station, large or small, which at any time has carried our programmes.

To: All the fine artists who over some four years contributed their artistry toward the success of the broadcasts.

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To: The music publishers, writers, composers and pluggers who have given us the songs we play and sing.
To: My boys and my office staff who have worked with me to continued success.
To: My parents and ancestors for the talent I may possess.
And To: Our listeners-in who have been patient, loyal, and I hope, somewhat entertained.

Microphonically,
RUDY VALLÉE

FROM the celebrated *Amsterdam News*, organ of the Harlem nobility and gentry:

To Her Many Patrons and Friends
MARY LANE
UNDERTAKER
112 West 133rd St. TIllinghast 5-6465
Wishes All
A JOLLY CHRISTMAS
— and a —
MOST HAPPY NEW YEAR

FROM the Buffalo *Evening News*:

Wednesday will be a day of mixed pleasure and sadness for Councilman-at-large Martin O. Bement. It will be the fortieth anniversary of his marriage to Mrs. Bement. His daughter, Dorothy June, also will be married on that day. Because of these he will be happy. But Wednesday also is Rotary Club luncheon day and Councilman Bement has not missed his weekly Rotary luncheon for six and a half years, a record of which he is justly proud, and which he will be forced to abandon this week.

FROM the *Putnam County Courier* of Carmel:

Prof. Zadok Ar-Kush from California, the most talked of novelty pianist, will be at the Farmers Mills Baptist Church Tuesday night, to give a unique musical programme to all who love music.

There will be several selections played of his own composition; also those in the audience will have the opportunity of having their own favorite classical or ballads played by this great pianist and musical composer.

Prof. Zadok has a marvelous experience to relate to all who need their faith strengthened in the things of God. It is a testimony which is stirring thousands. In the last four weeks he has given this testimony over twenty-two times in some of the largest cities of the East. Also he will bring a man with him who was in one of the largest circuses of the world, as a trapeze performer, and later started a circus of his own. Traveled in three different continents. At last, after falling from the peak of the great circus tent, breaking several bones in his body, he was brought home to die. Through his mother's prayers he recovered from this accident and is today giving his time and talent to the Lord.

Come and bring your friends, and I will assure you that you will be richly repaid. Admission free.

REV. F. VAN VALKENBURG.

OKLAHOMA

AN OKLAHOMA CITY savant, writing to the eminent *News* thereof, throws a beam of light into a late mystery:

Editor of the News:

Why all this fuss about Col. Raymond Robins, who was found roaming the North Carolina mountains as a prospector under the name of Reynolds Rogers?

Any informed spiritualist who has read about the case knows that it is a case of spirit obsession, and that it was Reynolds Rogers, an earth-bound spirit, who took possession of the organism of Col. Robins.

This spirit probably did not know that he was in spirit life, as he found himself after the change called death the same man he was in physical life, with a body identically like the one he had cast off without his knowledge.

It is my opinion that this Rogers was a prospector on this plane of life, and so followed his old occupation in the body of Col. Robins, not knowing that he was obsessing another mortal. Doctors may examine Col. Robins, cut him all to pieces, but they will not discover the cause of his ailment. Spirit is invisible to mortal sight.

Any good hypnotist or magnetic healer can cure or drive out an obsessing spirit.

DR. NICHOLAS BECKER.

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SOUTH DAKOTA

NOTE from a Pierre *savant* in the *Argus-Leader* thereof:

> *Editor of the Argus-Leader:* Those interested in the subject of fairies should read Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book, "The Coming of the Fairies."
>
> This is not fiction or imagination but an account from reliable witnesses of those who have actually seen fairies. The book can be obtained in any good public library.
>
> Children are often more clairvoyant than fully matured adults; being of a finer vibration they see and discern the forms of spiritual life more readily.
>
> In the British Isles, more especially in Scotland and Ireland, the fairies have been more frequently seen.
>
> The time is fast approaching when science will have the courage and honesty to investigate the realities of spiritual life in spite of the opposition and menacing attitude of some of the more ignorant organizations of orthodox theology.
>
> CHAS. L. HYDE, SR.

Pierre, S. D.

WASHINGTON

THE rising town of Omax busts into the news:

> Jack Wetherhead is 75, but hasn't a gray hair. "I've chewed tobacco for 71 years," he said in explanation.

CANAL ZONE

WANT AD in the Panama *American*:

> Lonesome European fellow try this way to find suitable party as companion (event marriage). Lived in Panama for several years. Can you give a home, I can keep it up. Send your answer to Svend Germarkson, PANAMA POST OFFICE.

GENERAL

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS on the passing of an illustrious American:

> Mr. Coolidge died much as he had lived —alone.
>
> At the Beeches, the home in which he sought seclusion, that tree-framed dwelling to which he repaired when the cares of a nation fell from his shoulders, the former President succumbed to a fatal heart attack.
>
> He had whipped alder fringed Vermont streams,—alone, and quickened to the plunge of a speckled trout.
>
> He had heard, alone, the whir of the partridge as it left its tangled covert, when frosted Autumn leaves called him to the hunting grounds of his ancestors.
>
> So Calvin Coolidge was found, alone in his dressing-room. No one saw the spirit depart, yesterday, after he had returned from his law office. His secretary waited below, until he should be dismissed for lunch.
>
> Earlier in the day Harry Ross, the secretary, had been called upon by the former President to consider a jig-saw puzzle, a New Year gift.

CANADA

CURIOUS workings of the Holy Spirit in Quebec, as reported by the correspondent of the Ottawa *Journal*:

> When a shot-gun that Albert Gosselin was cleaning accidentally went off, four persons in an adjacent house were wounded by the flying pellets. They penetrated the nearby Belanger home through the windows and struck four members of the family who were at prayer at the time.

ÆSTHETIC note from the *Citizen* of the same town:

> Pipe Major Alex Dare, who has just announced his retirement from active service in the Ottawa Cameron Highlanders, seemed to be highly pleased when informed last night that bagpipes are to be admitted free into Canada from Great Britain under the new tariff schedules. "That ought to raise the standard of music in Canada considerably," he told the *Citizen*.

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REHEARSING FOR BASEBALL

BY ARTHUR MANN

It takes more than a Depression to stop the national extravaganza known as major-league baseball. The sixteen clubs have already begun preparation for the six-months battle which, even in these hard times, has a box-office value of $10,000,000. The season will see 1,232 games, beginning in mid-April and finishing at the end of September, and they will attract an average of 7,500 patrons a game. There will follow the World Series, which has a minimum value of $600,000. The first four clubs to finish in each league share in the World Series jack-pot.

During the first week in January, when the thoughts of baseball fans are furthest from the game, the major-league club owner takes the most important step in the construction of his team. That is, he begins to cast his production by mailing out contracts. These contracts are unusual documents, and they have been the target of attack for many years. Reformers and other supposedly disinterested parties have endeavored to have them adjudged unjust, illegal and the instruments of a trust.

The chief objection is to the reserve clause, which gives the club owner a prior right to the player's services for the ensuing year, and denies the player the right to barter with any other club in organized baseball. The club owners brought this clause into the open for the first time almost twenty years ago, during the war with the short-lived Federal League. Tempted by high salaries, players of the National and American Leagues jumped the fence in droves. But the standard contract was held to be legal, and the players were restrained. The Federal League lasted only two years.

The moral George Wharton Pepper, ex-Senator from Pennsylvania, fashioned an official explanation. It is now a foreword to the administrative rules, and appears at the head of every baseball contract. It reads in part:

> The old complicated form of players' contract has been superseded by a simpler one in which the player recognizes himself as a public servant. As such he gives to the American people a pledge of conformity to high standards of personal conduct, of fair play and good sportsmanship. The club owners and officers explicitly accept the same high standard and readily admit their obligation to set a good example to their players.
>
> If any special responsibility rests upon the ball player it is a responsibility to young America. The boy on the bleachers is in school, even if he doesn't realize it. The heroes of the diamond are his teachers. By them his ideals of sport are powerfully affected. But the influence of the popular player goes much farther than this. The standards which the boy accepts on the bleachers he will carry into life. As the national game is played, so the life of the nation will be lived. Nothing is good enough for baseball that is not good enough for America.

Every contract leaving the club owner's office calls for a certain salary, but the figure named, although it may be within

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a reasonable distance of equitable recompense, is really only a feeler in most cases. The return mail brings back a strange assortment of demands, arguments and requests. Once a celebrated left-handed pitcher turned down the proffered $500 a month and informed the club that he wouldn't throw a baseball for less than $100 a week. Not only that, he added, but they needn't appeal to his wife, because she would back him up. (Club owners often drop the wife a note in an effort to effect a compromise.) Another holdout agrees to accept the stated salary, providing "the little woman's expenses are paid to, at and from the training camp." Others want to know, "What about laundry?"

The more important performers make no such picayune demands. When Babe Ruth was at the apex of his career he refused $75,000 for the season, though it represented a rise of $5,000, and demanded a three-year contract aggregating $255,000. He and his owner later compromised on a two-year contract calling for $80,000 a season. But a player who rejects his contract without making a counter-demand is even more of a problem than he who sets a fabulous price on his services. One season Al Simmons, a Philadelphia batting star now with the Chicago White Sox, held out all Spring and was still holding out a half-hour before the opening game. Then he signed, and at a figure said to be his original price.

Bill Terry, the present manager of the New York Giants, held out through the Spring training of 1926 for an additional $500, one-fiftieth of his current salary. The season opened and he was still unsigned. He capitulated two weeks later and signed, but he had to be reinstated by Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the baseball dictator, for he had been suspended automatically on the tenth day after the opening.

There has been only one real holdout. That was made by Mike Donlin, who was with the New York Giants about a quarter-century ago. The club called his bluff and discovered to its chagrin that he wasn't bluffing, but working a lucrative vaudeville contract with his wife. He remained out of baseball a full year, to be welcomed back with open arms the next season. Donlin is still an actor, doing character parts in the talking pictures with an occasional appearance in a Broadway show.

The player really has little choice in the matter of terms. He must accept the owner's final figure or remain out of baseball. He cannot deal with another club, because other clubs are bound to respect all reserve lists. In the owner's favor it is to be noted that he creates the market for the player's services, and that, by protecting the club's investment and equity, he is indirectly protecting the player. Paradoxically, the player thus sometimes benefits himself by signing at a lower salary than he thinks he ought to get.

All players, however, have a right of appeal to Judge Landis, to whom the two leagues pay an annual salary of $65,000. On more than one occasion the judge has shown himself to be inestimably impartial —so much so that he has cost the club owners thousands of dollars by declaring certain valuable players free agents when he discovered technical flaws in the conditions surrounding their signing.

A young catcher was thus declared a free agent a few years ago. When he read the telegram announcing the fact his heart sank. He had nursed an ambition to play in the major leagues for years and now he believed that, on attaining his goal, he was cut adrift without ceremony. There was nothing to do, he thought, but go back to the farm. A veteran player ex-

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plained that the free agency was good news, not bad, for he was now free to deal with any club. When another manager called him by telephone a few hours later he demanded a bonus of $10,000 to sign, and a contract for $7,500 for the season. This episode illustrates the speed with which young ball players learn the Facts of Baseball Life.

II

With the player contracts all signed, the club owner begins the painful process of paying out. He starts writing checks on February 15, two months before he will hear the merry rhapsody of the turnstiles in his ball park. In those two months he spends at least $50,000 on Spring training. The wealthier clubs, such as the New York Yankees, the Chicago Cubs, the New York Giants and Philadelphia Athletics, often spend as much as $75,000.

The Washington Nationals, members of the old twelve-club National League, were the first to make a Southern trip for training purposes. Manager Schmeltz took them into Virginia about 1895. It was only a short journey from the capital, but it was an innovation. Whether or not it benefited the players is problematical, for they failed to win the pennant.

The other clubs, in those days, trained on their home grounds, and in armories during inclement weather. But the Baltimore Orioles took up the idea of going South a year or two later and went into the Carolinas. At the close of the century the St. Louis clubs were training in Texas.

One old die-hard, now an executive of a club, regards the Southern training trips as so much coddling.

"When I managed the Toronto club," he snorts, "we trained in Toronto and won the pennant!"

The owner's initial expense is for the transportation of the player from his home to the training site. It is then that he realizes with a sigh that baseball is truly a national game. He wonders why he signed those two boys out on the Pacific Coast, only to bring them all the way to Florida. Yet, if he trained out on the West Coast, he would have to transport players from Massachusetts and Alabama.

The club assumes the cost of the player's railroad fare, meals, cabs, laundry and possible injury or sickness from the minute he leaves his home until the season opens. There are players who try to collect for their tips to porters, waiters and so forth on the way to camp. One penurious soul actually sought reimbursement for a book he had purchased to read on the trip.

The training sites are the last word in comfort and convenience. The players enjoy all the privileges of a swell Winter resort. The New York Yankees, for instance, are quartered at the Don Ce-Sar Hotel at Pass-a-Grille, Fla., on the very edge of the Gulf of Mexico. The players have large outside rooms which overlook the blue waters. Two orchestras furnish them with music. There are volunteer hostesses from the clubs and sororities of St. Petersburg, a few miles away, where the club actually trains. The players dress for dinner every evening.

The Boston Braves live in the Vinoy Park Hotel at St. Petersburg, which is the social hub of the city. They, too, wear dinner jackets in the evening. The Chicago Cubs have the run of Catalina Island, off the coast of Southern California, where most of Hollywood's tropical pictures are filmed. The island is owned by P. K. Wrigley, who also owns the ball club. His father, the late William Wrigley, the chewing-gum magnate, set a high standard of luxury for the Cubs before he died. The

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New York Giants train in California within the shadow of Hollywood and the disconcerting silhouettes of its screen stars.

John J. McGraw as skipper of the Giants was the first manager to invade the confines of respectable hotels with his ball players. He crusaded to make a misapprehending public believe that baseball players were really high-toned fellows. The hotels frowned upon their patronage thirty years ago, but today it is a vastly different story. The Yankees' bill for a forty-day stay is about $18,000. When a St. Petersburg hotel raised its rate from $9 per day to $12, the club went out to Pass-a-Grille.

A doctor-trainer and a club house man are on the scene in mid-February to go over the playing field with a magnifying glass. The manager of the club and his two coaching assistants arrive about a week later, chaperoning the first squad. This first squad includes the newly acquired players, rookies of the previous season, some uncertain regulars, and the newspaper correspondents who file daily reports on the progress of training. The rookies are assigned to club-house lockers and outfitted. Not infrequently a youngster steps into the uniform of some faded luminary of the immediate past.

The daily workout for these early birds consists of a variety of exercises. There is very little ball-throwing and, if any, it must be very light. Their muscles are stiff and stubborn from a Winter of awaiting the call to report. The least jolt or sudden pull may hamper training or even ruin a career. The ligaments and tendons must be eased into a supple, elastic state, and so made capable of withstanding all manner of quick throws, slides, turns, jumps and starts. You cannot plan your action in a baseball game. Each movement depends upon the course of a flying baseball, which is always propelled by someone else.

The majority of injuries in a training camp are minor ones. Shin-split polls a big vote. Shin-splits are little ruptures or strains within the *tibialis anterior* muscle at the front of the lower leg. The soreness disappears within a few days. Managers have to be on the lookout constantly for young players who refuse to report arm lameness or aching tendons. Fearing that they will be sent home, they often commit irreparable harm by trying to work out a major injury.

But probably the worst hazard for the rookie player lies in the dining-room. Epicurean youngsters have been known to eat their way right back into the minor leagues. John J. McGraw, when manager of the Giants, always kept close tab on the new-comer's score against par in the dining-room, and more than once he was obliged to order a strict diet.

The veterans whose ability is a known quantity arrive in camp about a week after the first squad. Many of them motor down from their homes, applying the transportation check to the expense of gasoline and stop-overs. Some bring their wives and children and take an apartment or bungalow for the duration of the training period. In this case the club allows them the money which ordinarily would be spent at the hotel. Thus the trip South becomes a pleasure jaunt. But if it turns out to be too much of a pleasure jaunt, the player doesn't come South again.

For the past few years Babe Ruth has made a practice of going to Florida a month in advance of the date he is to report for training. He plays eighteen holes of golf a day, and thirty-six holes on Saturdays and Sundays. By the time the team is assembled he is tanned from the sun and ready to start the grind at top speed. Many players wage a soul-searing battle with corpulence. For every four

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pounds taken off on the practice field, fully three pounds are lurking slyly in the dining-room that evening.

After another week of hustling, the entire uniformed group, numbering thirty-five or even forty players, is ready for real training. The field takes on added activity each day. An earnest workman is out in the center of the diamond burning a succession of pitches over the plate for a steady stream of batters. Each batter opens his turn at the plate with a practice bunt. Then he takes three lusty wallops at the ball (foul tips not counting). There is nothing a player hates to miss more than his turn at batting practice, except it be a meal in the dining-room.

Behind the home plate, hemmed in by a portable backstop, squats a catcher, perspiring beneath the weight of his paraphernalia—mask, chest protector, shin guards and a heavy glove. And beneath all this lies, not the soul of an artist, but a rubber shirt to induce the maximum of perspiration, for almost all catchers take on weight during the off-season.

Over at the left of the third-base line pepper games are in progress. Six or eight players, glove in hand, line up a yard apart. Thirty feet away stands a batter. He hits the ball with amazing precision to the line of fields. Whoever grabs it returns it to the batter as quickly as he can get it out of his hands, only to have it batted back again double quick. This simple game is very popular among training players. It makes definite demands on every muscle in the body. Over at the other side of the field is a row of pitching rubbers, or foot-grips. There the pitchers warm up daily. They throw to a catcher for fifteen minutes and then spend twenty minutes on the mound pitching for batting practice.

One of the coaches stands at the foul line, half-way down to first base, with a black, Cuban-wood bat about the thickness of a heavy broomstick. This is a fungo bat, much easier to swing than an ordinary bat. The coach hits long, high drives to zealous outfielders. Although he can probably hit a designated square yard of earth 300 feet away, he always manages to knock the ball almost beyond the outfielder's reach.

"Over to the left, now!" he calls. "Over to the left!"

Then, as the outfielder starts to his left, the coach shouts:

"To *my* left, Joe! To *my* left . . . sorry!"

The weary outfielder, tongue hanging out, barely reaches the ball, but he catches it.

"Nice goin', kid!" the coach sings out, and then hands the same medicine to the next outfielder.

A small army of cameramen filters through the scene during these early weeks, obtaining pictures for the newspapers and pictorial syndicates and sound films for the theatres. Sometimes a newspaper man is seen—when golf doesn't interfere.

The majority of clubs used to favor two practice sessions a day, lasting from 10 A.M. until noon and from 1 P.M. until 3. Of late a single workout from 10.30 A.M. to 2 is preferred. Each day's workout always winds up with a complete circuit of the field by all hands, at a crisp trot. This final jog around the park has become a set ritual for young and old in camp.

The first three weeks of training are usually sufficient for the manager to separate the chaff from the wheat. It doesn't take long to spot a really promising player. The manager is further aided by practice games between the Regulars and Yannigans, traditional enemies of the Spring.

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Manager and coach must be constantly on the lookout for young batters who are ball-shy, and afraid of high, inside pitches. He must watch for those who hamper their swing by stepping a foot or so away from the plate as the ball is pitched.

But the biggest problem found among young players is presented by the chronic left-field hitter. No matter how good a young batter may be, he must be taught to "hit behind the runner," or into right field when a man is on base, for this placement facilitates the runner's trip around the base paths.

III

During the training period the character of every player comes to the surface. Just as one will reveal batting or fielding weakness, so another will disclose evidence of bad temper, lack of gameness, poor judgment, or fear of physical injury while running the bases.

One of the most remarkable young men ever to enter baseball has struggled through a splendid career, achieving World Series fame and a degree of fortune, yet through it all he has never known when he would be felled by a fit of epilepsy. It has happened only once at the ball park, and fortunately not during the game. He once suffered an attack in the washroom of a Pullman car as the team pulled into Boston, but he went into the yards with the car, slept until noon, went to the ball park, played his regular position, and made two doubles and a single in four trips to the plate.

During the 1928 training season a great right-handed pitcher refused to sign his contract. His continued absence threatened the fortunes of the club. He finally signed up in May. He was released by the club on July 4, and he died on September 8 from an hypertrophied heart. Only then did his team mates realize that he had "faked it" through two seasons and two World Series. For the last two years of his life he had been unable to sleep lying down. Yet he had taken his enlarged heart into the pitcher's box and won ball games.

During every training period many would-be major leaguers walk and hitchhike into camp. They bob up from astonishing points, and endure all manner of hardship in order to obtain a trial. Few are ever turned down. If they are hopeless, they are sent home, but by train. Not a few promising recruits are picked up in this way and sent out to the smaller leagues for experience. The expense of taking care of them runs into sizeable figures.

As the fourth week of training opens the club usually begins a series of exhibition games with major and minor-league rivals. National League teams may play intra-league games, but the American League teams may not. Each of the major league teams plays between twenty-five and thirty such games before the opening of the season. The competitive play affords a manager a good opportunity to observe his pitchers under fire. Very few clubs realize more than $10,000 on these games.

The New York Yankees, of course, have a distinct advantage in being able to bill themselves as world champions, and to offer the two best drawing cards in baseball—Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig. It is seldom that one or both fail to knock the daylights out of some opposing pitcher, to the great glee of all beholders. For a period of several years not so long ago the Yankees played to a total of 125,000 paid admissions each Spring, for thirty or thirty-one exhibition games. This meant a gross of $125,000, of which they took about 60%,

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more than enough to cover the cost of their entire trip.

The tail-end clubs realize practically nothing in money from their exhibition games, but all the teams must play them. The New York Giants are undertaking their second junket into the California sunshine this Winter, but the terrific expense and the alarmingly small return through the turnstiles will probably prevent them from making a third trip. Indeed, it is doubtful that they would have returned this year had it not been for a two-year agreement with a local chamber of commerce.

As the days fly by in training the pitchers' arms get stronger. They work more and more innings. It is a big day when the first pitcher turns in a full nine-inning game. It is also important news when the heavy slugger of the team makes his first home run. These prodigies are fed to the baseball fans shivering in the North. That's why baseball correspondents were born.

Through the seven weeks of training the club has played host to thirty-five players, a manager, two or three coaches, a trainer, a club-house man, a road secretary, a few photographers, six or eight newspaper writers, a bat boy, and any special writers who want to stop in and write about how well the team looks, or even how badly it looks. Anything may be written, so long as it's written.

With a party of fifty a club makes the following minimum expenditures by the time the season opens:

Transportation to camp, 50 @ $100	$5,000
Hotel, 40 days	18,000
Laundry, six weeks	1,500
Transportation on the exhibition trip of 4,000 miles, 15 days	7,500
Pullmans, or hotels on stopovers	2,500
Meal allowance, 15 days @ $4 a day a man	3,000
Cab or bus service	375
Baseballs, a dozen a day, for 40 days, @ $15 a dozen	600
Four sets of uniforms, caps, sweaters, and sox for 25 players, manager, coaches, and subs	3,000
Total	$41,475

These are only the bare costs. To set down the extra thousands of dollars that are spent by club owners would be to make a record of their personal generosity. There are advances on salaries, loans that are never paid back, stakes to unwise or unfortunate veterans, jobs to broken-down stars of the past who can't earn half the money paid to them, telegraph charges, long-distance telephone calls, and what not. Baseball people are not selfish. Spring softens them up to pulp. They write to this or that player to "bring the little fellow; the sunshine will do him good." An asthmatic office boy makes the Southern trip to keep the road secretary's papers from blowing out the window. Newspaper men are invited to make it a family vacation. Thousands of dollars are spent to establish the good will which is the backbone of an amazing enterprise.

The clubs are supposed to receive subsidies locally for their Spring training patronage. The constant flow of words carrying the date line of a Winter resort is good publicity for it. It brings tourists. So the chamber of commerce pledges itself to pay the club a guarantee for an annual appearance, over and above the gate receipts from exhibition games.

But all the Southern resorts have seen exceedingly lean days during the past five years, and in many cases the guarantee goes unpaid, simply because the chamber of commerce cannot raise it. The club owner smiles a little, takes the gate receipts, which equal about half the guarantee, and says nothing. Before departing

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he signs another agreement calling for next year's guarantee, and then tosses a few dollars into the Community Chest.

On May 1 he must have at least $25,000 in the bank to meet the payroll of his club, his office staff, and his ball park staff. This figure, of course, is for an average club. Col. Jacob Ruppert, owner of the Yankees, has to have considerably more on hand. Babe Ruth alone receives $6,000 on his first bi-monthly payday, and Lou Gehrig subtracts $2,500 from the balance. But the Yankees usually take in $100,000 net during the first two weeks of the season, barring a succession of rainstorms. They always draw well, so well, in fact, that the club is frequently out of the red by the close of the lucrative July 4 double-header, which marks the half-way point of the 154-game season.

The method of dividing the gate receipts is practically uniform throughout the major leagues. The visiting club receives thirty or thirty-three cents for each ticket purchased, regardless of its location or price. This "take" used to be a flat twenty-five cents, but it was tilted after the war, when admission prices rose. A visiting team of good drawing-power collects more for a sell-out game at the Yankee Stadium than it can realize in its own ball park. A capacity attendance at Shibe Park in Philadelphia, for instance, means about $30,000, of which the Yankees receive $10,000, but a sell-out at the Stadium grosses $75,000, of which the visiting club receives $25,000.

Thus it is possible for a constantly trailing team like the Boston Red Sox to play a four-game series in New York City over Friday, Saturday and Sunday, with a double-header on Friday, and take away a check for $50,000. Under present conditions in Boston it would require almost a month of games to collect that much.

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THE FACTS OF LIFE

BY SAMUEL GRAFTON

They called him Smut and Filth because it was his job to reveal the Facts of Life to the freshmen each September.

"There is no smut, and there is no filth, in sex," he would say. He weighed 240 pounds. When he reached the part about smut and filth he became very solemn, like a fat poet declaiming the immensity of night.

Freshmen destined for the theological school would find it very church-like, because of the size of the old gym, and the shaft of light plunging down to the assistant personnel officer's blond hair. The others would smell the dried sweat of thirty classes of athletes.

"College life will have many temptations for you men. I went through it myself, and I know just what each and every one of you has to face," the assistant personnel officer would say.

"I want you to think always of your sister, and how you'd feel if a diseased man were to marry her and drag her down. I want you to come to my office and talk to me whenever you get involved in any of these problems. I want you to stay away from the cheap sort of girls always to be found hanging around a campus.

"Men, I want you to remember this: A professional prostitute is decenter and cleaner than the girl who maintains the appearance of respectability while giving rein to loose morals clandestinely!"

But there was no record that any university boy had ever gone to the assistant personnel officer when he became involved in any of these difficulties.

The man's shape suited his job. His bulk proclaimed him a target for evil that had come through unscathed. No pimple marred his pink flesh. His eyes were small, close together, and high above the ready smile which so often perturbed the areas below.

When he leaned over Miss Black's shoulder, it was perfectly plain he was close to her for business reasons only, and was not even aware of the dab of Narcisse Noir at the nape of her neck.

Miss Black discussed intimate affairs with him.

One day she told him about a wicked man who wanted to week-end with her in New York.

"If you decide to go through with it, it is up to you," he said. "But you must also decide to go through with all the consequences, and not blame anybody but yourself. The responsibility for the decision rests on you, and the responsibility for what comes of it."

It was cozy to be sitting in the little College Hall office with a pretty woman, talking of moral decisions which had to be made.

Miss Black crossed her legs and said earnestly: "I think he had an awful nerve to suggest anything like that to me. Don't you?"

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II

It was the Winter of big trouble on the campus.

Olaf, who had been janitor of College Hall for forty-eight years, died. A serious scandal developed in the girls' dorms. One wing of Turner Hall, built by the Founder, collapsed gently, the process taking two days, during which disturbing editorials appeared in the town newspaper, questioning the soundness of some of the other old buildings. The Depression arrived.

The line of new students, coming to College Hall from all over the cow country, reached only from the dean's office to the driving post in front of the entrance. It had formerly extended to the middle of the grass plot. The shortened line revealed that 180 fewer freshmen had come to be taught, causing a decline of $59,260 in tuition fees, not counting the expected sophomores, juniors and seniors who failed to show up.

The board of trustees announced a special meeting to discuss economies, and the Governor wired that a shrinkage in the State revenue meant a half-million dollar decrease in the annual appropriation for the university.

Rumor spread that the president was making a list of instructors who could be fired, soon or late, and of activities which could be curtailed.

The assistant personnel officer wrote to the president, pointing out that at a time like the present it was particularly important that the facilities of the university be conserved to those capable of profiting by them, and hoping that the personnel office, which selected worthy students so carefully, would be spared the ax.

The president was a retired business man, and it seemed to him that the major problem was how to get more students in, rather than how to select them carefully. But because he lived in horror of being considered purely a business man, he spared the personnel office. This caused a good deal of grumbling among some students of Plato and a translator of Beowulf, who were summarily dismissed.

III

The assistant personnel officer liked everything about the university except some of the younger men in the department of mathematics.

He disliked Goodkin most of all.

Goodkin was whispered by his colleagues to be the worst mathematics instructor in the United States, but even in the swellest fraternities seniors mentioned his name approvingly.

"I dislike co-education," was one of his favorite remarks to his classes. "The girls rouge their lips in front of me, and I forget everything in mathematics beyond the binomial theorem."

Another favorite remark of Goodkin was to this effect:

"Wealthy men eagerly endow traveling scholarships for study in Paris because they get a vicarious thrill thinking of what the scholarship holder can do in Paris when not studying. If a rich man can't enjoy it, it is still something to be able to buy it, if only for another."

A third favorite was:

"The time will come when psychologists will rule the nation, and campaign contributors will pay heavily to have their sons awarded a favorable official government intelligence quotient, without an examination."

The assistant personnel officer was sure there was something wrong with Goodkin. He had seen several like Goodkin

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awarded teaching posts in the university. None had lasted long. He knew that Goodkin was heading for a break, and he hoped it would come soon.

Goodkin said to the assistant personnel officer one day: "You know, it is only a matter of twenty-nine years now before you will be known as the grand old man of the university, and will be exhibited to the freshman class like the statue of the Founder."

The assistant personnel officer could take a joke. He laughed.

"By that time, probably," went on Goodkin, "you personnel officers will no longer be wasting your talents on the students. You will be examining applicants for instructorships. You will have a thirty-minute test which will tell you instantly whether the subject is fit to lecture on Kant or the School of Horror. In that day I shall be reduced to selling shoe-strings through the dorms to make a living, and I will have a steady trade because all the seniors will point me out to the freshmen, and whisper: 'He once taught here.' "

The assistant personnel officer smiled deprecatingly.

"The legend on the campus," said Goodkin, "will be that I lost my job because of a girl, but the legend will be wrong. I shall lose my job because a personnel officer will rate me 69 instead of 70 in the moral attitude quiz."

"You don't like me, Goodkin," said the assistant personnel officer. "You've never taken the trouble to understand what we've been trying to do. I'm sorry for both our sakes."

"There's only one thing you should be trying to do," said Goodkin, "and that is to convince some of our noble working-their-way-through-college students that it is better to be a well-fed hobo than a starveling little scholar."

IV

The assistant personnel officer could remember hearing audiences clapclaping applause when his father spoke.

His father was always being called upon to say a few appropriate words just before the medal was presented or the cornerstone was laid.

His father was the kind of man who would inform an audience that he had once crossed to Europe on the *Carpathia* with the late Senator Johnson by remarking that he could remember clearly when he had sailed away to the Old World with that estimable statesman aboard that splendid ship.

The assistant personnel officer could not remember a day when his father had not been on speaking terms with at least one Governor in his capacity as executive secretary of the League for Safeguarding the Child, or the Society for Relieving the Industrious Indigent, or the Association for the Prevention of Juvenile Delinquency.

His father was much in his mind in the days following the talk with Goodkin. He remembered displays of wrath at the breakfast table as his father told of those who were hampering a good work. "Down town", where his father went daily, there were two kinds of men. One kind helped him. The other fought him.

The assistant personnel officer found himself standing in his father's shoes, proving against an enemy that his cause was just.

V

Wagner was head of the philosophy department. He was a small, bleached man, generally puffing on a big pipe with the manner of one who had been sentenced

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to smoke a huge quantity of tobacco, and was trying to get it over with as soon as possible.

The assistant personnel officer went to lunch with Wagner one day, following his custom of lunching with a new professor or a new student daily, in order to acquire breadth of vision.

"Wagner," said the assistant personnel officer, "I flunked philosophy when I went to college."

Wagner, ignoring the noise of the cafeteria, was absorbed in a speculative problem. He was wondering what Giordano Bruno would have thought of the slim girl in the green knitted suit.

"Why did I flunk philosophy?" challenged the assistant personnel officer. "I was a capable student. Yet I couldn't make the grade. The only possible conclusion is that philosophy should be studied only by a limited few."

"Perfect reasoning," said Wagner. "And I know perfect reasoning when I see it. I once wrote a book on logic."

For a moment it seemed to the assistant personnel officer that the mocking Goodkin, and not Wagner, was sitting opposite him. It was a strange feeling.

"My point is this, Wagner," he went on. "We personnel officers may even have a humble part to play in solving the great philosophical problems, such as what is matter, and so on. Do you follow me?"

"Not all the way," said Wagner.

"Well, if we could only make a canvass of all students entering college, and could measure their philosophic aptitudes, we could route all students with philosophic ability into your department. If every university did that, with machine-like precision, it would constitute a flank attack of our human resources against the major problems of philosophy. We would have a better chance of arriving at truths and solutions than by hit-or-miss effort through the centuries by anybody who felt interested."

"In other words," said Wagner, "you want to get some system into this thing. Is that it?"

"Right," said the assistant personnel officer.

"Well," said Wagner thoughtfully, "I understand even barbers have to have licenses these days."

VI

The assistant personnel officer's temper crumpled as the months wore on in the stinking year of Depression. He snapped at Miss Black, and was vicious with young applicants taking their personal interviews as preludes to admission into the university. Goodkin had once seemed to him chief of the scoffers at his work. Most of the faculty had treated him with respect and consideration. Change developed. Goodkin was no more unfriendly, though no less cynical. But some of the others not only took on Goodkin's satiric attitude to personnel work, but passed far beyond it into bitterness. Their feeling toward the assistant personnel officer was less completely integrated than Goodkin's and much more unpleasant.

Stronger and stronger was the feeling in the assistant personnel officer that he was being weighed in the scales daily, much as they weighed babies over at the university hospital, but not with the same tenderness.

His very first year on the job he had inaugurated his smut and filth lectures, to a scattering of applause.

During his second year he sent form letters to all girl students, warning them of the pathological and psychological dangers of sin. Again he had been applauded, save by Goodkin.

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He had pulled his first dud in the third year. He had written to the dean of the college. "Dear Doctor," he wrote:

> You know the work I am trying to do. I believe I could get better results if I could offer scientific proof to the young men and women of the university that what you and I call the moral life confers distinct practical benefits.
>
> I propose an investigation, as a means of securing this scientific proof. It is my plan to have competent examiners, male and female, conduct personal interviews with 100 men students and 100 young women students, selected at random from the list of matriculates.
>
> These students are to tell the examiners frankly whether or no they have ever overstepped the bounds of strict celibacy, and how many times.
>
> With this data on hand, we could give personality tests to the 200 students, and see how the personalities of those who have transgressed compare with the personalities of those who have not.
>
> If we can show a wholesomer mental life in the case of the virginal girls and continent young men, we shall be able to go to all students with the scientific data they respect, and warn them of the dangers of moral excesses.

The dean had immediately replied that the plan was not approved. The assistant personnel officer was so stunned that he made no other contribution to the Better Life during the rest of the third year.

But now it was the fourth year, and something must be done. The assistant personnel officer thought it out, and came to a conclusion.

VII

He went to Miss Cann in a high state of excitement.

He marched into her office with his head at the same angle as the head of one of his forebears had been held when Saracen Palestine finally came into sight.

"Miss Cann," he said, without introduction, "I want to talk to you. I've got an idea. I want you to help me."

Miss Cann was a slight, girlish person of forty-two whose official title was dean of women.

The assistant personnel officer, full of his idea, plunged on.

"It seems to me, Miss Cann," he said, "that the time has come for us to apply business methods to our work. And the first business principle is coöperation and joint action."

At this point a strange feeling invaded and filled the assistant personnel officer. It was a feeling that he had forgotten something: not quite so strong and definite a feeling as if he had forgotten his trousers, but a feeling of the same order. He had forgotten that though this interview would be a conference between an assistant personnel officer and a dean of women, it would also be a talk between a man and a woman.

How will she take it? he wondered. This is delicate.

"I want to make myself clear," he said. "I must speak of things that normally wouldn't be spoken of between myself, as a man, and you, as a woman. But I feel sure of your professional attitude and understanding."

I am now professional, thought Miss Cann. I didn't think this morning would turn out so well, she thought. No, I shouldn't think that, she thought.

"We've been too smug," said the assistant personnel officer. "Too complacent."

"How do you mean?" asked Miss Cann.

"You know," said the assistant personnel officer, "that there is a certain amount of sexual irregularity on the campus. Not only between boys of the college and town women, but between boys of the college —and girls of the college."

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Miss Cann adjusted her cut primroses. I am professional, she thought. A man is talking to me about men and women sinning.

"It's so hard to regulate their conduct," she said. "They resent advice. All we can do is educate them, and show them——"

"Miss Cann," said the assistant personnel officer, "when a young man of this school is immoral with a girl student, it is my failure and your failure. We are jointly responsible."

Miss Cann thrilled to her new responsibility. She had once taught history in a high-school, but it was nicer to sit in a chintz office and be responsible.

"I want to suggest," said the assistant personnel officer, "that we work out a joint and coöperative programme, attacking the problem from both ends, yours with the women, and mine with the men."

"I'll be happy to help," she said.

That evening she dressed carefully, putting a bit of perfume under her ears, as the evening paper advised.

She left her room in a mess, for the first time since she had become dean of women. Two senior girls spied her in the corridor, and both told her she looked pretty.

In the lobby of the central women's dorm four girls in semi-evening awaited their young men. All four were charming.

At the curb a yellow roadster, with black trimmings that made it resemble a meadow lark, suddenly gathered itself up, and lanced down the road. Through the rear window could be seen a blonde girl head, splendidly framed in yellow steel and glass.

The University Special, the trolley that careened into town after crossing the campus, held her up at a corner. It was filled with girls and boys, most of them laughing.

She thought of a silly song. "And the night shall be filled with music." Once, more than twenty years ago, she had strolled at night on the campus of another Western university. The night had been filled with music.

One of the fraternity houses was brightly lighted. A wuff of reiterative music came through the windows. A boy in a dinner jacket glanced down from the stone porch at Miss Cann, recognized her, and smiled. She smiled in return.

The assistant personnel officer was already waiting for her in the reference room of the library. He had arranged sheets of blank paper on the table, and pencils.

He rose as she came in, and then sat down, a trifle before she did.

"The way to start," he said, "is with an outline. I think we ought to write down every idea we can think of, before we try to lay out a programme. We must find something that will appeal to my men and your girls."

The girls seem happy, she thought. The men seem happy. Why, this is Saturday night, she thought. I haven't thought of Saturday night as Saturday night for years, she thought.

The wuff of music from across the way became stronger for an instant. The assistant personnel officer lifted his head and listened to it. His eyes became worried.

"We're in the wrong place," he said suddenly, "to do the work we want to do."

"What?" she asked, startled. She heard the music again. The right place, she thought, is across the way. "What?"

"The sociology books are in McHenry Hall," he said. "Let's go there."

He swept up his papers, and she followed him, catching her stocking and making a run as she rounded the corner of the table.

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THE FEUD IN THE ROTUNDA

BY ALBERT HALPER

I WAS standing in line in the main Postoffice, checking in with the 6:15 P.M. shift, and had my badge in my hand all ready to show to the clerk at the detail-desk when I felt someone looking at me, so I turned my head.

The long line of men behind me curled around the trucks loaded high with second-class matter which stood waiting until the first-class mail should be worked off. Far down the immense room I could see the fellows on the other shifts sorting the mail like fury, their arms working as smoothly as machinery. The hard rattle of the cancelling machines steadied into a drone like machine-gun fire. I kept looking back toward the row of time-clocks, along the file of the two hundred men in my shift, and pretty soon I spotted O'Donnell, the supervisor. The man ahead of me, a Filipino student studying dentistry during the day, had been telling me a funny story and I had been smiling, but as soon as I spotted O'Donnell I straightened out my face and started frowning seriously.

I was almost to the detail-desk—we were crawling forward very slowly—when O'Donnell barked behind me: "437." That was my badge number. I stepped out of line quietly and walked over to the big parcel-post conveyor belt where the supervisor stood waiting for me.

O'Donnell is an ex-marine. He stands about six-feet-two in his socks and in his youth he must have been magnificently built, but now he has a belly and his cheeks sag a little, though he is not more than thirty-six or so. On the floor of the Postoffice, where over a thousand clerks sort mail all night long, he is considered a hard-boiled overseer, but I had his number right away. I had his number because one day when I was sitting in the canteen trying to gargle the hot coffee that they serve you in pint milk bottles, O'Donnell passed my chair and saw the title page of a book I was reading, "A Short History of Ireland," and he stopped to talk to me. He asked me a few questions about names and dates, and when he found out that I knew who Parnell was his face beamed and his cheeks grew a trifle pink. So I had his number right away, and I knew his sternness was just a front.

After that he used to stop me once in a while and we talked together, and pretty soon, whenever I would check in at the detail-desk I'd noticed that the clerk on duty would look up quickly when I gave my number and then would give me a soft detail. I rarely was told off to load trucks, and I was detailed down on the tunnel platform only once, to receive heavy catalogue matter from the big mail-order houses.

But now, as O'Donnell barked out my number, he stood there looking as tough as nails. He never called me by name: all of us were merely numbers; the mail-cases were numbered, the cancelling machines were numbered, the foot-and-a-half space in front of the huge sorting tables where

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the men stood working was numbered, and when a clerk reported for duty he barked out his number and the detail-desk clerk would bark another number back. You got used to it after a while.

"Well, 437," said O'Donnell as the line went slowly past us, "how would you like to be detailed to the cashier's office for a few months, selling postage stamps in the rotunda?"

I saw his cheeks were starting to get pink, so I took it easy. "How much more would I have to be bonded for?" I asked. All mail-clerks on the floor carried $1000 bonds.

"Oh, that'll be taken care off," he answered, and because he knew the fellows on my shift were looking at his pink face he started scowling hard and barked out to me that I was to report to the cashier's office at noon tomorrow for instructions.

Well, that's how I started selling stamps, which is about the softest job in the whole Postoffice—no heavy sacks to lift, no mail to sort and no foul dust to breathe for an eight-hour stretch while you spit black phlegm at the tin spittoons until your throat begins to feel like a worn-out foghorn. So O'Donnell is not such a bad sport after all. He has really nothing to do with this story, but I just wanted to show what kind of a guy he really is, so that if any of my old buddies on the night shift should read this they will stop swearing under their breath every time O'Donnell passes their mail-cases.

II

The next morning I reported to the cashier's office and was given $2000 worth of stamps and a square tin box with a lock on it to keep the sheets of stamps in. I was given the combination of the big safe where we placed our boxes at night and was told to take my time while waiting on the public, because if I made any errors and short-changed myself the difference would come out of my pay-check. But if, by any accident, I short-changed the public the auditors who came around every month would take the money and give it to the government.

I listened to every word. Then I was taken to the rotunda which is on the main floor and there I was introduced to the other stamp-clerks. The man who led me around was the assistant cashier, Mr. Johnson, a short heavy man with washed-out eyes and a deep, tired voice. He brought me into the rears of the ten cages and introduced me as the young man who would fill in while the vacations were given out.

The stamp-clerks shook hands with me, looked me over when they thought I wasn't watching, and said if they could be of any assistance why I should call on them. Mr. Johnson was still standing around and they spoke loud enough for him to hear. I thanked them and in this fashion made the round of the cages.

Later on a clerk named Titherton, who was the senior stamp-seller of the rotunda, came into my cage and told me how to lay out my sheets on the big marble slab, how to add up quickly, and how to tear the stamps out neatly. He also instructed me always to flip the stamps forward toward the trade with the mucilage face up, because a lot of cranks came in who were germ-sensitive and would not lick the stamps if the glue touched the marble slab. Titherton, old and stooped, wore hard white collars three inches high, had a big Adam's apple and when he craned his neck he looked somewhat like a turkey gobbler. He was a trifle hard of hearing but never admitted it.

I changed my cage every fifteen days, every time a fellow came back from his

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vacation and another left. On some shifts I started early in the morning; on others I reported in the afternoon and was on duty until midnight.

At the end of the second week the clerks, all older men, began to un-freeze a little and once in a while one of them would come into my cage and chat a bit. I was the kid of the force—I was twenty-three at the time—and was still a substitute clerk to boot, so they had nothing to fear from me; at the end of the vacation period I would go back to the mailing division and they would be undisturbed until next year, when another young clerk would be detailed for the fill-in job. But like all men who hold down petty jobs in the government service they were suspicious of me at first and it was only after a few weeks that they unbent a little.

One fellow, however, grew chummy right away—Frank Wortfield, the fat little clerk in the first cage. He was the junior stamp-seller of the force, with only six years of service to his credit, and was not liked so very much by the others because he had a sense of humor and had a rather hearty laugh. He was quite a kidder, and after a while I noticed that his trade was composed mostly of young stenographers who came regularly to his cage for their stamps. He was a married man and his wife, a thin little woman, sometimes used to come down in the afternoon and slip him a piece of cake under the wicket. Also, about once a week a tall, stoutish woman of thirty or so would walk through the lobby near Frank's quitting time, and flash him a smile all the way across the floor, and then he'd close up in a hurry and meet her at the entrance. He told me, when I got to know him better, that she always had her Cadillac waiting around the corner. Later on I found out she really had a Ford.

The days went by. Toward the first of June the hot weather rolled in and we sat slackly on our stools in our little stuffy cages hoping for a breeze to blow in through the opened doors of the entrances. One electric fan was going, but the power wasn't strong enough to send wind through all the cages and those who were furthest away got the drone of the blades but felt no rush of air against their faces. As Titherton was the senior clerk it was only natural that the fan should be placed in back of his cage. Frank Wortfield drew up a protest and went around from cage to cage for signatures, but all Titherton did was to swallow a few times when he glanced at the sheet, his Adam's apple ducking in and out behind his collar.

Well, things were coasting along pretty easy for me and I was glad I was out of the mailing division, even for a short while. I had my name printed on a metal strip which hung outside on the lowest bar of my cage, like a bank-teller. It made me feel proud, because for over ten months I had just been a number on the mailing floor. I tell you all this just to show you how the job gets you after a time at the big Central Postoffice. Nothing important ever happens to a clerk in the service, so consequently little things grow quickly into huge proportions.

Take, for instance, the case of Foggerill, the sleepiest guard in the lobby, who stands all day long with his flat feet splayed out on the floor looking mournfully into space like an old dog gazing at a soup-bone. One day Foggerill's watch was six minutes slow and he went out to lunch off-schedule, so that the porter, who goes out to his lunch by watching Foggerill, went out to *his* lunch late, and when the chief-porter came by on a tour of inspection later on he found no porter on duty and raised hell about it. This was a big event in the rotunda.

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Or take, for instance, the time old Hugh Munson, the clerk in Cage 4, was closing up for the day and turned away a last customer, who happened to be a Federal judge with chambers on the sixth floor. Of course, the judge went to another window for his stamps and didn't raise a holler, but as soon as Frank Wortfield whispered through the wire screen between the cages that the gent just turned away was none other than Judge B——, why old Munson nearly dropped his tin box of stamps and stood there shaking like a leaf.

Titherton, who, as senior stamp-seller, has some kind of vague authority over the boys, slammed his window down and came over, his Adam's apple working, and stood there staring pop-eyed at Munson, then went back into his cage and opened up his window for business again. Munson was nervous for three days afterward; then he told us he was regaining his appetite. I tell all this just to show you how things are here in the rotunda. These things are not so minor as they seem.

III

But on June 17 at 2:18 P.M. an event occurred which was of real major proportions. On that day I had the No. 2 cage, right next to Wortfield, so I remember clearly what time it was. Frank was in the middle of a big lazy yawn when I asked him for the time, and when he finished yawning he looked at his wrist-watch and said: "Two eighteen, sir." That's the way Frank talks sometimes. "Two eighteen, sir," he said.

Then we heard a whir of wheels and when we looked up we saw two men rolling something through the lobby and it looked like they were heading toward us. They were. They rolled the thing into place and glanced around. The lobby was empty and three windows were shut down with NEXT WINDOW PLEASE signs up; three clerks were taking a little catnap, as it were.

Wortfield and I stared at the two men. The thing they had rolled up was a squat object covered with a black rubber hood, and when Frank asked what it was one of the men took the hood off and we saw something that looked like one of those meal-ticket machines that stand at the doors of large cafeterias and go ping every time a customer takes a meal check from it.

Frank and I stared and stared at it. Finally one of the men attached a thick black cord to a light socket, shoved the thing snugly against the wall and then both fellows walked away. Frank and I pulled our windows down, stuck up our NEXT WINDOW PLEASE signs, and went out into the lobby by the side door. When we stood in front of the thing and looked at it, we saw what it was.

It was an automatic stamp-selling machine operated by electric current.

Frank stared at me. He swallowed hard. "What's the matter?" he finally said. "Can't we handle the public here? Aren't there enough clerks on duty to take care of the trade? What did they order this thing for?"

We touched it and looked at it and ran our hands along the top of it. It was a strong, compact looking affair with a series of little levers. Three small lights inside could be seen through a glass panel. It must have cost a lot of money. It had a slot big enough for large coins and a mechanical self-changer inside that never made mistakes.

The next day, when the mechanic from the stamp-machine company came into the lobby, every clerk had his eyes focused on the machine. Frank, who has the No. 1

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cage, started talking to the fellow and found out a lot of things about the new automatic stamp-seller. Later on Mr. Johnson, the assistant cashier, came out into the lobby and the mechanic explained the workings of the machine. He opened up the top and showed Mr. Johnson how to insert the fat rolls of stamps, how to set the feeder-line, and how much change should be in the mechanical self-changer —so many nickels, so many dimes, so many pennies.

Every clerk could hear the mechanic, who had a loud clear voice and talked as if he knew his business. While he was telling Mr. Johnson all about it, a few people came up and wanted to get their stamps from the machine, but Mr. Johnson told them politely that stamps would be in the machine tomorrow. Then the people came over to the cages and as they ordered their stamps one or two of them said to me: "Well, young man, it looks as if that machine will get your job, ha, ha," and walked off cheerfully.

Old Titherton's Adam's apple was bobbing up and down like a cork on the water; he took off his black sateen sleeve guards, then put them on again, and his face contracted strangely, as if he had a spoonful of hot beans in his mouth.

The mechanic was still talking away. Mr. Johnson nodded slowly many times and his heavy face grew thoughtful as the fellow unscrewed the top and explained the workings of the parts. Finally Mr. Johnson turned toward the cages, ran his glance up and down, and then called to Wortfield. Frank slammed his window down and went out into the lobby.

"Are you mechanically inclined?" asked Mr. Johnson.

Frank Wortfield is no fool. "Yes, sir," he said right away. "I took courses in engineering in night-school last year."

"All right. The mechanic here will tell you how to put the rolls of stamps in and how the machine works. After this, it'll be your job to run it when you're not busy in the cage."

"Yes, sir," said Frank Wortfield, but when he says yes sir to Mr. Johnson it is a different kind of yes sir he says than when he speaks to the boys.

So that's how Frank became the most important figure in the rotunda, even if he was only the junior stamp-seller, and this rankled old Titherton from the start. If Frank's cage was busy or not he'd take time out and fuss around the machine, unscrew the top, look down into it, and see that things were going all right. He would even answer pleasantly all questions asked by the curious public.

"Yes," he would say, "these machines are wonderful things, no errors, always correct. The machine age is here. No stopping its onward march!"

Even if some of the cages were not busy, people would wait in line to work the machine. They would stand there expectantly, would insert a coin and listen to the musical ping as the machine registered the insertion. If a nickel was dropped in, the green light would show; if a dime was inserted, the red light would light up; and if you gave the machine a quarter the white bulb would glow brightly. By working the levers according to the printed instructions you told the mechanism inside how many stamps you wanted. You heard a whir inside, followed by a few clicking noises; then your change would tinkle down into the smooth little cup for you to scoop the coins out. Customers were always opening their mouths in wonderment. In the machine was a device, too, which rejected counterfeit coins, and if we heard a dull clacking noise in the cup and saw a person hurriedly walking off we knew that person

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had inserted a lead telephone slug into the slot and had got it back right away.

For the first week or so the clerks, with the exception of Wortfield, were stunned. They sat there in their cages looking toward the stamp-machine, but did not speak about it. The event had bowled them over. All of them felt, or all of them knew, that in the long fight between men and machines the machines never retreated from the terrain unbeaten. Stunned, they wondered how many men would lose their jobs and would be sent back to the hell of the mailing division upstairs, which was now a huge sweat-box in the Summer, with the clerks there working with shirts peeled off, their underwear sticking to their backs.

But the thing that infuriated the clerks most was the reaction of the public. Sometimes there was a line of eight or nine people waiting to buy stamps at the machine while all ten cages were not doing a penny's worth of business. Old Titherton almost broke down and sobbed. I could see the tip of his long bony nose twitch and afterwards he'd blow it very loudly. And when a few impatient customers did give us some business some of them were bound to say, cheerfully: "Well, that's the way things go. I suppose the government will now be shutting up your cages pretty soon."

Of course, it was obvious that decapitation among the clerks would not be on a wholesale basis. In the first place, the machine could not take care of large or complicated orders, and during the rush hours, when office boys and stenographers came to get whole sheets of stamps, it was forgotten. It was good only for small sales and handled only one- and two-cent stamps.

"But if they can make machines for one and two-centers they can make them for all denominations," Frank told the public, and opened up the top to see that all was going smoothly inside.

After two weeks of the machine the other clerks cut Frank cold. It was a boycott. If any one of them had something to say to Frank he would address himself to me and I would relay the message to Frank. Frank rubbed his palms in glee; there would always have to be at least one man in the rotunda to take care of the machine, to insert the rolls of stamps, and he was the only one who knew the mechanism of it.

A few times Mr. Johnson came out into the lobby to see how things were going, and stared thoughtfully at the machine; he was a man who had come up from the ranks and was now a little bewildered by this radical change. He stood around awhile looking at the idle cages, then went back into his office.

By the first of July the clerks hated the sight of Wortfield. They hated his cheerfulness, his readiness to explain the machine to the public; and they almost gnashed their teeth every time he shut down his cage and went out into the rotunda to see how the stamp-seller was getting along. Their hate for him grew bitter and spiteful and, in its way, was a terrible force. Most of the clerks were mild old geezers, but now all of them began to look grim and sour around the mouth. Even when Frank was not around they looked pettish and after a while it was evident that the machine was the real object of their hate. They still had no use for Frank, but most of their bitterness was transferred to the machine.

To an outsider the whole thing would have appeared a trifle comical, if he had known the facts, but for the clerks it became an obsession. I used to sit in my cage and watch them as they came on

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duty, carrying their tin boxes full of stamps, and the sour way they sat down, the way they finally raised their windows for business, showed me how hard the thing had hit them. It got to be a feud after a while—a feud between the clerks and the machine. They sat there staring from their little windows—mild, faithful clerks growing old—and from their hard expressions I knew they were hoping and praying that the machine would break down. They were hoping for something to happen to the thing.

To make matters worse the mechanic came around one day, tinkered with the bell inside and after he left the ping which registered each sale was louder than ever and had a firm defiant note to it. Some customers, going away from the machine after getting their stamps, used to smile back at the cages as they walked off, and this maddened us. It made us feel like fools. Even if the public smiled in friendliness their smiles took on a look of spite to us. In our little idle cages we felt like discarded, shrunken monkeys placed next to a roaring lion.

IV

Then, toward the end of July, something happened. Someone began inserting counterfeit coins which were not rejected by the device inside the machine. The clerks squirmed happily on their stools.

The coins, of a light brown color, were the size of a quarter and looked to be bronze. Every night, for weeks, someone inserted one of them, and always the machine responded as if a good coin had gone down its gullet. Frank Wortfield reported the affair to Mr. Johnson and Mr. Johnson came out right away, held the coin in his hand and looked at it for a long while, but didn't say anything. Old Titherton's Adam's apple was working hard as he watched Mr. Johnson's face.

At the end of a few weeks sleepy Foggerill, the lanky guard with the old dog, soup bone look on his face, was instructed to stand near the machine and watch people as they inserted coins. But the next morning, when Frank opened the machine he found a bronzy-looking coin inside again. Foggerill swore up and down that no one had put in the bad coin, he said he had kept his eyes glued to the slot all the time. Mr. Johnson, who came out again, stood there staring thoughtfully at the counterfeit.

"We can't do anything about it," he said finally. "A person can come up with a quarter pressed against this coin and you think he's dropping in the good silver piece when he really slips in this fake coin and hides the good one in his palm."

The clerks glowed as they heard the words and hoped the culprit would never get caught. He never was. For a while Frank watched, too, but with no results, and in the end old Foggerill went sighing back to his station in the middle of the lobby and there resumed his mournful staring toward the entrance, as if a soup bone were hanging by a string from the doorknob.

But though the tension among the clerks eased up a trifle the feud between them and the machine was still on. Whenever a customer would talk to them about the automatic stamp-seller the clerks gave back civil answers, but underneath their civility was a hard, grim, sneering hate, even though they smiled at the questioners with their mouths.

How long this feud would have lasted is pretty hard to say. Toward the end of August another machine was installed. And then around Labor Day the clerks broke into a silent uproar—both machines

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broke down! People stuck coins into the slots even though an OUT OF ORDER sign had been posted up, and when they did not receive stamps they grew furious. They rushed up to our cages and demanded stamps from us, telling us how much money they had put in, but we answered we had nothing to do with the machines.

"You'll have to file your complaint in the cashier's office, two doors south," we said, and the polite way we said it infuriated them.

It was our turn now. Old Titherton, old Hughie Munson, and all the other old boys were now in clover and fairly sat on pins and needles whenever they saw a person putting in a coin. We could have called out beforehand, warningly, but we sat silent, waiting.

And the wait wasn't long. "Sorry, but you'll have to file your complaint in the cashier's office, two doors south," we said when they came over. Then we sat back, feeling good. Frank fussed around the machines, but couldn't get them going. He tried to get in touch with the mechanic, but the mechanic had been called out of town and it was two days before he came back. He had the machines working after tinkering around for a half hour, but even then the clerks felt pretty good. They knew now that the automatic stamp-sellers were not infallible.

A week later, just before I was sent back to the mailing division, both machines got out of order again and this time Mr. Johnson stood in front of them a very long time. He ran his heavy hands along the smooth metalwork of the top, felt the levers and stood there with a clouded look in his eyes.

A few days later the machines were taken away.

Frank handed the mechanic the keys and told me he was tired of monkeying around the things anyway. Old Titherton, who is not so hard of hearing at times, heard, and though his Adam's apple went quickly up and down he was feeling so good that he couldn't put on an angry scowl at Frank.

"Did you wish to say something to me, sir?" asked Frank Wortfield pleasantly, as innocent as a lamb.

Old Titherton sputtered something, then started violently blowing his nose.

"Sir, did you wish to converse with me?" Frank said again, meek and mild and tilting his head sensitively to one side, as if expecting a reply.

Just then a woman came walking through the lobby and flashed a smile toward cage No. 1. Frank looked up, slammed his window down, dumped his sheets of stamps into his tin box and ducked out of his cage.

"Sir . . ." he called back over his shoulder, but we lost the words he said.

We sat around in our cages and in the silence that followed I could hear old Titherton drumming his knuckles against his marble slab and looking happy. After a while the porter came up and began mopping around the space where the two mechanical stamp-sellers had once stood in state.

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SALVATION FOR THE SELECT

BY FRANK DEVINE

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT is sweeping the oceans and all the continents. It has made a major prophet of a Pennsylvania clergyman named Frank Nathan Daniel Buchman and it has convinced a number of very elegant people that the only hope for this world is a return to the unmitigated Christianity of the First Century.

From an obscure beginning as an humble Y.M.C.A. worker's dream, the Movement has roared through the English and American universities, and on into a solid position in the drawing-rooms of both nations. Originally a modest campaign by Dr. Buchman against dirty habits and evil thoughts among college boys, it has developed into a great scheme of salvation for the downhearted upper classes. To all sold-out the prophet cries:

> Give Christ possession of your soul! Lead a life of Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness, Absolute Love, and Absolute Honesty. Let your every movement be guided by God. If His will is your will He will provide for you. Your unpaid bills will not worry you. Your troubles with your wife will cease. There are no problems when Jesus is your guide.

There is no touch of the camp-meeting in the Movement. The meetings are conducted in full dress. But before one may be saved it is necessary to confess one's misdeeds, to "witness," to Tell All. A vital part of the scheme is the house-party, a ten-day communion of the saved and the candidates for salvation beneath one roof.

Scoffers have charged that these house-parties sometimes descend into spiritual debauches, barely distinguishable from the gatherings of Christians in the Southern swamps—that the young, suddenly tormented by the realization that sin is a serious business, go to extremes to purge their souls. Some time back, in fact, the evangelists were asked to leave the campus of Princeton University (where they had had considerable success) after a professor had reported that a student, torn by Dr. Buchman's eloquence, had attempted to confess his infamies to the seventeen-year-old daughter of the professor. At almost the same time a meeting in Waterbury, Conn., was followed by the appearance of a socially prominent young woman atop a soap-box on a downtown street, with such revelations that the town gasped.

But that crude phase, one hears, has passed. Sex still rears its ugly head occasionally, but in the main the Movement has been taken over by the older and more sedate, and the exhortations tend toward the possibility of a Christian rebirth that will snuff out both the Depression and Communism.

It is a happy, friendly Movement. It has retained even in its gilded days the reassuring touch of the Y.M.C.A. To one and all Dr. Buchman is Frank. Were Mr. Roosevelt to join tomorrow he would be Frank, too. Laughing and joking are encouraged. You may have all the fun you want if you only keep it clean.

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II

The Movement, like the Messiah from Whom it derives its principles, was born in a small town during the Winter.

In the year 1909 the Pennsylvania State College was a cesspool of sin. Drinking was the accepted thing; swearing was a commonplace; tipsy students accosted decent women on the streets; God was a name to be mocked, and the ministers of His Word were men for whom no shameful mistreatment was too heinous.

Word of all this filtered through the mountains to New York and came to the ears of John R. Mott, at the time a high priest in the Y.M.C.A. He was a man of action and he acted. From the list on his desk he chose his most capable ambassador, got him a ticket for the new Gomorrah, and bade him Godspeed.

So on to the campus in the late months of the year came a small man with a big nose and a Big Message. He stepped jauntily. He had been pitched into the lions' den, but his button eyes shone with the light of a great understanding. He would show them. As he came in sight of the school buildings, a pair of satirical signs greeted him. The students had heard of his coming, and made a small welcome for him. One sign read "Convert Us If You Can"; the other, "Welcome to the Evangelist". But Frank Nathan Daniel Buchman only smiled. He knew that he was a David, and his sling was full of Bibles.

As he settled back in his chamber that night there was a knock on the door. Two students stood beyond it. They were both drunk and one of them carried a flask of rum. They had come, they said, to be converted.

"Why, come right in, fellows," said Frank.

The roisterers came in and he got them into chairs without any breakage. He thought for a moment. Here were two drunken and riotous youths come to scoff at him. What could he do to win them? His memory flashed him word of a box of candy that he had stored in his valise. He reached for it.

"Here, fellows, have some candy," he said.

The boys, suddenly reverting to infancy, dropped their rum, dived into the box, and crammed their mouths. Frank talked along very easily of college, the weather, the football team. The students were hypnotized. After the candy was gone they left.

Frank did nothing more for a month or so—just walked about the campus getting acquainted with the "fellows". One sleety December afternoon the debauch leader, who was a member of a distinguished Virginia family, came roaring into Frank's room. He had been back several times since his wrath was turned away with chocolate creams, and had talked with Frank at some length. He now appeared agitated.

"Look here, Buchman," he shouted, "let's go riding."

"Why, we can't do that," Frank answered. "The horses would break their legs."

"I don't give a damn what they break," the youth bellowed.

Frank got a sleigh and pair, and they left for the hills. For twelve miles they walked the horses, exchanging bits of conversation here and there. It was finally too cold and uncomfortable for even a Christian with a sinner in his lap, so Frank pulled in at a roadside inn. Prophet and pupil ate and chatted before a roaring log fire. After a little while they became sleepy and retired to bed.

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Eleven struck; so did midnight, one and two. There was a stirring in the student's bed.

"Are you asleep, Buchman?" he asked.

"No," said Frank.

"Tell me what Christ means to you," the sinner said.

It was the moment Frank had hungered for. He told how Christ had guided him into the Lutheran ministry, guided him when he resigned the superintendency of a Philadelphia Boys' Home; how Christ had sent him into a wayside church in England where he heard a woman speak about the Cross, and was converted to the great fundamental virtue of humility; how he wrote a letter of apology to all the Boys' Home directors with whom he had quarreled; how he decided to let his life be guided entirely by God, Who demanded Absolute Honesty, Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness, and Absolute Love. The youth was touched.

"That's fine," he said. "But I'm a Confucian. What would a good Confucian do?"

"A good Confucian," said Frank, "would Help Fellows."

After that the Confucian was a changed young man. He took up welfare work among the fallen women of State College, he abandoned drinking, and he foreswore a lifelong interest in horse races. When a visiting bishop asked the student body how many would accept Christ (Frank quaked as the question was put, feeling that the time was not yet), thirty-four students arose, and among them was the retired debauchee, no more a Confucian now. They formed the nucleus of Frank's Little Christian Band of Fellows, which was later to embrace two-thirds of the student body.

Frank plugged along, dropping a warning against solitary vice here and shaking a finger at unclean thoughts there. He labored against alcohol. God neither drinks, smokes, swears nor thinks evil, he would say, and then he would follow with an exhortation to make a clean breast of the whole nasty mess. But even this was not enough. He wanted something large and bad. He got it in the campus bootlegger.

It was Spring, and fresh from a close baseball game came the old rascal. He was well past sixty and rather tight, but he danced along the campus paths with a grace that might have been a ballet dancer's. Frank saw him and advanced, though he knew the old sinner had made threats against his life in his anger at the loss of customers. As they came abreast Frank put his hand on the fellow's shoulder to halt any possible violence.

"Bill," he said, "we have been praying for you."

"Darn decent of you," said the bootlegger ironically.

But almost instantly the Holy Spirit descended upon him, his wrath evaporated, and he began to cry softly.

"See that church over there," he said. "Well, I put my pennies into it."

"There, there," said Frank, "Christ loves you."

He placed his arm about the sinner's shoulder and led him along the path.

Alas, he was not completely won. He sobered up later and returned to his former wickedness. Next Fall the ex-Confucian returned to college wearing a fine hat of a sort then much admired. The bootlegger met him at the station.

"Say, that's a fine hat you have there," the old fellow said.

"Yes it is," the remade youth replied, and began to talk about horses. The booter, as a gambling man, was interested, but kept looking at the hat.

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"Bill," the student asked after several minutes' horse talk, "would you like to have this hat?"

"I sure would," he answered.

"Well, you come to the Student Volunteer Convention in Toronto with us at Christmas and you can have it."

The old man promised and at Christmas he left with the Y.M.C.A. party. As soon as he was out of dry territory a terrific struggle began within him. An old friend, a dissolute character, greeted him at the first stop. He tottered, and was about to follow the fellow to a bar. But suddenly he stiffened and walked back to the train. Presently he went to the dining-car with the students. Grace was said by the football captain. That captured him. There was no more trouble. What was good enough for the captain was good enough for him.

The Toronto meeting was a great Christian revel. The salvaged bootlegger was taken to the auditorium where the convention was being held. He was amazed that there should be 4,000 seats in it, awed by the fact that Christians could command so spacious a place. A colored man talked, and he was vastly impressed. That night, when he returned to the hotel with his roommates, he called for all to kneel and pray, and announced that the colored man had laid the foundation for his New Life.

Back in Pennsylvania the now entirely purged old rascal won the greatest victory of his Christian life. Two old friends had heard of his imminent return, and had made the journey to a railroad junction, where liquor was sold, to await the weary traveler. They carried two bottles of whiskey.

He stepped from the train and beside him walked Frank Buchman. One of the friends approached and handed the old man a bottle. He took it in his hand, looked it over—and then let it slip from his fingers.

"You're pretty nervous, Bill," said the friend. "You better be careful with this one. It's all we got."

He reached over and with a movement of his arm dashed the second bottle to the platform. Frank Buchman smiled and was filled with a great happiness.

III

From the Pennsylvania State College Frank took the Word to the Hartford Theological Seminary, but first he had a year in the Far East with Sherwood Eddy. As he labored in the heathen countries, the idea of a definite world-circling Christian revival was developing in his mind. If embracing the Gospels had brought peace to him, why could it not do the same for all the world? He resolved to do his bit, for he believed that laboring among the lost should be the work of every true Christian.

By 1917 he had progressed so far as to tell a young woman on a Pacific steamship his rules of life, and to advise her to have a daily Quiet Time, a period during which she would remain absolutely still, perhaps with pencil in hand, and receive messages from the Almighty. In 1918 he held his first house-party in China.

Chinese friends then advised him to go to England. Feeling that that war-torn and distracted nation was ready for a revival, he went. He arrived at Cambridge in 1920 and for a year pursued a quiet course, becoming friendly with the influential and the popular. He leaned toward eminent athletes and members of the better families. Were you at once a proficient rugby player and the possessor of a title he was almost inescapable. By the

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Summer of 1921 he felt that the time had come for the first Cambridge house-party.

Since then the Movement has made great progress in the British Isles. It has followers at most of the universities, both in England and Scotland, and musters an impressive list of non-scholastic customers. A British journalist, A. J. Russell, one-time literary editor of the London *Daily Express*, was so touched by its Message that he became the author of its official handbook, "For Sinners Only", which has had a large sale in both the United States and England.

After his Cambridge success Dr. Buchman spent the larger part of his time in England, but managed occasional rush visits to the United States, Canada, Germany, South Africa, Holland and Italy.

In the United States the Movement was introduced first into the swell colleges of the East, notably Harvard, Princeton and Yale. At every one it was well received. From these high-toned universities little teams of Buchmanites began circulating through the country, visiting schools, colleges and ministers.

But the years between 1924 and 1929 were not particularly fruitful. Lives were changed in most places visited, but on no such scale as they have been in the past three years. Frank and his team-mates chose to just live along. They were not disappointed, for they knew that the harvest time was yet to come.

IV

Frank is no longer the shy little Y.M.C.A. secretary of 1909. In England he acquired —besides the name of the Oxford Group for the Movement—a fondness for shirts with tab collars, and the words *chap* and *topping*. His drive for a rebirth of the spirit in America has carried him into some of the finest homes on Long Island. And he has also done well elsewhere.

One day, on the advice of a great but unnamed Christian industrialist, he and a band of eighty-six witnesses sweep into Detroit. The unnamed industrialist has said that Detroit is the very heart of the Depression; that if there are spiritual sheaves to be stacked anywhere in the United States it is there that they are to be found.

The team hits Dearborn, Mich., first. Dearborn is Fordtown. It is rumored that Henry himself is a likely catch. That would be immensely fortunate, for though the Oxfordites do not beg for funds, they will accept gratuities. The party is lodged at the Dearborn Inn, a Ford hotel. Henry is approached, but doesn't quite get the idea. The Oxfords depart.

It is on to Detroit. They put up at the Book-Cadillac, the best hotel in town. Frank takes a suite, and the rest of the group fill most of the nineteenth floor. The grand ballroom is to be used for meetings. The New Wesley keeps his appointments in a Pierce-Arrow that has been donated by a kind friend. God is good.

The newspapers are kind, too, for a lot of local dignitaries are interested. The ballroom is filled the first night. The second it is fuller. The third it is overcrowded. And still they come. Everyone in town who owes a bill, or wonders why he doesn't find someone to love him, or fears that he is a sinful devil, is there.

The fourth is the big night. It is to see Frank's only personal appearance on the platform. He sits there on a throne chair. Beside it is a similar chair for the Rev. Samuel Moor Shoemaker, pastor of the Calvary Protestant Episcopal Church of New York City—Sam to you fellows. Sam is now the American leader of the Move-

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ment: Frank himself can't spend very much time in the United States any more.

The ballroom is filling. It is overfilled. It is going to be a great night. Society folk from the Indian Village and the Grosse Pointe towns in the boxes; three first-chop Detroiters champing for an opportunity to tell about their change. Suddenly Frank bounds from his throne. He is summoning eminent ladies to seats on the platform. "Three more," he calls out in his evangelical tenor. Behind him is the team of eighty-six witnesses. There is a countess along, with some pale, ascetic appearing English boys, and a number of females whose greatest trouble seems all too apparent.

We are off. Sam turns the meeting over to Frank; and Frank, after assuring all hands that they are in for a new thrill, calls upon George Cooke, a Detroit business man. George seems to be only lukewarm. He appears to be still a little too satisfied with his condition before rebirth. But he'll do for a start. Next we have Dr. Frank Sladen, who has just brought Henry Ford through a serious illness. Frank goes at this salvation thing from the practical medical angle. Your soul is sick. Let God operate on it. Salvation is coming to you on a thin thread. Grab it. Then he tells about the change that has come over his own family.

He has a daughter, eleven. Since her father accepted Christ, the child has witnessed to her teacher. Another little rascal, a boy, has always hated his sister, a year younger. But now, on her birthday, he writes her a little note. It runs: "Wouldn't it be fine if we two got together with God and worked these sins out?"

That's what we want. That's the change that has come over Frank Sladen's family. Frank No. 1 is on his feet again. He tells how the Movement just can't be escaped. "We're a most pestiferous bunch," is the way he puts it. And he calls on William Talman, another illustrious business man.

Bill is a slight let-down. He has a nice conversion to tell about—it involved his whole family—and he tells it with the easy grace of a trained Rotarian, but he is still a let-down. Oh, well, we can't all be Sladens. Bill, after getting his family all lined up for Jesus, introduced the Quiet Time into the house. They had one together every day. "Last Summer," Bill says, "we all went to Russia. When we got off the boat we just stood there, the wife and I and the boys, and had a Quiet Time. If those Reds had known about it, they would have pushed us off the dock."

That's nice work, Bill. Reds, eh? They're one of the reasons a lot of us are here. Convict labor taking orders away from our factories; using crucifixes for saloon ornaments; murdering expectant mothers!

We all have a Quiet Time. Quiet Times are mostly in the morning. But Frank calls for one right here in the ballroom.

"Now let us just sit quiet, and let Christ come to us," he says.

Almost everyone assumes a downcast, pious mien. A blonde in one of the boxes keeps looking at a man on the first floor. But let's not be hasty—maybe she's in a trance.

Now we've got to the real trump of the evening. It's Russell Firestone of the rubber family, but to us and Frank he's just plain Bud. Bud is good. Has a nice sophisticated manner about him. Seems to have been a hell of a fellow at one time. He drank, he says, and gadded about while going to Princeton. He got married but had trouble with his wife. Then his wife got the Oxford feeling. Bud laughed at her and tried to shake her out of it, but it didn't work. One day Bud met Sam Shoe-

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maker and Sam gave him a thing or two to think about. He analyzed it all, just as a good business man would, and now he's one of us. He and his wife were never happier.

Now we'll have something from Frank. It seems that he was in Lima during a revolution. We are like that revolution—movement but no direction. The crying need of the world is a return to the principles of the year 33 A.D. Open your mouths and witness. Frank is being a little rough, but he thinks they need it, the sinners. Now he calls for a chant. What are our four rules of life? All right, everyone open his mouth and repeat them with me. Here we go: Absolute Honesty, Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness, Absolute Love.

The response isn't so good. Let's do it again. All right: Absolute Honesty, Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness, Absolute Love.

That's better, but it still isn't good enough. We start out once more, but we get only as far as Absolute Purity when a theater nearby dismisses for the night. There is a lot of horn tootling. "Let's rise above the noise of the streets," Frank says. We do. Those sinners can't disturb us.

Burgoyne Hamilton, a real estate broker of New York City, is next. Burgoyne once had a lot of trouble with his business. He had bills to pay and not a dime to pay them with. But one day he heard the Word, and now he just doesn't worry. God knows best.

A couple of more witnesses, and then the New Wesley is up again. He's still in Lima—the place seems to have made an impression on him. He was right in the thick of the fight there. He and another Christian hid in a centrally located building—unluckily, a most likely spot for looters. But they had a Quiet Time and then they got a radiogram from God. It came through Station PRAY, you know, Power Rays Always Yours. They were unharmed. Later they found a lot of sinners cowering and groveling, looking for whiskey—and did they give them heck!

We're getting hot. Frank tells us that when this main meeting is over we're going to have another for people who really want to do some witnessing. Get out, you curiosity-seekers, you insincere! This is going to be for people who really want God's Word. We mean business here tonight, all of us in the bunch.

The big surprise is coming up to the platform. Frank describes him as a man who is respected in every capital of Europe. He turns out to be Carl Vrooman of Bloomington, Ill., who was an assistant Secretary of Agriculture during the Wilson administrations. Carl is a little gloomy. He sees the whole world going to pot—unless it does a right about face, and really gets God. That's what's the matter: no God. If Carl only had a little more stage presence he would be a knockout. Too bad, Carl. Careful you don't slash your Adam's apple on that collar.

Now get out, you sinners. A bunch of us serious folks are going to get together here with God. All you've got to do is show some sincerity. Why not? Frank himself has got sincerity, also a swell suite on the nineteenth floor. You can't go wrong with him. Now let's, when we get through here, go out and clinch Franklin D. Roosevelt and Ogden L. Mills. They are said to be wobbling, and they would help a lot.

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OLD LADIES

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THEY are lost.
For they never had known
They would turn into little old ladies, living alone.

II

They laughed and were arch like the others,
They had beaux, and firm mothers,
And thick banged and pompadoured hair
All brown
Or all yellow; "My dear, it came down" (they will tell you) "To there . . ."
They are frightened. "It's strange—And so many have died
And so young!" they will say. "Only fifty—or sixty . . ."
They are twenty inside,
With no one to tell them, today, what to do . . .
They are puzzled. They say
(Taking tea in some schoolmate's high flat
Smoothing the sexless old cat
Or the ailing fat collie . . .)
Tremulous, jerkily jolly,
"Why, would you believe it? I'm gray . . ."

III

They were told to be good,
To be smooth, or the world would be angry,
To walk quietly, brightly; to do
What God wanted them to
(In their mothers' translation)
There was something, it seemed, they would get;
A great prize-day? . . . It has not come yet.
What they did was important then; grown people stared
And God cared.

IV

But no one had told them they might be forgotten,
Being bad, being good, as they pleased,
Asked to stupid small teas

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As a kindness,
Making futile chirped talk, while the blindness
Of the younger ones hid them from sight;
No one had told them that Age was a place
Where you sat with a curious mask on your face
Of pallor or redness, of dragging odd places,
With a rule that you never must talk about beaux
Or giggle, be scolded, or murmur of clothes
Or preen to be watched and admired;
You were masked as a Mother, an Aunt, an Old Maid—
While the inside-you stayed
A whipped youth, a shamed child . . .

V

They are lost. They have little lone houses
And over-stuffed rooms.
Smelling heavy of cooking and clove-like perfumes
And mothballs and that,
With under it all a faint odor of cat;
They are waiting for somewhere a curtain to rise
And real living to wake and begin—
They laugh, but their eyes crouch . . . ashamed . . .
Because till they've died
No one ever must know they are twenty inside.

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THE STATE OF THE UNION

GETTING RID OF THE MEXICAN

By Carey McWilliams

Los Angeles

In 1930 a fact-finding committee reported to the Governor of California that, as a result of the passage of the Immigration Acts of 1921 and 1924, Mexicans were being used on a large scale in the Southwest to replace the supply of cheap labor that had been formerly recruited in Southeastern Europe. The report revealed a concentration of this new immigration in Texas, Arizona, and California, with an ever increasing number of Mexicans giving California as the State of their "intended future permanent residence." It was also discovered that, within the State, this new population was concentrated in ten southern counties.

For a long time Mexicans had regarded Southern California, more particularly Los Angeles, with favor, and during the decade from 1919 to 1929 the facts justified this view. At that time there was a scarcity of cheap labor in the region, and Mexicans were made welcome. When cautious observers pointed out some of the consequences that might reasonably be expected to follow from a rash encouragement of this immigration, they were shouted down by the wise men of the Chamber of Commerce. Mexican labor was eulogized as cheap, plentiful, and docile. Even so late as 1930 little effort had been made to unionize it. The Los Angeles shopkeepers joined with the industrialists in denouncing, as a union labor conspiracy, the agitation to place Mexican immigration on a quota basis. Dr. Paul S. Taylor quotes this typical utterance from a merchant:

> Mexican business is for cash. They don't criticize prices. You can sell them higher priced articles than they intended to purchase when they came in. They spend every cent they make. Nothing is too good for a Mexican if he has the money. They spend their entire pay-check. If they come into your store first, you get it. If they go to the other fellow's store first, he gets it.

During this period, academic circles in Southern California exuded a wondrous solicitude for the Mexican immigrant. Teachers of sociology, social service workers, and other subsidized sympathizers were deeply concerned about his welfare. Was he capable of assimilating American idealism? What anti-social traits did he possess? Wasn't he made morose by his native diet? What could be done to make him relish spinach and Brussels sprouts? What was the percentage of this and that disease, or this and that crime, in the Mexican population of Los Angeles? How many Mexican mothers fed their youngsters according to the diet schedules promulgated by manufacturers of American infant foods? In short, the do-gooders subjected the Mexican population to a relentless barrage of surveys, investigations, and clinical conferences.

But a marked change has occurred since 1930. When it became apparent last year that the programme for the relief of the unemployed would assume huge proportions in the Mexican quarter, the community swung to a determination to oust the Mexican. Thanks to the rapacity of his overlords, he had not been able to accumu-

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late any savings. He was in default in his rent. He was a burden to the taxpayer. At this juncture, an ingenious social worker suggested the desirability of a wholesale deportation. But when the Federal authorities were consulted they could promise but slight assistance, since many of the younger Mexicans in Southern California were American citizens, being the American-born children of immigrants. Moreover, the Federal officials insisted, in cases of illegal entry, upon a public hearing and a formal order of deportation. This procedure involved delay and expense, and, moreover, it could not be used to advantage in ousting any large number.

A better scheme was soon devised. Social workers reported that many of the Mexicans who were receiving charity had signified their "willingness" to return to Mexico. Negotiations were at once opened with the social-minded officials of the Southern Pacific Railroad. It was discovered that, in wholesale lots, the Mexicans could be shipped to Mexico City for $14.70 *per capita*. This sum represented less than the cost of a week's board and lodging. And so, about February, 1931, the first trainload was dispatched, and shipments at the rate of about one a month have continued ever since. A shipment, consisting of three special trains left Los Angeles on December 8. The loading commenced at about six o'clock in the morning and continued for hours. More than twenty-five such special trains had left the Southern Pacific station before last April.

No one seems to know precisely how many Mexicans have been "repatriated" in this manner to date. The Los Angeles *Times* of November 18 gave an estimate of 11,000 for the year 1932. The monthly shipments of late have ranged from 1,300 to 6,000. The *Times* reported last April that altogether more than 200,000 *repatriados* had left the United States in the twelve months immediately preceding, of which it estimated that from 50,000 to 75,000 were from California, and over 35,000 from Los Angeles county. Of those from Los Angeles county, a large number were charity deportations.

The repatriation programme is regarded locally as a piece of consummate statescraft. The average per family cost of executing it is $71.14, including food and transportation. It cost Los Angeles county $77,249.29 to repatriate one shipment of 6,024. It would have cost $424,933.70 to provide this number with such charitable assistance as they would have been entitled to had they remained—a saving of $347,-468.41.

One wonders what has happened to all the Americanization programmes of yesteryear. The Chamber of Commerce has been forced to issue a statement assuring the Mexican authorities that the community is in no sense unfriendly to Mexican labor and that repatriation is a policy designed solely for the relief of the destitute —even, presumably, in cases where invalids are removed from the County Hospital in Los Angeles and carted across the line. But those who once agitated for Mexican exclusion are no longer regarded as the puppets of union labor.

What of the Mexican himself? The repatriation programme, apparently, is a matter of indifference to this amiable ex-American. He never objected to exploitation while he was welcome, and now he acquiesces in repatriation. He doubtless enjoys the free train ride home. Probably he has had his fill of bootleg liquor and of the mirage created by pay-checks that never seemed to buy as much as they should. Considering the anti-social character commonly attributed to him by the sociological myth-makers, he has coöp-

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erated nicely with the authorities. Thousands have departed of their own volition. In battered Fords, carrying two and three families and all their worldly possessions, they are drifting back to *el terenaso*—the big land. They have been shunted back and forth across the border for so many years by war, revolution, and the law of supply and demand, that it would seem that neither expatriation or repatriation held any more terror for them.

The Los Angeles industrialists confidently predict that the Mexican can be lured back, "whenever we need him." But I am not so sure of this. He may be placed on a quota basis in the meantime, or possibly he will no longer look north to Los Angeles as the goal of his dreams. At present he is probably delighted to abandon an empty paradise. But it is difficult for his children. A friend of mine, who was recently in Mazatlan, found a young Mexican girl on one of the southbound trains crying because she had had to leave Belmont High-School. Such an abrupt severance of the Americanization programme is a contingency that the professors of sociology did not anticipate.

SUPER-MOSES

By Oliver Jenkins

Concord, N. H.

If some ribald prankster should sneak up on the very proper old lady that is New Hampshire and hoist her skirts to her dimpled knees she would squeal no more shrilly than she did last November when a Democrat bagged a seat in the United States Senate, displacing her incomparable son, the Hon. George Higgins Moses. I recall a pre-election editorial in a patriarchal Massachusetts daily, whose name eludes me, wherein the idea was pooh-poohed that anyone with so commonplace a name as Fred Brown could hope to succeed a Moses. As for Mr. Moses himself, he had long before defied these prolific tribes. "Bring on your Browns and Smiths and Joneses," said he, "and I will lick them all!" But he didn't.

Mr. Brown walks along Main street in Concord, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his cravat awry, his battered slouch hat yanked down over his face, which is bumpy and tinged with a McIntosh red. Low upon the bridge of his generous nose he wears horn-rimmed glasses which he rarely uses, preferring to peer over them. By this device he achieves glances full of suspicion. He is, indeed, suspicious of everybody, every proposal, exploring for an ulterior motive, which as a matter of fact, he usually finds. To passersby and their syrupy greetings he replies with barely a nod. When he is cornered, "Well," he says, "what's the dope? What d'you hear?"

In a campaign he is a bearcat, tearing along day and night. He loves the smell of political blood. Unlike most politicians, he is not open to flattery. Approach him with a glowing report on a community and he will say, "Blankville? Listen, those babies have only one interest and that is in getting their fists round some long green. The last boys in town with the little black bags carry away the votes."

Shrewd and blunt, he seldom misses a trick, and many a pompous representative of the power utilities has shaken in his boots on facing him. The common people like him because he talks to them without prettifying. At the same time he refuses to make any concessions to them. In last Fall's campaign his stock speech ran forty minutes. He was adamant to suggestions that he cut it. If people wanted to walk

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out on him, let them. They were entitled to know the whole story.

At fifty he is rough and tough, but some of his ideas wear the iconoclastic bloom of youth, and he is younger than his years. He is regarded as dour and anti-social by many who enjoy only a speaking acquaintance with him, but in the presence of intimates his belly shakes with Kris Kringle abandon at a good story. He is, in fact, a swell story-teller himself. The whole flock of politicians gives him a pain in the neck. He is not a crusader, but he strings along with the underdog when needed.

In New Hampshire there is no off-season for politics, and before a man has been sworn into office the smart dopesters are picking his successor. The Legislature, when it convened in January, had a roster of 442 members; certainly, in a State of under half a million population, that stands for full representation. Every village rubs elbows with a member of the General Court, and no farmer's boy need dream over the plowshare long, for it will be only a matter of time before he and his brothers will barricade their hot-dog stands and one-night cabins, after a Summer of supplying the wants of scenic-drunk tourists from Ioway, Mizzoura *et cetera*, and go down to Concord for a pleasant Winter at the State's expense.

Mr. Brown entered the arena by a devious route. Born on a farm in Central New Hampshire, he used to toss a baseball at the side of a barn after the chores were over. There was no one nearby with whom he could play, but this soloing "gave me a world of stuff on the ball," he says. The first game he got into was a Frank Merriwell affair, with the score tied in the ninth and a local boy hurt. "How about young Fred Brown?" asked a rooter. "Huh!" growled the captain, but Brown went in, and made the winning run.

The Merriwell *motif* turned up again when he went to Dartmouth, where, slated to pitch, he passed up the berth for that of catcher because he wanted a chum to have the chance. As in most such for-old-Rugby episodes the break came his way and the Boston National League team signed him up at graduation. He got $300 a month and didn't know how to spend it, so he went to law school.

"It looked like all the money in the world to me," he says of that $300. "Coming down from the hills of New Hampshire, where nobody in those days spent any real cash, I didn't know how I could ever get rid of my salary. I'd have been willing to catch all year for just enough to keep me in food and give me a place to sleep. But I wanted to play—I was not a bench-warmer."

He played with the illustrious, including Bill Dineen, Vic Willis, Kid Nichols, Malachai Kittredge, Pat Moran. When his arm went lame he took a place with Springfield rather than get out of the game. He played all over the circuit. Moving about gave him an ironclad digestion which he has kept, so that in a campaign he eats at any hour without any ill effect. He knows every lunch-cart in the State and last Fall he drove out of his way several miles at 1 A.M. to get some boiled eggs because, as he explained, "they're always fresh there." Baseball remains his hobby, and only the other day he said: "I'd swap my seat in the Senate this very minute for a berth in the Big League."

As a lawyer in the town of Somersworth, he practiced in one of those offices seen only in New England—dusty, spacious, crammed with books. After a string of minor jobs he went after the Governorship and got it. That was a terrific feat in New Hampshire—so much so, that at the Democratic National Convention in 1924

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he got several *bona fide* votes for the presidential nomination. He made a good Governor, wiping out a State debt that has since returned many-fold. In the same year, 1924, he lost in his bid for re-election, but whereas Coolidge carried the State by 45,000, Brown was beaten by only 12,000. His opponent was John G. Winant, now Governor for the third time and the most powerful Republican in New Hampshire, having slowly wrested away the power of the phrase-making Moses.

Winant, sizing up the formidable qualities of Fred Brown, made a move to get him off the firing-line by placing him on the Public Service Commission. This was Brown's meat and he pitched in and devoured it. If there is a *bête noir* in his life, it is the Power Trust. He framed a law restricting the export of power, thus avoiding for New Hampshire the troubles of Maine. But he was choked in the case of the State vs. the Associated Gas and Electric System and its subsidiaries. The case went to the Supreme Court and he learned that a State has no jurisdiction over a power company outside its bounds. So he decided that he would get at them by going to Washington and whooping it up for stringent Federal regulation.

Power, unemployment and Prohibition were his campaign topics. He has always been a wet, though personally he shies from guzzling. The paramount question for him is the power question.

On the eve of election George Moses, recalling more stalwart days, cried, "Death may beat me, but the Democrats never will!" He believed it and was flabbergasted at the result. With some just indignation he shouted "Treachery!" while leaving Judas unnamed, declaring that he had been defeated by turncoats within his own party. But the Devil should be given his just due, and Fred Brown won a whopping good scrap against money odds. At Washington his confrères will find him a laconic guy who needs no schooling in practical politics. He may not cost the Government Printing Office much money, but nobody will push him around, either.

A CITY THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

By George Seibel

Pittsburgh

Framed by three epic rivers and perched upon a score of dramatic hills, the city that might have been as beautiful as Edinburgh or Budapest is as dubious as—Pittsburgh. From River Hill to Homestead, from the cliffs of Bellevue to the tomato farms of Aspinwall, height after height rises up like hunchbacks in a nudist colony, here and there proclaiming the virtues of some chewing-gum or the edibility of a certain cake. At the Point, where Allegheny and Monongahela mingle as the Ohio, some one thought of green grass and a toy park—perhaps $100 has been wasted in this way. Those Germans who thought of the Deutsches Eck at Koblenz would have made a terrace here with a monument to Washington or Boies Penrose. Pittsburgh may rejoice that the spot has not been dedicated to pickles and desecrated with a huge ketchup bottle.

The magnificent hills about Pittsburgh are bare but for Grandview Park, where Richard Mansfield years ago delighted to sit and gaze down upon the panorama. Across the stream, on the Bluff, is where James Parton stood before he wrote his piece in the *Atlantic* on Hell With the Lid Off. Without green plumes by day or pennons of flame at night, the City of Steel and Smoke looks as desolate as Glasgow.

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Half a dozen inclines, by which the city worker is carried to the eyrie of his home, offered possibilities like the Fløfjell at Bergen, the Molkenkur at Heidelberg, the Vomero above Naples. Châlets and gardens along the hillsides should offer shade and far horizons and draughts of blushful Hippocrene. But as the reluctant Joseph said to Mrs. Potiphar, Nothing doing!

Pittsburgh needs a million trees and a hundred monuments.

There are monuments, of course, but they are not monumental. Out in Schenley Park is the Bigelow statue, pathetic commentary on the text that God created man in His image. Tiny statuettes are scattered in various spots, dedicated to Stephen C. Foster of the "Swanee Ribber" or Westinghouse of the Air-Brake. Over in Allegheny is a monument to Alexander Humboldt, painted yellow and interned during the war, because Humboldt was a Prussian and called his chief work "Kosmos," thus betraying a lust for universal dominion. Allegheny has another little monument which is really pleasing—a bust of Colonel Anderson erected by Andrew Carnegie to a gentleman whose library was open to poor boys like young Andy.

Perhaps the politicians of Pittsburgh would have put up more statues if they could have used them as they did Anderson's. The Anderson statue voted for many years, until a reformer purged the polling list and disfranchised the colonel.

But there is in Pittsburgh proper no monument worthy of the name. Nothing like that Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial at Indianapolis which makes one square (or is it a circle?) look like an epitome of Paris. Nothing like the beautiful little Don Quixote in the park of 'Frisco. Nothing like the Goethe and Schiller replicas in Syracuse, Milwaukee and Cleveland.

It might have been worse. A few years ago the suggestion was made to put up a monument to Harry Greb, prize-fighter. The suggestion was knocked out when some one protested that there was no statue of Honus Wagner, shortstop and home run swatter.

There's a neat little triangle in the heart of the city, facing the huge William Penn Hotel. Since neither John A. Brashear, who rose from a work-bench to be a telescope-builder, nor Philander C. Knox, a diminutive statesman who showed wide vision as Secretary of State, has any sort of memorial, it might have occurred to somebody to plant a Brashear or Knox statue in this triangle. Instead there was long a wooden shaft which recorded the homicidal statistics of the automobile traffic. Perhaps this triangle is being reserved for the erection of a guillotine when the long-suffering public decides to dispense with some of its undesirable overlords and their gangsters.

The architecture of the city would satisfy almost any lack of taste. In the older quarters the houses belong to the Paleo-Teutonic Period or the Hiberno-Caledonian Renaissance. Homes that were cottages when surrounded by trees became shanties when the trees were chopped down. The most hideous of all barracks, malodorous Yellow Row, disappeared a generation ago, and districts like Squirrel Hill or Mt. Lebanon have bloomed with attractive residences, but in other spots a few big fires would do no harm. The two fairest outcroppings of American architectural art —the filling-station and the skyscraper—diversify the monotony with discordant shrieks. There's even a skyscraping university—the Cathedral of Learning—which would be more inspiring if less aspiring. The new Mellon Institute has a dignity of beauty almost classic, and a few of the

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newer skyscrapers, huge boxes where white-collared ants are chained to comptometers, have brought some flashes of glory into murky sameness. The upper stories of the Koppers Building, bathed in white radiance at night, resemble the fairy palace of the Snow Queen imagined by Andersen.

Towering above the town is the crag on which Duquesne University, once named after the Holy Ghost, basks in modest brick respectability. On various other summits are Catholic churches, convents and refuges: the Protestant denominations are dwellers in the valley. There's a Cathedral, but it's a block-house compared to the one at St. Louis. The Sacred Heart basilica will some day be a rich shrine of ecclesiastic art, but most of the Protestant churches, except a Baptist fane by Cram, are grimly Calvinistic or exuberantly Wesleyan. The newer ones are well equipped with kitchens and refectories, as a compromise with spirituality. The new Presbyterian church being built in East Liberty with aluminum dollars will be a noble structure, though an irreverent younger member of the financial dynasty has called it the Mellon Fire-Escape.

Fits of structural ambition come occasionally when the electorate has been wheedled into passing a nice bond issue. The Town Hall is an example. Scandal over the purchase of a site resulted in a delay which demonstrates by popular apathy that nobody really needs a Town Hall. It was a convenient pretext for levying taxes and fattening bank depositories. If the building was to be set on Monument Hill, on the Allegheny side, it would provide as gorgeous a prospect as Calton Hill in Edinburgh: but Allegheny is the Cinderella sister of Father Pitt.

Schenley Park and Highland Park are beautiful survivals of sylvan ages. A park in the grimy West End harbors enough varieties of birds to delight any adolescent Audubon. But there are ravines that, at trifling cost, could have been made as enchanting as the chines on the Isle of Wight. Mostly they are dumps, kitchen-middens where the sardine can awaits the spade of some Schliemann in 2932. There are eyots in the Allegheny that might have been turned into labyrinths of Eden like the Island at Inverness. But stockyards cover them with odoriferous abattoirs.

Coming down Center avenue, one prospects a panorama that would be starred in the Baedeker of any European town. But most Pittsburghers don't see it any more than they see the cloudy splendor of a sunset behind Mt. Washington. A zoning commission does not prevent outrages which in London would be interdicted as blasphemy against the sacred right of ancient lights, by which the Cockney has kept out the abomination of skyscrapers.

For one purpose funds have been abundantly forthcoming. Fine bridges have been built across hollows, so the dwellers on one hill could go to church on the opposite hill every Sunday and also to the polls on election day to vote for the pious bridge-builder. Bridges have even been built at large cost and then the hollow beneath filled up entirely. That was in days when a contractor's dynasty still ruled the municipal budget under the Hog Combine. The older of Pittsburgh's bridges were merely utilitarian; some of the new are purely futilitarian.

There has been widening of constricted streets and building of needed boulevards. The Boulevard of the Allies, known to taxi-drivers without historical perspective as the Boulevard of the Alleys, is like a carcanet of glistering light at night, but like a gash of gray grime by day. If they called it after Knox or Brashear, planted

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it with trees and built a few pavilions, it could be another Riverside drive.

Visitors admire the fine court-house by Richardson and its jail annex that looks like a medieval stronghold. A few years ago a clamor arose to raze this picturesque building on the ground that it was an eyesore. The old City Hall in Smithfield street is indeed an eyesore, with apple-vendors on the steps trod by the archons, but it must remain an eyesore until rival political factions can decide which pet realtor shall pocket a fat commission for its sale. The property would be very desirable if the dead hand of buried millionaires had not frozen values in the Golden Triangle, while the itching palm of tax-hungry politicians screwed up tax assessments and levies.

Anyone who has seen the banks of the Rhine at Düsseldorf or Cologne, even the quais of Paris or the Thames Embankment, will realize what might have been done with Pittsburgh's fine river fronts. But here are railroad tracks and sheds, wharves densely parked with motor-cars, mills that vomit hot slag into the stream when times are good, boat-houses that are speakeasies or arks of derelict and nondescript humanity. Venice is gay with gondolas: here all is black with coal-barges—when times are good. Nobody uses the rivers—if you had a gondola, there is nowhere to go.

Nothing much can be accomplished in beautifying Pittsburgh until the political parasites have been cleaned out of city and county. After the extermination of these lice, it should be possible to reduce assessments and taxes to a point where it will again be possible to own property with profit.

Benefits would be shown first in paint and landscape gardening, ultimately in new building and public improvements. Industries driven out of the city by taxes and graft will slowly return. Housing plans may develop—there is one section between Forbes street and the Bluff, now almost a slum, extending as far as Brady street, which could become an area of comfortable and beautiful homes. Downtown housing is sadly needed because Pittsburgh transportation service is very nearly the worst in the world.

Pittsburgh is a place, like Leadville, where many people have made much money and moved away. They have left it to their epigoni to realize its possibilities and atone for their sins of dereliction. Some day this city will be as beautiful as Stuttgart or even Budapest, which it resembles in topography. And then the flagstaff on Herron Hill may come down. Banners and drums are not needed to inspire patriotism in a City Beautiful. No Union Jack or Old Glory waved over the Acropolis.

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THE CLOWN AS LAWMAKER

BY WILLIAM SEAGLE

It is time to revise the common conception of the American State Legislatures. Scientifically regarded, they have become simply so many auxiliary grand lodges of the tin-pot fraternal orders. Fraternalism, as everyone knows, has swollen to gigantic proportions in the Republic of late, and what is happening is that the legislators, who are lodge members almost to a man, are carrying over into their chambers the amazing habits, antics and *mores* of their fraternities. The lodges, created to satisfy the cravings of minor Babbitts for the shows and pomps of this world, are absorbing the American law-making machine. The Solons behave in their halls like so many Mystic Shriners, Knights of Pythias, Elks, Eagles, Moose, Freemasons, and Redmen.

Those learned men who study the Legislatures from books little realize that in most of the States their function is now far more social than legislative, and that the commencement of a session means mainly the inauguration of a season of festivity. From the very first day the legislators are entertained lavishly. The Kiwanis and Rotary clubs of the State capital do their bits, bands play, and visiting celebrities are pressed into service, including opera singers, movie stars, and comic-strip cartoonists. And while they are thus entertained, it is expected that the legislators will themselves do some entertaining. The session of the Legislature is looked forward to as a boisterous event, superior even to the movies or a travelling road show. Often the crowds drawn to the galleries become so large that NO STANDING ROOM signs have to be hung out. Afternoon sessions are spoken of as matinée performances. The worst reputation that a State Legislature can get is to become known as the Earnest 59th.

From the first day, when, as the pleasant custom is, the desks of the members are banked with gifts and flowers, to the final love feast at adjournment, when they march about singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," and "It Ain't a-Gonna Rain No More," the interior of the typical State legislative chamber resembles a mixture of the circus, the New York Stock Exchange, a lunatic asylum and a fish-market. The sheer noise which prevails is often so deafening that it becomes almost impossible to transact business. The legislators are always extending the privilege of the floor to an army of friends, relatives, lobbyists and visitors, and the walls often echo with loud cries of "Bunk!" "Hokum!" "Applesauce!" and "Banana Oil!" as the chambers are invaded by boisterous hordes who have marched upon the State capital to protest against this or that.

It is no accident that the personnel of an American Legislature often includes some man or other of a notable talent for ribald entertainment. It may be only a sweet whistler or songster; it may be a real prodigy. The Texas Legislature has got a

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lot of innocent fun out of a Senate Fat Man, and that of Utah has derived much the same pleasure from a famous pair of House Twins. The Legislatures of New Jersey, Tennessee and Virginia have had blind legislators, each full of amazing tricks, and the California Legislature has taken pride in a member who used to be with a circus. The halls are full of Mutts and Jeffs, Gold Dust Twins, Wild Bulls of the Pampas, Potashes and Perlmutters, and Andy Gumps. There have been, too, whole *blocs* of talent, for instance, the famous Poker *Bloc* of the Idaho Legislature, the Red Necktie Committee of the Kansas Legislature, and the Philadelphia Forty Faithful and Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

Many picturesque holidays occur in the first three months of the year, when most of the Legislatures are in session, and all of them are celebrated *con amore*. Though Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays have to be observed with a certain degree of solemnity, St. Patrick's Day may be treated with abandon, and such is the custom in many Legislatures. St. Valentine's Day calls for the handing out of candy. Groundhog Day is observed with suitable salutations and marks of respect, particularly in the Southern States. By April all but a few of the Legislatures have adjourned, or there would be more such April Fool sessions as take place in California, where the Legislature is still sitting in April.

A great deal of refined mirth always breaks forth when the legislators who live in the State capital march up to collect their ten- or twenty-cent mileage fees. When the seats of the members are drawn by lot, the drawing of No. 13 is the signal for a great ebullition of wit. Taking a group photograph of the members naturally looses many wisecracks, including always the threat of a Strong Arm Committee for the bashful. In the Republican strongholds, during the organization of the House, it is in order to poke fun at the scarcity of Democrats, and someone always moves that they caucus in a telephone booth. When there are only two Democrats (or Republicans), a favorite gag is to have one of them elect the other party floor leader in an elaborate ceremony.

In the early days of a session, the most dangerous motion for any member to make is the motion to adjourn. If he makes it twice running he becomes at once a marked and a lost man, for it is taken to mean that he is an indolent fellow who is lukewarm toward the public interest. So he is nominated, elected and hailed as the Official Mover to Adjourn, and such he remains. Thereafter it is his duty to move adjournment at the close of every day. No sooner does he rise to his feet than he is greeted with loud laughter and happy cries of "Adjourn!"

II

Even Washington's birthday, which in most Legislatures is considered exempt from the usual spirit of revelry, has been observed hilariously in that of Pennsylvania. The clown of the body asks in stentorian tones, "Who was George Washington?" and in accordance with a previous arrangement down comes every fist with the shout: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Not long ago the Pennsylvania House ordered the members from Allentown and Reading to "furnish a liberal supply of the fruit of these municipalities, commonly called the pretzel, to be given free of all encumbrance to the members and their friends before the close of the Legislature," and to wash them down bade the

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Philadelphia Forty Faithful to furnish buttermilk "that shall not contain more than ½ of 1% of anything other than buttermilk at the same time that the pretzels are furnished." At another session it was moved that all the members wear striped trousers and spats in honor of a lady legislator.

In Missouri, when a session was called to order with an ordinary hammer, it was moved that a sledge hammer be used at the ensuing deliberations to lend them more force. When absences became more flagrant than usual, it was moved that the walls of the chambers be padded, so that the members would not be hurt in the rush when they attempted to evacuate *en masse*. When one of the members was attacked by a robber in the very corridors of the State House, and although seventy years old, succeeded in disarming his assailant, he was saluted as a hero, and it was moved that two armed guards be provided to attend on every legislator, and, again, that two cannon be placed on the rotunda of the Capitol in a position to sweep the corridors, and yet again, that the Jefferson City police be directed to deposit the bandit's pistol in the Capitol museum for the admiration of future generations.

Down in Texas the virile he-legislators have gone to the length of staging a boxing bout between two of their members to decide the championship of the Legislature, although when one of the representatives met one of the senators in a fistic encounter, it was the referee who took most of the punishment and was declared the winner. Someone had doped the gloves of the contestants with lamp black before the gong, and most of it had been transferred to the referee.

Out in Idaho the lower house was startled one morning by the sudden appearance of twelve members in Mussolini black shirts and ties, who, it was rumored, were about to seize the chamber. One member who had voted in the negative on a veterans' bill quaked in his seat. The Black Shirts answered the roll call with long drawn "Yeows." As a reward for their efforts they were awarded carnations. *The last Arizona Legislature* demonstrated conclusively the possibilities along this line when it staged a fake raid on the Legislature by masked bandits, who shot it up while in session.

Everywhere the most popular form of practical joke is a motion to make an investigation. The slightest mischance serves as a pretext. When the lawgivers of California discovered that every one of the legislative reporters had a spitoon, while they themselves had only one to each two members, they proceeded to investigate the injustice. When the clock in the Rhode Island Senate chamber stopped mysteriously, the senators investigated why it had gone "on strike." When it came to the ears of the Missouri representatives that the people groaned under the burden of taxes, they ordered an investigation into the availability of lounge lizards for purposes of taxation. When a broken window was discovered in a committee room of the Nevada Capitol, the alert Solons ordered an investigation to settle whether it was due to the high wind that habitually whistles around the Capitol dome or to the heat of the committee's arguments.

When the statesmen of Montana discovered that smaller soup bowls had been put into service in the Assembly canteen, they ordered a scientific investigation into the appetites of the members. When it came to the attention of the Minnesota Legislature that the cows of Western Minnesota, like goats, had developed the

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habit of eating iron, bones, and old shoes, it instituted a how-come probe and directed the State College of Agriculture to make the necessary experiments. When it was charged that the members of the California Legislature chewed gum to excess, an investigation followed which disclosed gum wads under more than 50% of the legislators' desks. When it became known that the Kansas legislators spent a great deal of time around the drinking-fountain in the hall, an investigation into a better method of watering the legislators resulted in the recommendation that a trough be built alongside their desks.

III

In the arrangement of such *divertissements* much is left to the individual initiative of members. But there are others which in the course of the years have obtained such hold that they are repeated session after session, and have been developed to a high degree of perfection. These may be said to be, in the very fullest sense of the term, official, and from any sociological standpoint are entitled to be recognized as legislative folk-ways.

Many Legislatures have recognized social functions. The House of Representatives of Indiana has appointed an official hostess, whose duty it is to look after the welfare of visitors to the State House, and especially the neglected wives of the legislators. The Legislatures of three States, Delaware, Ohio and Vermont, have Summer reunions in the manner of jocund collegians. In three other States, California, Washington and Wisconsin, the Legislatures give official balls every session. At a recent California Legislative Ball, sixteen Hollywood beauties did a novelty skating dance. In not a few States the Legislatures have established official quartettes, and are thus assured a supply of vocal music at all times. Such quartettes have achieved fame, particularly, in Indiana, Kansas, Montana and Arkansas. In Kansas and Indiana, each session is opened with a prayer by the chaplain and several songs by the official quartette.

The Legislature of New Jersey regularly adopts an Official Daughter. She is usually the child or niece of one of the statesmen, and when thus taken to the heart of the Legislature is saluted from the floor with fitting eloquence. The same ceremonial takes place in the Legislature of Texas, where each of the houses has an Official Boy Mascot and an Official Girl Mascot. The Boy Scouts often take over a Legislature. On such occasions the legislative business is usually suspended, but in New Mexico the regular proceedings continue under the direction of the Boy Scouts. One scout acts as Speaker and another as President of the Senate, and bills are read and passed, motions and resolutions adopted, and committees appointed. In the agrarian regions, the legislators unbend to the 4-H Boys and Girls Clubs, and not only yield up their legislative privileges but also serve as pages and sergeants-at-arms to the boys and girls.

The California Legislature has sponsored a handball tournament. A stag smoker of the Wyoming Legislature supplied its Solons with an even hotter time. It provided not only near-beer, coffee and smokes, but two kids' bouts to decide the Elks' Tournament. In Colorado and Wisconsin the members of the Legislatures have themselves engaged in hotly contested baseball games. In Colorado, the Republicans in the Legislature once got up a team to meet the Democrats. The game was played upon the University of Denver field, with the legislators clad in contrasting uniforms of overalls furnished

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by one of the enterprising department stores of the State capital.

A fierce and bitter rivalry for the baseball championship of the Legislature rages in Wisconsin. During games all the State offices are closed, and all State officials are excused from their duties in order that they may attend. The contest is bicameral and frenzied challenges have been hurled at each other by the Senate and Assembly, each house inviting all and sundry to come to witness the slaughter of the other. The Governor acts as umpire.

But the most venerable of the comic institutions of the State Legislatures is the Third House. It is, as the term is intended to suggest, composed of all those who are in any way connected with the Legislature, excluding the members themselves: the pages, messengers, clerks, stenographers, sergeants-at-arms, press representatives, and lobbyists. As it is toward the Third House that a Legislature often looks for its chief diversion, no opportunity is lost to secure employés who can contribute something. Two attachés of a recent New Hampshire Legislature were vaudeville stars. The Wyoming Legislature lately boasted a girl employé who was very clever at pencil sketching; she made studies of the Solons which, so connoisseurs in the State have declared, will some day be regarded as State treasures. To lend color to the legislative scene, an Indian messenger has been employed by the North Dakota Legislature, and to lend sex interest girl pages are coming to be employed in increasing numbers.

The Third House is organized upon the same basis as the Legislature itself, with a speaker and a sergeant-at-arms. The job of speaker is a great distinction and entails many responsibilities in the way of cigars, drinks and refreshments, not to mention creative ability of a high order. It usually falls to a lobbyist. With the assistance of the reporters, who are often men of a sly wit, he is able to discharge the burden of the office creditably. When Mark Twain was a reporter in Nevada, the Third House was a never-ending source of amazement to him.

It is the Third House of the Idaho Legislature which is habitually the most brilliant. It keeps up at all times a running burlesque of the legislative deliberations. In all the Legislatures mock bills are introduced in the Third House, but it is the privilege of the Idaho Third House to introduce such bills into the Legislature itself. They are deposited upon the desks of the members, who relieve the tedium of business by offering them from the floor. The ingenuity of the Idaho Third House has been demonstrated in a bill requiring (in imitation of a regular bill for full crews on trains) full crews on farms, and prohibiting their operation without at least one foreman, two milkers, three hay hands, one poultry expert, one animal husbandman, and two cooks; and in another providing for better pies and bigger telephone booths, creating also an Inspector of Pies and Telephone Booths.

Another favorite form of legislative jamboree is the mock session. It may be staged for the Solons by the Third House, it may be put on by the coöperation of the Third House and the Legislature, or it may be put on by the Legislature alone. It is given regularly in Florida, Kansas, Minnesota, North Dakota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Tennessee, Utah and Vermont. The mock session in Utah is known as the Legislative Follies, and in New Jersey it is called the Annual Frolic. Naturally, the chief feature of the programme is the introduction and consideration of mock bills. Some masterpieces of recent date are bills to ban drunkards as

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containers of alcohol, to regulate and exterminate Swedes, to prohibit any airplane from landing on the Capitol dome, to require the hygienic inspection of dog kennels, to exempt the automobiles of bootleggers from taxation, to prohibit women in barber shops, and last but not least, to insure the lives of the senators of North Dakota at ten cents each.

Stunts of magic have been staged at the mock sessions of the New Hampshire Legislature by one of its famous attachés, Professor Richard Davis. At a session in Tennessee which, incidentally, was conducted under the management of the capital Chamber of Commerce, the chairs of two Solons were secretly wired to shock them at the Speaker's will. Asking if any member wished to rise to a point of order, the Speaker pressed a button which brought them leaping to their feet. The Vermont Legislature has had a senator with a gift for female impersonation. In the Utah Legislative Follies the legislators wear jockey caps and make speeches *à la* Marc Anthony. Upon a recent occasion fifteen beautiful girls appeared in costumes representing fifteen measures before the Legislature, and two Solons who shot each other in a fake duel were carried out amidst cheers.

IV

When a gun is not a deadly weapon within the meaning of the Sullivan Act was recently demonstrated to the New York State Senate during a hearing on the Baumes Crime Commission bills. A New York City police captain arrived with a black satchel, and quickly turned the chamber into an arsenal, exhibiting sawed-off shotguns, water pistols, knife-guns, and gas-guns captured from criminals. A similar stunt was used by a lady legislator in the New Jersey Assembly in advocacy of a crime bill. During her speech, the assemblymen were alarmed to find machine-guns and automatic rifles pointed at them. With the menace of the crime wave thus brought vividly home to them, the bill passed without a dissenting vote.

In Michigan, during a debate on a bill to prohibit the employment of women at emery-wheels and drill-presses, the enterprising representatives of the manufacturers installed two polishing machines in the Senate chamber, to the great delight of the senators. In Washington, the sponsor of a boxing bill, in support of his measure, invited Gene Tunney to do his stuff for the Legislature. Demonstrations seem to be particularly popular when it comes to agricultural measures, for they often result in the refreshment of the legislators. The architecturally magnificent Wisconsin Assembly chamber has witnessed a demonstration of dairy products, and the Wyoming chamber has been cluttered up with an exhibit of crates of tomatoes, peas and corn in favor of a bill to establish an experiment farm in the Big Horn Basin. In the Indiana Assembly samples of maple syrup were once passed out by one of the representatives in the interest of a forestry bill. In California, in the interest of pear legislation, the Solons were served with a banquet consisting entirely of Sacramento Valley pears, disguised as vegetables, beef, pork, bread, and even onions.

Let a legislator make himself conspicuous in the championship of a particular measure and he becomes the butt of jokes. Let him show himself an impassioned wet, and he will be the recipient of many a suitcase. Let him become too flowery and he may be presented with a set of books on oratory. Once, when a South

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Dakota legislator spoke in favor of a bill to restore capital punishment, opponents of the measure cast the shadow of the gallows into the House of Representatives by hanging a straw dummy by the neck from the balcony rail.

Any bill which involves dogs, be it only a bill to make it a misdemeanor to dock a dog's tail, is prolific of bursts of epideictic oratory eulogizing the friend of man. But above all the mention of the frog tickles the faculties of the legislators. And, naturally, for the creature is famous in humorous literature. It is hardly necessary to mention Mark Twain's "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," or Dickens's "Ode to an Expiring Frog." The dog and the frog have, it is to be remembered, no vote, and so the Legislatures feel no embarrassment in treating them freely.

A problem which psychoanalysis may well attack is the killing of legislation under sudden attacks of uncontrollable jocosity. A bill may be moving along smoothly, apparently destined for passage, when without warning a barrage of absurd motions may lay it low. A legislator may be irritated by the droning voice of the clerk, he may be startled by the fall of the gavel, or he may look out of the window and discover that he is bored. At that moment the life of the bill under consideration ceases to be worth a nickel.

There are two favorite ways of so killing bills. One is a motion to refer it to the wrong committee, and the idea is to make the reference as incongruous as possible. Thus, even in the most moral States of the Middle West a bill to regulate dance-halls may suddenly find itself referred to the Committee on Fish, Oysters and Game. Even more humorous, obviously, is reference to a committee which is practically defunct, as for instance, the Committee on Indian affairs.

Another way to kill bills is by offering motions proposing burlesque amendments. In Idaho, during the consideration of a bill to pay a fifty-cent bounty on porcupine tails, there was a long debate on an amendment to require the State Treasurer to present the first porcupine tail to the author of the bill, who, incidentally, the next morning found a porcupine on his desk with the compliments of his colleagues. When a bill was offered in the Michigan Legislature to prohibit hunting in Lapeer county, there followed amendments to declare an open season on cows, pigs, horses and dogs, and to require every hunter, on severe pains and penalties, to bag at least six rabbits in any hunt.

When the Arizona Legislature considered changing the State motto to "God Prosper the Commonwealth of Arizona," an amendment was debated to substitute "God Help Arizona." In a recent North Carolina Legislature a bill to prohibit the employment of women and children for more than fifty-five hours a week inspired amendments to regulate eating between meals, and to extend the bill to apply to farmers. Any bill to make a Legislature unicameral by abolishing the Senate is sure to be greeted with loud guffaws, and amended to death.

The legislators outdo themselves when they tackle bills relating to lobbyists. A Michigan bill to register lobbyists led to amendments that they be branded, that the Secretary of State pay bounties for their scalps, that they be subjected to mental and physical examinations, that they be required to wear tin stars, that there be a roll-call of lobbyists after roll-calls of the House to make sure that they were on the job, that they be required to herald their approach with loud sirens, whistles and horns, and wear yellow

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lanterns after sunset, that permission of the Liquor Traffic Committee be necessary before lobbyists could entertain members, and that they be given the power to compel the attendance of members at committee hearings. Finally, the bill, loaded with these amendments, was appropriately referred to the Committee on the Pontiac Asylum.

But above all, anti-evolution bills greatly entertain the Legislatures. Such measures are often denounced as interferences with academic freedom, but it is forgotten that much of their popularity is due simply to the fact that they afford splendid opportunities for putting on a show. Even when it is known in advance that a monkey bill has no chance it will be introduced simply to give the law-makers a frolic. Crowds storm the legislative chambers and thousands have to be turned away. The bucolic legislators are given a tremendous opportunity to shine; greeted with ovations, and presented with such a large and generous topic, they can air their views on science and religion and the universe in general. During many of the debates monkeys have been brought into the legislative halls, and subsequently presented to Christian members. In Missouri an anti-evolution bill was killed by an amendment, among others, to change the penalty to imprisonment in the St. Louis zoo for thirty days or forty nights.

The reasons for these orgies are plain enough. The principle of geographical representation produces assemblies of a size far beyond the needs of the most complexly organized State. The result is that time hangs heavily on the hands of the members. "A parliament," Walter Bagehot has declared in one of his most felicitous aphorisms, "is nothing less than a big meeting of more or less idle people."

If the State Legislatures are even sillier than Congress it is because they have undergone a greater degeneration of function. They have steadily declined in prestige and power since the patristic period, and their decay may be correlated to the general destruction of States' rights. They have been undermined most by the progress of Federal centralization carried on by Congress under the Interstate Commerce clause and by the Supreme Court under the Fourteenth Amendment.

On the other hand, they have suffered as a result of a process of internal decentralization. The movement for municipal home rule has all but deprived them of control over the most populous and wealthiest areas under their jurisdictions. Again, they have been shorn of power by the growth of administrative agencies in response to pressing problems, for example, by the creation of State railroad, public service, civil service, and tax commissions. And as general suspicion of them has increased, they have been subjected by amendment of the State constitutions to many checks upon their powers, which have been transferred to the executive departments. The executive budget has relieved them of the burden of managing the State finances, and the expansion of the veto powers of the Governors has checked their sway over even ordinary legislation. The adoption of the initiative and referendum measures has had a similar effect.

Apparently the Legislatures have not been loath to part with their traditional omnipotence. Ignorant, confused and frightened, with hardly more than a handful in each Legislature capable of transacting the legislative business, it has irked them, and they have left it to the few members of the steering committees. Around the splendid domes of the State capitols they themselves simply play tag.

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IN PRAISE OF ISLANDS

BY FRANCES FROST

I SHALL praise now the islands where the wind
Blows shut the doors and whips the sweet-fern flat,
Where women's eyes strain seaward,
Where black rocks,
Jagged and chiseled by incoming tides,
Are the fierce edges of a continent
That bears the sting of salt upon its youth.

I shall speak now of islands: Bois Bubert,
Darkharbor, Isle au Haut, Matinicus . . .
There the bronze metal of the seaweed, flung
Upward by emerald surges, in the sun
Blackens the crumbling ledges; there the stars
At dusk stalk slowly out of thunderous waters.

Ragged Island, final scrap of earth,
Bearing upon its granite the vast crush
Of magnificent Atlantic, bearing dawns
And moonrise on its shale, its cedars bent
With lashing ice beneath a wintry gale—
I praise this fragment of a hemisphere,
This stubborn patch of loam and rock, the last
Worn outpost between Penobscot and the sea!

Deer Island, Swan's, Burnt Island, Metinic,
Chebeague, Head Harbor,—I will speak these names
With pride: the men they mould are living bronze,
Clear-eyed, intrepid, and their children know
The salt of their endurance. Though they die,
Winnowed by the emerald wrath, their lives
Are staunch and glad and seasoned by the wind.
I praise these islands and the men they make
Who are the fathers of a continent!

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PRISON STUPOR

BY VICTOR FOLKE NELSON

At the age of sixteen I was working for a commission merchant who owned a freight warehouse in the railroad yards near a State prison. Occasionally I was sent on errands which took me past the place, and through the steel-barred gate I could usually see a couple of trusties raking the lawn.

One day, as I stopped and looked in, a trusty in a suit of striped overalls was standing with his arms folded lazily against the handle of his rake, his head resting dejectedly on his hands. His whole attitude was that of a man who had worked hard all day and was very tired, although it was actually only about nine o'clock of a cool Spring morning. The man seemed to be almost in a coma. There was an expression of complete indifference to the world on his face and his eyes were glazed with a half-idiotic absent-mindedness. He was, although I did not know it then, a living and horrible example of the final effect of imprisonment upon the human being.

Six years later I was serving my first term in the same prison. As I stood in line at bucket parade one morning another column of convicts passed our line. In it was a young man of about my own age (twenty-two) who was surreptitiously laughing and joking with a companion. He was apparently a new arrival, and certainly a first-termer: his face, his movements, his whole attitude expressed youth and health and unconcerned gayety.

Out of the corner of his mouth an old-timer who was standing beside me said: "This place will take all that steam out of him in short order." In his eyes as he spoke was a look of admiration—strongly tinged with sadness. After a moment of silence he added: "I was like him only a few years ago. Look at me now."

I looked at him, a little perplexed. Then by some association of ideas I recalled the somnolent trusty I had seen as a boy, and noted that the old-timer's face, eyes, and whole attitude were just as sluggish and lifeless. In a flash of understanding I realized what he had in mind: after a few years, imprisonment would almost inevitably transform the energetic young prisoner into a lifeless old dawdler like himself.

Each afternoon as we left the tiresome shops and came out into the recreation yard, I would tear madly to the locker for a ball and glove, and exercise furiously during the brief half hour we were permitted to remain in the fresh air. And then some old-timer, seeing me so full of vigor, would say: "Go to it, kid! Keep yourself in good condition, 'cause if you don't, why the goddam place will get you down, and if it ever gets you down, you're down for keeps. Ten years ago I used to chase the old apple around myself, but now I'm lucky I can navigate at all. You think I'm kidding, maybe, but take an old-timer's advice, and don't let yourself go slack. The minute you do, you're gone."

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What was this horrible thing, I wondered, which could transform into weak dawdlers men who only a few years earlier had been full of health and strength? As time went on, I began to learn. The most remarkable part of it, I thought, was that the convicts, though they were all keenly conscious of it, seemed quite powerless to keep out of its clutches. It struck me that there must indeed be something most devious and dangerous about an affliction which could attack men who were aware not only of its unconcealed presence but also of its cruel power.

There was, and there is. To this day I have never lost my fear of it. That a man should come out of prison penniless, without a job, a home, or a friend, is to my mind not nearly so awful as that he should come out in the grip of this cruel stupor. With fair mental and physical health he may overcome such handicaps as poverty and unemployment, but if he is also burdened by a bad case of prison stupor he is almost beyond hope. Yet all men who have been in prison for any length of time are in some degree affected by it.

II

Well then, what, precisely, *is* this prison stupor? I can best answer, perhaps, by describing those circumstances of the prisoner's mental, social, physical and emotional environment which make him so easy a victim of it.

There are, to begin with, the conditions which undermine his physical strength. In the State prison at Charlestown, Mass., for example, the prisoners are obliged to spend sixteen out of every twenty-four hours—in other words, two-thirds of their lives—in their cells; and of the other eight hours of the day they spend all but a brief half hour in stuffy, poorly ventilated shops. This means, of course, that they are deprived of sunshine, fresh air and wholesome exercise to a point far below the requirements of physical well-being. Their food, moreover, although it is sufficient in quantity, is badly cooked, sloppily served, and on the whole fearfully dry and uninteresting; the more so since, lacking air, sunshine and exercise, their appetites naturally fall below normal.

As I served my last term in prison I noticed how, thus cheated of proper nourishment, sunshine, fresh air and exercise, all of us gradually lost vitality. We grew dull and lethargic, for even the working hours of the day were spent in stuffy, over-heated (in the Winter, cold) shops, where the daily task was insufferably boresome and monotonous. The paltry half-hour of exercise in the dry, grassless, dusty yard—where even the air was contaminated—certainly did not offset the effects of eight hours of shop-time, to say nothing of the fourteen hours of cell-time which followed it every day. Day by day, therefore, we grew more and more inert, and after a few years of imprisonment we no longer had the energy, even when we had the desire, to exercise during the recreation period.

There were other factors, also, that helped to ripen us for the sickle of living death. Except during the recreation period a prisoner could not choose his own companions. In the shop he had to associate with the men who happened to work beside him, whether he liked them or not. This threw him back upon himself far more than was good for him. Contacts with guards and other officials were just as futile and just as unavoidable. That the incompatibility of temperaments was mutual did not make any difference: the effects remained the same. Worse, his visits from outsiders—from wives, mothers, sweet-

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hearts and friends—were far too rare to give him the frequent and varied mental and emotional contacts which might have kept his mind alive.

Like a wanderer in a strange, crowded city, he was lonely despite the close proximity of numerous fellows. He could see his chosen associates—the men he liked—only during the brief daily recreation period, unless he happened luckily to be assigned to the same shop as his friends, which did not happen very often. It was, in fact, the settled (though undeclared) policy of the prison officials to keep friends separated in the shops, lest, when trouble started, there might be too great a fraternity of spirit. This was a useful precaution from their point of view; but it was thoroughly bad for us.

This lack of social, mental and emotional contacts had the effect of throwing the prisoner almost entirely upon his own resources, and it was only the very highly endowed man who had within himself the necessary intelligence and understanding to be a good companion for himself. Since he had to spend so much of his life alone in the cell, it was vital that he *be* a good companion for himself—but this was only very rarely the case.

He could, of course, read or study or otherwise seek to consume the leaden-footed hours of solitude, but reading and other solitary diversions soon began to grow dull and unsatisfying. Then it was that he was forced to look within himself for the courage and strength and patience to endure his misery. Usually he was constitutionally deficient in these very qualities, and so he commonly gave way to self-pity based upon a realization of the hollow tragedy of his life. Constantly craving freedom, furiously hating all restraint, hungry for food, liquor, women—the bodily and spiritual necessities—his thinking became colored by his needs and wants, and in time he developed into an aching bundle of unsated desires and crazy yearnings.

This prison stupor is the inevitable effect of imprisonment, even though the prison be a suite at the Ritz. It is found wherever men are strictly confined. In essence, it is simply boredom carried to the ultimate extreme. The human being, by and large, is a very bad companion for himself: where he has to face himself for any length of time he acquires a deep disgust and a restless anxiety which make him prone to try any promising avenue of escape. The man in prison is merely the man most certain to slip into this unbearable state.

III

But so much, unfortunately, is not the whole story. There are other environmental factors which contribute also to the gradual degeneration of the prisoner.

Among them is his utter lack of responsibility. He need not worry about food, clothes, or shelter; he has no rent to pay, no expenses except for smoking supplies and occasional petty luxuries. All these items are supplied him by the State (in however insufficient or unsatisfying quantities). Neither does he have to worry about a job, or about planning his day's work; all this is a matter of inflexible prison routine. He is given a daily task to do, and after a time performs it almost automatically. This results, quite naturally and inevitably, in loss of initiative, loss of mental and physical energy, loss of general alertness. Never being called upon to exercise these qualities, his sense of responsibility, his powers of response become so feeble from disuse that they are atrophied, often to the vanishing point.

As demoralizing as anything else is the

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over-abundance of leisure. In prison there is never any hurry about anything—from the prisoner's point of view. When he sees a fellow-convict unduly impatient or concerned or excited about anything, he says: "What's the rush? You ain't *going* anywhere!" Thus procrastination becomes an habitual attitude. Anything which can be put off until tomorrow *is* put off until tomorrow. The prisoner has so much time in which to do things that he never gets anything done. The order of the day is indolence, *laissez-faire:* the common sayings are: "Swim with the stream! There's plenty of time. There's no hurry. Take it easy!" Most of his activity eventually consists in wasting, killing, frittering away the endless hours of leisure.

Drugs are another factor in undermining the resistance of the prisoner. Perhaps 15% of all American convicts become joy-riders. Yet another is the general apathy of guards and other prison officials. The prisoner soon learns that he can expect little help or encouragement from them, and eventually ceases to look for any. Thus, from still another angle, he is thrown back upon his quickly diminishing resources.

Perhaps the most important factor in his loss of morale, however, is his sense of failure, of inferiority. Simply because he is in prison he feels himself a wash-out. No matter how loudly he may laugh at his law-abiding fellows in the free world, and no matter how hard he may try to think of them as craven fools, there are always a few friends or relatives in whose eyes he knows that he has lost caste—and this knowledge is disconcerting, deflating, ruffling to his ego. He knows that as he considers them timid fools, they consider him a weakling, no matter how charitably or understandingly they may conceal their appraisal of him. The failures and misfits of this world always sense this feeling in their betters.

Under more favorable circumstances his sense of inferiority might spur the prisoner on to the attainment of a real and lasting rehabilitation, but, as it is, he soon becomes so utterly becalmed, so stagnant mentally and physically, that he quite loses all capacity for concentrated activity. Too weak to make any progress toward remedying his condition, he inevitably slips farther and farther backward, and so he becomes all the more susceptible to the insidious prison stupor.

It is a species of bodily and spiritual anemia. It is largely self-induced, a kind of unconscious habit of self-dramatization or auto-hypnosis. From the host of needs and unsatisfied desires of the imprisoned man (desire for sensual pleasure and comfort, desire to forget the daily round of dulness and misery, the horrible surroundings, the uncongenial associations, the innumerable small irritations of a disorganized life) comes a deep if usually unconscious urge to get away from it all, to escape from the intolerable environment. The prisoner begins mentally (and often physically as well) to shut his eyes whenever he gets a chance; he begins to project himself into the remembrance of some former life, or into an imagined future world in which his desires will be satisfied and life made pleasant.

These projections are often erotic, since the prisoner suffers greatly from sexual starvation, but quite as often they are visions of future triumph and revenge. No matter what form his dreams may assume, he is always trying to compensate himself for the hurts and shocks and hungers of the present unbearable life. He seeks happiness in the spurious world of his imaginings, and sometimes this gives him a certain mild and temporary relief. Futile as

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it is, it is the only relief he can find. Slipping farther and farther into his habit of day-dreaming and self-dramatization, he is in the end so far gone that he spends nearly all of his waking hours in the world of fantasy.

The danger of all this can scarcely be exaggerated. Its final result is occasionally madness; and at the very least a pretty strongly intrenched neurosis. The dream world becomes so satisfying and vital to the prisoner that he slips over the edge, loses control, and spends all of his time in a species of trance. For example, a prisoner comes hurrying out of his cell with the bucket in his hand *at noon*. (It should be carried out only in the morning.) As his fellows begin to laugh at him a foolish expression steals over his face. He realizes suddenly that he has lost all track of time. The other prisoners know this, too, for they often catch themselves doing equally absent-minded things. They say, "It won't be long now!" Or, "Jones is going stir-simple."

Another prisoner gets up in the morning, dresses, except for his shoes, and after breakfast lies down on his bed and drifts off to sleep again. When the bell rings for shop, he jumps up in a startled rush, seizes his bucket and dirty dishes, and dashes out into the corridor before he realizes that he has no shoes on. He, too, is laughed at. Again prisoners and guards look knowing, and say: "It won't be long now!" They mean, of course, that it will not be long before imprisonment has transformed a healthy man into an almost imbecile weakling.

It frequently happens that, coming out to the shop in the morning, one hears as a bit of local gossip: "Jones broke up his furniture last night. They've got him up in the Blue Room (the observation ward). He's gone completely jiggy."

In the shop at almost any hour I could stop working and look about me: everywhere I looked I would see men sitting in listless, somnolent inactivity, jaws slack, eyes glazed, living in a dream world. If I spoke suddenly to one of them he would recover with a start, look at me in a caught-out way, and murmur: "Hanh? I didn't hear what you said. I was a million miles away from here when you spoke," and wait for me to express my understanding of his lapse by saying: "Oh, that's nothing; I get that way lots of times myself." Prisoners apprehend in a hazy way what is happening to them. They say: "A guy gets into a fog after a few years in a joint like this. It's the goddam place itself that gets a guy. How's a guy going to keep on his toes in the can?"

Only the rare man with a strong mind or character, or the man with definite purposes and ambitions in life, is able to fight off this stupor, and even he does not get off scott free. Soon or late he too will find himself growing listless and absent-minded and giving way to occasional fits of day-dreaming. But this man is too rare in prison to affect the general statement that not one man in a thousand escapes.

IV

When a man comes out after years of this stupor, he is likely after the first thrill of freedom has worn off to have a relapse. He is especially prone to such a relapse if conditions in the free community prove unsatisfying. And they very rarely prove satisfying. Since in his self-projections he has always imagined a future free life of absolute comfort and happiness, the ex-prisoner is certain to be disappointed when he has to face the dull realities of everyday living. Moreover, his capacity for emotional reaction has become so atrophied

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from disuse that a thick shell of numbness seems to enclose him: he can feel only the most violent emotions or events or people.

He is thus badly handicapped in his efforts at readjustment. His faculties of mental alertness and initiative, his sense of responsibility and his ability to react promptly and effectively to the emergencies of daily living are so weak and numb that he is utterly lost in the sharp competition and feverish tempo of modern living. He is fit for little except the breadline or the poor farm.

This is actually where many ex-prisoners eventually land. For a time some of them fortify themselves with liquor or drugs and try to stimulate their jaded energies into a semblance of vitality. In the end, however, if they have had a really serious siege of prison stupor, they are pretty badly foundered. This is what Warden Lawes had in mind, I suppose, when he wrote that no man who has spent more than fifteen years in prison is fit to be at large. This is also what a convict friend means when he says with tragic sincerity: "The only cure for the likes of us is to take us out and shoot us!"

Under our present system of prison management it is hard to see how any convict can escape the disease. In the prison environment there is simply nothing which challenges his active interest, or spurs him on to any energetic or sincere attempt at rehabilitation. We all know that active, busy people do not have time to develop neuroses. But our prisons are so administered that the prisoner is kept busy at almost nothing except day-dreaming and frittering the hours away. He is given no chance to *live*: and it is for exactly this reason that he seeks compensation—in a word, *life*—in the dream world.

The rare prisoner who has intelligent, thoughtful, devoted friends to help and encourage him can maintain more or less interest in life, and thus build up strength with which to fight off the initial attacks of the stupor—unless his sentence is long. If it is, even the most devoted friends can do very little to help him. He is certain, despite all their efforts, to be driven by sheer boredom into neurosis. Even the guards and prison officials get a touch of it, often a bad one, unless their activities outside the prison walls are such as to give them a reasonably satisfying, well-rounded life.

In the way of remedies I can offer very little except the following suggestions. The prisoner should be given plenty of fresh air and wholesome exercise (to be followed by bathing); a variety of appetizing food; a diversity of social, mental and emotional contacts through more frequent visits, entertainments, and intelligently directed intramural activities; interesting work of a vocational type; and competent guards and other officials to act as teachers and leaders of study groups. In a word, some *meaning* should be put into his daily life.

Intelligent penologists are well aware of this; but they have always been hampered in their attempts to change the prison environment by the loud and unintelligent protests of ignorant laymen, who haven't the faintest knowledge of the complex factors involved in the problem of crime and punishment. It is of vital importance, nevertheless, to stamp out this malevolent cancer—that is, if society is really sincere in its desire to help the convict to rehabilitate himself. For prison stupor is, of all the many ill effects of imprisonment, certainly the final and most devastating.

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

VICTOR HERBERT & RUBATO

By Gustav Klemm

It was a member of Victor Herbert's own orchestra who, shortly after the great Irishman's death, summed him up in one short word—*rubato.* I doubt if any one who knew the real Herbert and his altogether individual self-interpretations would deny the accuracy of the description.

Rubato, indeed, was the very soul of his music. In the musical dictionaries the word appears as "robbed, stolen; taking a portion of the duration from one note and giving it to another" (Elson). Under Herbert's jerky gestures (a long cry from the suave geometrics of our present-day platform Adonises), the thing itself became something that, once heard, was never forgotten. What looked, on the printed page, to be nine eighth-notes in a 9/8 measure suddenly became something more than that. The nine little notes developed a playful, capricious quality. In print, they looked respectful enough and well-behaved, but the minute Herbert lifted his baton they took out their nine little thumbs, placed them before their nine little noses, and made the age-old gesture at what, under another conductor, would be three dull, steady beats.

Tempo rubato pervaded nearly every page of Herbert's music, as conducted by him. He could no more keep it out than Dickens' Mr. Dick, in his Memorial, could keep out the head of King Charles I. It just *would* bob up. Nor did it bob up only in his own scores. It peeped out from every page he conducted. He could even, believe it or not, get it into such relatively forbidding passages as the "waiting music" which brings the first part of Act II of "Madame Butterfly" to its sober close. It would even creep into Braga's "Angel's Serenade". Goldmark, MacDowell, Liszt, Delibes, Saint-Saëns, Grieg—none of them escaped its sly caprices. Only in Wagner, Herbert's most revered idol, did one find an almost complete absence of *rubato,* a strange abstinence for which Victor would atone by going on a reeling, rousing *rubato* jag in the three-four symphonies of Johann Strauss.

In his own music, *rubato* was the golden thread that ran it through. Look, for instance, in the score of "Sweethearts", at the introduction and verse of the title song. In its twenty-two measures, there are no less than twenty tempo indications, all of them showing efforts by the composer to get on paper the essence of his *rubato.* But it simply couldn't be done. The page, as it stands, for all its road signs, is a dull, uninviting one, but as Herbert himself presented it, the notes danced, pranced, and sparkled.

Again, and in the same score, take a look at the opening measures of the chorus of "Pretty as a Picture". A meek *grazioso* lurks under the first measure, but it's a miserable description of what Herbert could do with the music. Even his rousing marches were not immune from *rubato,* though certainly nothing could be more stubborn and stiff-necked than the steady

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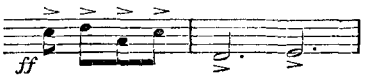
one-two, one-two of a march. Those with reasonably long memories need only recall "The Irish Have a Great Day Tonight" ("Eileen"), "Bagdad" ("The Lady of the Slipper"), "The Mascot of the Troop" ("Mlle. Modiste") *u. s. w.*

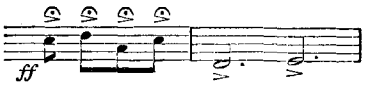
In his later scores, Herbert was more sparing in his printed use of the word. He came to realize that putting it on his pages was a redundancy—that Herbert music *was rubato.* Either the interpreter felt it or he didn't. Usually, he didn't, an unfortunate condition that is becoming increasingly worse the higher the years pile on Herbert's grave, and the more hazy become the memories of his own interpretations.

This condition is giving concern to true lovers of the man's music. They contemplate a not so distant day that will ignore him merely because the soul of his music, *rubato,* has been allowed to depart from the notes that tamely dot his pages. At the present moment, his music is still a mainstay of the radio. Night in and night out, the loud speakers of the land belch forth the "Gypsy Love Song" ("The Fortune Teller"), "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" ("Naughty Marietta"), and "Kiss Me Again" ("Mlle. Modiste"). But only too often this music is beaten out into a heavy, rhythmical flatness unblessed by that essential *rubato* without which it is so much unleavened bread. In brief, the performances that one hears over the radio show a steady decrease in skill and understanding.

This falling competence is undoubtedly due, in a large degree, to the unfamiliarity of his current interpreters with the real Herbert. Their handling of the four simple eighth-notes that open the main body of his superb "March of the Toys" ("Babes in Toyland") gives them away. In the score, they look simple enough:

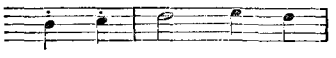


But Herbert used to weave a bit of subtle *rubato* into them, unbound by any metrical strictures from his baton. After a brief hesitation, they would suddenly make up their mind and then plunge into the ♩· of the second measure. But listen to any performance, any where, tonight under some celebrated shoemaker who should know better, and you are very apt to hear:

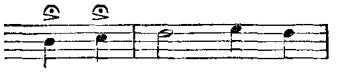


When the blasts of these four determined *fermatas* reach a certain mausoleum in Woodlawn Cemetery, its occupant must let loose a blistering exclamation of righteous disgust.

The same sort of treatment is given to the two, sometimes three, notes that serve as upbeats to the refrains of some of his marching songs. Referring once again to the rousing march from the operetta that came closest to his heart, "The Irish Have a Great Day Tonight" from "Eileen", we find in the score:



The first two notes, under Herbert's baton, had a hearty hesitancy that was many musical miles removed from the vulgar cheapness of:



And so with the opening chorus of the second act of "It Happened in Nordland". This superb bit has been divorced from the operetta and, as "Al Fresco", is daily wrestled with by orchestras from Boston to Bombay. It defies them all. After the excited flutter of the introduction, the

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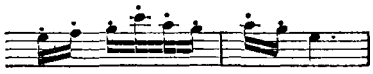
main melody is preceded by six harmless-looking sixteenth-notes:



When Herbert touched them into life, the first two or three tried to swagger like grown-up eighth-notes but, a fraction of a second later thought better of it, and, scampering madly, joined the rest of their fellows and barely got under the bar in time. What you hear today is six sixteenths, brutally rushed into respectability and sounding just like any other sixteenths.

But it is the Herbert waltzes that really give away the present-day interpreter. The man who will play them in a steady one-two-three style is the same man who will keep on his hat before "the slow, widowed smile" of the Mona Lisa. Herbert's waltzes had one definite characteristic, a hangover from his youthful visits to Vienna. The second pulse was an impatient, often rude, anticipation that seemed to resent the presence of the first pulse, or down beat:

There was never any indication of this rhythmic dislocation in his scores, but it individualized every waltz he ever wrote and conducted. He could never avoid the jerky eagerness of the second beat. A Herbert waltz without the abrupt impatience of that second beat isn't a Herbert waltz at all.

The only authoritative source on his *rubato*, aside from the current interpretations by Harold Sanford and a dwindling handful of his disciples, is the graphophone and the few recordings he left. They are played by the Victor Herbert Orchestra and are "personally conducted by Victor Herbert". Alas, these records were made before the introduction of the electrical pick-up, and the listener almost has to push his head inside the sound-box to hear anything. What he hears then is mostly scratching, but occasionally a limpid, *rubato*-ridden phrase dances through, and it is like a glimpse of the sun on a dark day.

Horticulture

THE POTATO

By Norman Taylor

From the plunder of Peru came the first potato. No priest or pirate of the conquest ever guessed that it would some day drive German soldiers into battle and Irish peasants into famine. Nor could they know that it was to be worth more than all the mines of Potosi.

No dream of Inca gold, not the very Temple of the Sun itself, would buy one year's potato crop today. But how could Spanish plunderers know this as they trod under foot a tuber that went from that upland Peruvian plain to every corner of the temperate zone? Much later it came to be called the Irish potato and drove that politically talented people straight into the arms of Tammany Hall.

Pizarro completed the conquest of Peru by 1537 and then fought over the spoils with his followers. After beheading his brother he was himself assassinated on June 26, 1541. Into this atmosphere of lust and blood and terror there came a cultivated young Spaniard, Pedro de Cieza de Leon. He landed in 1533 and from the safe distance of Cartagena watched the rape of the Incas. To him we owe the best account of the conquest and the first mention of the potato. He was altogether a

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remarkable young man. Born at Seville in 1519, he sailed for the New World when a lad of fourteen and stopped for five years at Cartagena, then in process of settlement.

From that inferno of heat and dampness he crossed the isthmus and scrambled up the face of the Andes in 1538. There he discovered the mother of all potato chips, which, instead of being cooked by heat, was cured by frost and then dried. He found that this *chuñu* was the staple food of those Indians who lived above the zone where corn could be grown. It still is.

If aristocracies are based upon the land, the culture of these Inca lords was rooted in two plants, corn in the lowlands, and what they called *papa* or the potato in the uplands. Vast quantities of *chuñu* were stored for the army, for tribute to the Great Inca, and against famine. Potato pottery has been taken from their tombs. From near Quito, then part of Peru, or from the bleak, treeless plains to the southward, the first potato was sent to Europe. No one knows who took it nor even the exact date, for it did not come until years after Cieza de Leon's "Chronicles of Peru" were published in 1553.

In 1540 there was born at Cuzco, the navel of Peru and the capital of the Incas, a boy who was to tell us a lot more about *chuñu*. His mother was Chimpa Ocllo, a delicate, dark-haired daughter of a great Inca noble, while his father, Gracilasso de la Vega, was one of Pizzaro's captains. Young Gracilasso, half Inca and half Spaniard played pranks about the ruins of Cuzco, made love to many Inca maidens and was sometimes fuddled with *chica* or corn liquor. From him we learn that such fuddling was a common failing of the Incas and sometimes interfered with potato growing. But usually they lavished a great deal of care upon the potato plant. Guano was brought up from the sea islands, an elaborate irrigation system was maintained, and many different varieties were grown. Down the rock-hewn road to the southward the Incas carried the potato to Chile, and so, centuries later, fooled Darwin into thinking it was native there.

It is pleasant to browse through Gracilasso's "Royal Commentaries on the Incas," to see their agricultural fairs, and see the fate of the *mizqui-tullus* or "sweet bones",—the laggard potato growers of Peru. Of more importance is his note that the wild home of the plant was a "region where it freezes nearly throughout the year."

The Spaniards in Peru learned about the potato long before it reached Spain. For years this motley mixture of priests, pirates and soldiers travelled homeward across the blood-soaked Isthmus of Panama. Forty thousand carriers of the Inca loot perished there. Upon one of those trips, probably between 1580 and 1585, someone first carried the potato to Europe. From Spain it went to Italy, and by 1588 it reached the hands of Charles l'Ecluse, keeper of the botanical garden of Vienna. Dr. l'Ecluse, often called Clusius by the pedantic, never dreamed that German chemists would be making 100,000,000 gallons of alcohol from it by 1931, or that potato stills would lead to mass murders among Chicago gangsters.

Neither Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586 nor Sir Francis Drake in 1580 brought the potato from Virginia to England or Ireland, for it did not grow in Virginia at that time. The Raleigh legend is pure myth, but the romantic Irish have always clung to it fondly, and more than a century ago they invited Sir Walter Scott to what turned out to be a potato party at Cork. There Scott promised to write "a somewhat in which Sir Walter Raleigh shall be a distinguished character, and I

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promise you the potato shall not be forgotten". The Germans will have none of Raleigh. They insist that Drake is their man, and today his statue stands in Offenberg, with an inscription reading

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,
Introducer of the Potato into Europe in the Year of Our Lord 1580.

The Raleigh and Drake canards, still widely current, were based partly upon the groundnut and partly upon the sweet potato. The mistake has smirched most potato history ever since.

The potato, like all new foods, was slow to overcome the prejudices of the people. But it did, very gradually, creep over Europe, obstinately declining to be hurried by the most exalted attention. Scientists not only wrote it up, but improved it. Marie Antoinette wore its blossoms in her hair. Scotch divines thundered against it, because it was not mentioned in the Bible and yet was the forbidden fruit, so they said, that caused Adam's fall. English apprentices, save for once a week, had it banned from their diet. One French king set soldiers to guard a potato field hoping some would be stolen. Frederick the Great planted potatoes in the Lustgarten, and his grandson threatened to cut off the noses of all who would *not* plant them. There was even a Potato War in Germany.

While no plant ever set out with such a fanfare as the potato, it was its starch content that finally made it a world crop. Poor people came to find that if there wasn't much else, potatoes would just keep body and soul together. And nowhere was poverty so bitter and the potato so welcome as in Ireland. All of northern Europe had been gradually converted to it but the Irish lavished pet names upon the lowly tuber, such as the laughing potato, and the dear potato. Priests and altar boys marched up and down their fields drenching the crop with holy water. They little dreamed that the failure of the crop would one day decimate their country.

A century before it did so a group of Irish Presbyterians from Londonderry carried the potato to the United States. They founded the town of Londonderry, N. H., on April 22, 1719, and started potato growing. This was more than 130 years after Drake and Raleigh were supposed to have carried the plant from Virginia to Europe.

But as an occasionally imported food potatoes were known in New England long before the Londonderry venture. John Winthrop's Journal for March 8, 1636, mentions the arrival that morning of the ship *Rebecca* from Bermuda with potatoes "bought there for 2s. and 8d. the bushel and sold here for 2d. the pound". These were our common white or Irish potatoes, which have been grown in Bermuda since June, 1613. Perhaps from that island, too, came the potatoes which first appeared on a dinner menu of Harvard College in 1708.

It is within the last century that the potato as we know it has been developed. All our best varieties are younger than this, having originated since the Civil War. The original potato from Peru needed a lot done to it, for it was small and had deep-set eyes, so deeply set in fact that cutting them out practically destroyed the tuber. The early potato champions set out to improve this knobby, hollow-eyed deformity, but they first had to fight a lot of ignorant botanists. These alarmed England with statements that the potato must be poisonous because it was first cousin to the henbane, the Jimson weed and tobacco. But so are the egg-plant and the tomato.

The first potato breeder of note was Antoine Auguste Parmentier. He mixed a bit

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of propaganda with his science by giving a potato dinner at Paris to which Lavoisier and Benjamin Franklin were invited. The whole menu consisted of potatoes cooked in various ways. In those days the potato was so steadily propagated by cuttings or buds (its eyes) that it often failed to flower at all, or else the flowers were sterile and set no seeds. With this waning sexuality came waning vigor, particularly in the ability to resist disease. All the varieties used in America before 1850 were of European origin and all suffered from this weakness. Potato culture, in fact, was in a very bad way down to the Civil War, and many of the tubers had yellowish flesh.

Critics of the clergy have often taunted them with a slightly unhealthy interest in sex, but it took a farsighted clergyman to revive a healthy sexuality in potatoes. The Rev. Chauncey E. Goodrich of Utica, N. Y., became convinced that impotent potatoes made poor parents, so he decided to bring in fresh blood, and accordingly imported from the Andes the seeds of several varieties. From this fresh stock, and after a few cross-pollinations, he produced a variety in 1853 that he called the Garnet Chili. It regularly set seeds, and nearly all the aristocrats of the modern potato world have its blood in them, although the variety itself has passed on.

With this as a start, seedlings of promise were soon popping up all over New England, where most of our important potato breeding has been done. Mr. Goodrich sent some seeds to Albert Bresee of Hubbardton, Vt., who, in 1861, produced from them the Early Rose, a variety still widely grown today. The Early Rose and the Garnet Chili have been more prolific than Solomon. From different combinations of them came all the early and late varieties that changing habits and long-haul railway journeys soon demanded. Literally hundreds were developed, but perhaps the most interesting was the Rural New Yorker.

This new variety introduced Babbittry into the potato business. It was long and oval, had a smooth skin, with very shallow eyes, and beside having white flesh, was a good keeper. In 1889 E. S. Carman, editor of the *Rural New Yorker*, distributed it to the subscribers to his journal, and from it has come a whole race of potatoes usually called Rurals. By artful propaganda one of these has recently blossomed out as the Idaho potato.

Another well known variety was introduced by the best publicised horticulturist in America. Luther Burbank earned his first hundred dollars in 1873 by selling the Burbank to a Massachusetts seedsman. He claimed it was a seedling of the Early Rose, but modern research ascribes it to mutation. So much confusion of names and identities has crept into potato breeding that many of the best known varieties today are of uncertain parentage. One of the greatest favorites among the early potatoes is supposed to have originated in the garden of an Irish shoemaker at Marblehead, Mass. It is known as the Irish Cobbler throughout the potato world, but nothing is really known of its history.

A very serious check to the industry lurked on a wild and useless relative of the potato, known as the buffalo-burr. It grows all along the eastern slopes of the Rockies, and upon it, no doubt since the days of Adam, a certain beetle has been innocently nibbling food. As potato culture crept westward there came a day when the range of the cultivated potato and this wild one over-lapped. That happened during the Civil War, and the insect naturally turned to the lusher feeding of the cultivated plant. This Colorado potato beetle soon became the number one pest of potatoes.

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Spreading eastward, it reached the Mississippi by 1868 and the Atlantic coast by 1874. Paris green checks it, but all Europe quickly set quarantines against American potatoes. It never did reach Europe until the World War, when it was accidentally introduced near Bordeaux, and is now actively fought by the French.

Potatoes never have lost their fondness for their cool Inca home. This is why nearly all the late, long-keeping varieties are grown in the cooler parts of Maine, Minnesota, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin and adjacent Canada. The early kinds, such as the Irish Cobbler and the Early Rose are not usually stored, grow rather quickly, and their planting follows the waning Winter from Florida northward. They must be harvested before hot weather. American potato yields vary greatly. Depending on soil and climate, they may be as low as 80 bushels to the acre, which is poor, or as high as 400 or even 500 bushels on the best land of Eastern Long Island and Aroostook county, Maine. The European crops are usually about twice as great as ours to the acre. In spite of a progressive distaste for potatoes among the votaries of slenderization, the world production is now well over 5,000,000,000 bushels a year. Enormous quantities go into the making of alcohol, starch and farina, but the potato still leads all other foods in the daily diet of the poor.

Until 1844 Ireland had reasonably good crops. She needed them, for by that time the potato was the chief food of perhaps the poorest peasants in the world. To such a people, forced to live on one plant, a crop failure always means disaster. A partial failure came in 1846. It not only diminished the supply but infected the seed for the next year. The result was a major tragedy for the Irish, who never understood what blasted their crops, nor that Bordeaux mixture was a better cure for potato blight than incense or holy water. They tried every conceivable thing that hunger and terror could suggest, and finally they fell back on their traditional blaming of the English as the cause of all Hibernian troubles. But still the crops failed. Famine was soon stalking the land and nearly a million peasants died of starvation. The young and progressive fled to America. More than a million and a half came to New York within the next few years. They were at once taken under the wing of Tammany Hall, and so came to govern it and us.

No plant has ever affected the politics or population, and even the vocabulary, of New York like the potato. Fresh waves of emigrants fled here as the blight spread to Germany and Poland. Being more docile than the Irish, these newer potato pilgrims naturally submitted to their masters. Some of them even came to call the potato a murphy. Somewhere on the banner of Tammany should be the words *Solanum tuberosum*. Not because this is the name Linnaeus gave to the potato, but because that plant forever links the Incas and the Irish with the government of New York.

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THE CATHOLICS IN THE REVOLUTION

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

IN VIEW of the reasons usually given to explain and justify the American Revolution — and usually accepted without question on both sides of the Atlantic—it is somewhat startling to find the Benedictine scholar, the late Cardinal Gasquet, asserting that it was caused by the Quebec Act of 1774. By that act the British government extended the province of Quebec to the banks of the Mississippi and the Ohio, established the French Civil Code side by side with the English criminal law, and, most important of all for our consideration, granted freedom of worship to the Catholics in Canada.

Though it would need an Englishman who was also a Catholic to press with confidence this Quebec Act theory, nevertheless certain American historians are more and more coming to argue that the fierce anti-Catholic sentiment of the Colonies helped to precipitate the conflict with the Mother Country. Griffin, for example, in his monumental collection of data, "Catholics in the American Revolution," says that "an active motive of the Americans in taking up arms against Great Britain was the belief that the Protestant religion was being assailed and threatened with oppression."

It seems to be a fact that the decision of Catholic Canada to remain aloof from the Revolution was largely brought about by the uproar which the Quebec Act had caused in both New England and the South. The fulminations of Protestant pulpits were remembered in Quebec, so that though the Canadians had no love for England, their dread of the anti-Catholic Americans kept them out of the struggle. But despite Griffin and Gasquet, the Revolution itself cannot be accounted for by the Quebec Act. What needs to be explained is why the Catholics below the St. Lawrence were so overwhelmingly in favor of it.

During the British occupation of Philadelphia, which of all American cities contained the highest proportion of Catholics, there was an attempt to raise a Catholic Tory regiment. Bancroft has made a good deal of this, a good deal too much. Less than two hundred men were enrolled, and even these never seem to have been used effectively. They certainly dwindled rapidly: five months later only eighty of them were left. Several thousands of Catholics, on the other hand, fought with the Continental Army.

When one ponders over their disabilities, there is reason for some surprise. For every State, with the exception of Pennsylvania, had anti-Catholic laws. In Maryland, where two-thirds of the 22,000 American Catholics were living, those laws were not enforced, but they were retained *in terrorem*. The history of Maryland, which had attempted religious toleration under its Catholic proprietaries, and abandoned it under Protestant domination, must have rankled with Catholics, and nowhere was there any obvious bond of

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union between the dominant anti-Papists and the Papists themselves. Yet in proportion to their numbers Catholics were more actively united in the Revolution than the members of any other religious body.

It is my business now to investigate this strange situation.

II

The fact that a large percentage of the Catholics in the Colony were Irish has its obvious bearing. The Revolution gave them their chance of getting even with their oppressors. Against this must be set the fact that many (perhaps a good half) of the Maryland Catholics were of English descent, as were the majority of their priests; and that the majority of those in Pennsylvania were Germans. Yet they, too, were in the main upon the Revolutionary side, or at all events not actively opposed to it. The name of no prominent Catholic is to be found among the 40,000 expelled Loyalists.

Moreover, we may do no more than presume Irish hostility, for it was not a professed motive among such leaders as were of Irish blood. The Carrolls, for instance, did not take the line that the questions under dispute were of no consequence, and that all that mattered was that England should be humbled. Their traditions and social sympathies were English rather than Irish. A side of the question, however, that has never been fully investigated is the influence of the Irish schoolmasters, many of whom had sought employment in New England.

Another theory has been advanced which would explain everything on the ground of the Carroll leadership. An Episcopalian clergyman of the name of Jonathan Boucher, who was strongly pro-British and expelled as a Loyalist, accounts for the attitude of the Catholics in this way: Charles Carroll, "the Duke of Norfolk of Maryland," espoused the cause of Congress because of his ambition to become a public man. So respectable a leader made Whiggery respectable in the eyes of his fellow Catholics. The theory is simple, indeed naïve. Charles Carroll does not appear as a man of overweening ambition, and in any event, his influence could not have been great enough to bring his co-religionists into line.

Those who might have been expected to have influence, the priests of Maryland and Pennsylvania, were circumspect in political matters. Even John Carroll, the future Archbishop of Baltimore, while he acted as one of the delegates to Canada and showed his Revolutionary sympathies clearly, was hardly rabid in his patriotism. Thus the Carroll influence, though it must be given its weight, is insufficient as an explanation.

A third point to be considered is that the Catholic body may have hoped that independence would bring about toleration for Catholics. Undoubtedly there was such a hope, but in view of the fact that two-thirds of the books and pamphlets listed by Charles Evans in his "American Bibliography" were strongly anti-Catholic it is not easy to see upon what it was founded. The overwhelming majority of Americans were bitterly anti-Catholic at the precise time when England was proving herself disposed to make concessions to Catholics at home, and had given statutory toleration to Catholics across the Canadian border.

The American Catholics had had their ears deafened with shouts of "No Popery!" To hope for anything from the new Republic they must have been either remarkably sanguine, or possessed of remarkable insight. A few did show great

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political sagacity; but for the rest the war could have been no more than a desperate gambler's throw. There was not much that they could hope to win, even if there was little that they need fear to lose. They were so few in numbers—being only 22,000 out of 3,000,000—that they could neither dictate terms for their adherence to the cause nor expect that their contributions would be so noteworthy as to demand subsequent grateful recognition.

The benefit they were to derive for their religion was extremely problematical. Their decision in the matter must have rested upon something more tangible than a mere guess that the United States would give them more religious liberty than England had accorded. Had this been their only motive they should, as prudent men, have preserved their neutrality. Yet though they were not as unanimous as has been sometimes represented (by John Gilmary Shea, for example), it is certain that as a body they were for the American cause. A significant fact is that in Pennsylvania, where they were tolerated (though even there they did not have the full rights of franchise) they were more inclined than elsewhere to be Loyalists.

As the war went on, and the fortunes of the Continental Army rose, the Thirteen States obtained the support of France. It was now the turn of the Loyalists to raise the cry of "No Popery!" The new ally was Catholic. As C. H. Van Tyne describes their feelings:

> The French King was preparing a fleet which should come to America to convert his new subjects. Some of the vessels were laden with tons of holy water and casks of consecrated oil. A thousand chests of relics, beads and crucifixes were ready, and a vast number of hair-shirts, cowls and scourges. Another vessel contained many thousand consecrated wafers, crucifixes, rosaries and Mass-books as well as bales of indulgences.

The Loyalist newspapers of the time read much like the *Menace* during the campaign of 1928, when Al Smith, confident of victory, arranged for the establishment of the Inquisition, and had an apartment prepared for the Pope at Georgetown University. In 1778 the French were ready with a full equipment of racks, thumbscrews, pincers, pulleys, wheels, and other instruments of torture; and a contract had already been signed for the construction of a Bastille in New York.

But these howls of holy horror were ineffective. The leaders of the young nation made up their minds to accept help from whatever source it came. As politicians they had used religious antipathy when it seemed to help their cause; now it no longer helped but hindered. Moreover, they had grown more sober as the real issues grew more clear. Because of the alliance with France they discountenanced any expression of anti-Catholic feeling, and while they found this good policy, their followers forgot or overlooked in their enthusiasm the obnoxious religion of their allies. From this change of sentiment American Catholics derived some comfort, but they had thrown in their lot with the Revolution before it occurred. However much it may have strengthened their decision, this was not the determining factor.

How, then, are we to account for the apparently paradoxical position of the Catholics during the Revolution? I offer the suggestion that it cannot be accounted for on the ground of either the antipathy of the Irish to England, or the Carroll influence, or any hope against hope that the victory of Congress would bring about religious liberty, though I admit that all these factors were at work. I suggest that something which has usually been over-

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looked was much more important than is usually supposed: the perception on the part of the Catholics that the political principles of the Declaration of Independence were in accordance with Catholic philosophy. It is to an examination of this thesis that I must now address myself.

III

In one sense there is no such thing as Catholic philosophy any more than there is such a thing as Catholic mathematics. What is called Scholasticism is, as the Scholastics never tire of telling us, nothing else than systematised common-sense. Not all Catholic thinkers are Thomists; and there are some Thomists who are not Catholics. Nevertheless, it is broadly true that Scholasticism and Catholicism are closely identified, and for that reason it is permissible to speak of Catholic philosophy. We are concerned with only one branch of it: political theory.

The main lines of the system, here as elsewhere, were laid down by Aristotle; but much that is to be found in his Politics has been discarded, and the rest has been developed until it has become in effect something new. Isidore of Seville, St. Thomas Aquinas and Dante are among the most notable political philosophers of the Middle Ages; and it is worth noting that, though they deal with an organization of society very different from our own, they affirm very clearly that sovereignty resides in the people: the prince who exercises it does not possess it, and exercises it only for the benefit of his people. Dante, indeed, advances the theory that the Roman Empire was chosen by God to govern the world in exactly the same sense as the Jews were chosen to be the guardians of the divine revelation. But not even Dante, in the most rigorous presentation of his astonishing doctrine, accords to the ruler the divine right of kings.

That was an invention of the Sixteenth Century, for, though it was not formulated until a little later, it had become a practical rule of kingcraft long before James I tried to define the doctrine. Henry VIII and Elizabeth had already acted as if its assumptions were incontrovertible.

The fury of the Elizabethan persecutions of Catholics was due in large part to the Catholic refusal to accept this absolutist political philosophy; it was not due solely to the Catholic adhesion to a certain theology. The rulers of England attempted to extirpate the Mass because it was the essence of Catholicism, and an absolutist monarchy was not safe while Catholics were free to practice their religion. The Catholics who suffered the death penalty under the proscriptive laws were invariably charged, not with heresy but with high treason. Elizabeth and her advisers always denied that they were attempting to persecute Catholic religious belief; they said that they were only punishing overt acts in defiance of the law, and opinions which, from their point of view, they were correct in regarding as treasonable.

New conditions called for a new statement of political philosophy. With the opening of the Sixteenth Century the Spanish Dominican Francisco de Vitoria undertook this business, thus becoming the father of international law. The Protestant Grotius, succeeding Vitoria, based himself upon him. (Grotius, whose political philosophy was thus Catholic in derivation, was on the point of entering the Church when taken by death). Suarez and Bellarmine met the challenge of the European monarchs by indicating the origin and the limitations of monarchy. James I and

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Bellarmine had a controversy over the prerogatives of the Crown, with Bellarmine, like all Catholics (except the French, who were already tinged with Gallicanism), denying the claims of divine right. Even the French stopped short of the English extravagance.

At this point the Catholics found unexpected allies among those who were their bitterest enemies. The English Dissenters took over the Catholic arguments to justify their refusal to conform to the Established Church, but were careful not to indicate anywhere their indebtedness to Catholic writers. As Selden put it in his Table Talk: "These Puritan preachers, if they have anything good, they have it out of Popish books, although they will not acknowledge it for fear of displeasing the people." It is a demonstrable fact that Milton, for example, took his major premises from the notorious Sixteenth Century Jesuit, Persons. The principles of democracy are all to be found implicitly in the medieval writers and explicitly in the post-Reformation controversialists. These were the principles brought to America by the Puritan settlers, most of whom, of course, had no idea of the provenance of their political philosophy.

Their opponents—stout supporters of the English Crown and Church—sometimes knew it, and when they did were careful to point out the detestable source of democracy. Thus Sir Robert Filmer, the opponent of John Locke, opened his "Patriarcha" (1680) with these sentences:

> Since the time that school divinity began to flourish, there hath been a common opinion maintained, as well by divines as by divers learned men, which affirms:
>
> *Mankind is naturally endowed and born with freedom from all subjection, and at liberty to choose what form of government it please; and that the power which any one man hath over others was at first bestowed according to the discretion of the multitude.*
>
> This tenet was first hatched in the schools, and hath been fostered by all succeeding Papists for good divinity. The divines also of the Reformed Churches have entertained it, and the common people everywhere tenderly embrace it, as being most plausible to flesh and blood. . . . Upon this ground both Jesuits, and some other zealous favorers of the Geneva Discipline, have built a perilous conclusion, which is, *That the people or multitude have power to punish, or deprive the Prince, if he transgresses the laws of the kingdom.* . . . Cardinal Bellarmine and Calvin both look asquint this way.

At the time of the Revolution the political author taken everywhere for gospel was Locke. Indeed, according to the well-known story, Richard Henry Lee sneered that Jefferson had taken the Declaration of Independence from Locke's "Second Treatise on Government" (1690). Whether Lee ever said this or not, Jefferson had certainly been consulting his Locke. And Locke, though he may never have read the Schoolmen, certainly based himself upon those who had. He admits drawing upon the Fifteenth Century Sir John Fortescue, whose doctrine is pure Scholasticism, and upon Hooker, who had read his Aquinas and his Bellarmine. So close, indeed, is the Declaration of Independence to Catholic political doctrine that it has been suggested that Jefferson must have had a copy of Bellarmine on the table before him, or that Father John Carroll was his collaborator. Probably the closest Jefferson actually got to consulting Bellarmine was by reading Filmer's summary (hostile but in the main accurate) of the Cardinal's political philosophy. The Library of Congress possesses Jefferson's own copy of the "Patriarcha." With that and Locke, whose doctrine is Scholastic, he had all he needed.

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Catholics at once perceived the identity with their own of the principles of the Revolution. Here was a statement of their political philosophy freed from those Puritan reservations which specifically excluded Catholics from its operation. They perceived that the American cause was one with which they not only might but should associate themselves. I do not know how else to explain the part they took in the Revolution.

IV

In the war that followed they were destined to do their share, and more than their share, in the securing of American liberties. And once again it must be insisted upon that they supported the Continental Congress because of their belief in the justice of its cause. They could not have taken up the sword merely in the hope that, somehow or other, their grievances as Catholics would be redressed. At the time they did not foresee that the guarantee of religious liberty would ever become part of the Constitution. So late as 1779 we find John Carroll writing to his life-long English friend, Father Plowden, explaining that the treatment of Catholics was something over which Congress had no jurisdiction; that it depended upon the laws and constitutions of the States themselves.

While the new spirit which had found expression in America, and the fact that the country had found a powerful ally in Catholic France, created a better feeling towards Catholics, it was not until 1787 that the disabilities of Catholics were removed. Until then only Rhode Island and Virginia had conceded them full legal freedom. In five States, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Maryland and South Carolina, one form or other of the Protestant religion was safeguarded by establishment. The logic of events as well as the logic of the accepted political philosophy called for complete religious freedom, but it was won only after a bitter struggle and by a narrow margin. The ratification of the religious clause of the Constitution by the several States was only slowly accomplished: in fact one State, New Hampshire, is still officially Protestant. Catholics had indeed backed the right horse, but they had done so without close calculation of their own advantage. If they got more than the most sanguine among them expected, when their fidelity to principle is considered it must be admitted that they got no more than they deserved.

Had self-interest been at stake, then, as Father Guilday—who is *the* authority in this field—points out in his "Life and Times of John Carroll," "American Catholics in 1775 had little to choose in either side of the quarrel". Indeed, Father Guilday places side by side, with telling and terrible effect, three historic documents composed between October 21 and 26, 1774. The Address to the People of England expresses "Our astonishment that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country [Canada] a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and disbursed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world." Yet five days later the Canadians are apostrophised in the following terms:

> What is offered to you by the late Act of Parliament? . . . Liberty of conscience in your religion? No. God gave it to you. . . . We are all too well acquainted with the liberality of sentiment distinguishing your nation to imagine that difference of religion will prejudice you against a hearty amity with us.

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This really is a bit too thick. On the very day which that document was dated, the Petition to the King complained of his "establishing an absolute government and the Roman Catholic religion through those vast regions!" Hypocrisy could hardly go much further, nor could stupidity.

These conflicting addresses had the effect of keeping the Canadians from joining in the Revolution. Being Catholics almost to a man, they were not going to risk their new-found religious freedom by throwing in their lot with the Americans in a war not of their making. It was this justifiable distrust of the Colonials which kept them loyal to a Crown for which they had no enthusiasm. As it was, many Canadians did fight for the American cause.

The invasion of Canada under Schuyler, Montgomery and Benedict Arnold failed of its purpose. The clergy under Bishop Briand succeeded, but only barely succeeded, in keeping the *habitans* from taking up arms against England. Early in 1776 it was decided to send a committee of three (consisting of Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll) to Canada. This committee was accompanied by Carroll's brother John, who was afterwards to be the first American bishop, and who became so largely because of Franklin's recommendation, for on this mission he impressed Franklin with his ability and sound patriotism.

Their instructions from Congress were that they should give every guarantee to the Canadians for the unhampered practice of their religion. Charles Carroll, as an American Catholic, would be useful in negotiation with the American party in Canada; John Carroll, as a priest, would be invaluable in winning over the Canadian clergy.

But, as Father Guilday writes, "Unfortunately for all concerned, the cause was lost before the commissioners and Father Carroll left New York for Canada on April 2, 1776. Ten years before (June 21, 1766) Bishop Briand had taken possession of his see in Canada, and from that date till his death he was the staunchest supporter of British rule in Canada." One doubts, however, whether Briand would have been able single-handed to have held Canada for King George had not everybody in Canada known the anti-Catholic sentiments of the *Bostonnais*. Behind him stood Father John McKenna, who, with his congregation, had been driven out of the Mohawk Valley. While the commissioners might with perfect truth and honesty have argued that this expulsion was opposed to the true spirit of the new Republic, nobody could explain away the hypocrisy of the Addresses of 1774.

Canada was lost to the United States on the day when the Address to the People of Great Britain was composed. The documents written five days later only proved in the eyes of the Canadians that the Americans were liars as well as bigots. The phrase *Perfide Albion* was no longer heard. Instead Briand went stamping about raging of *Perfide Congrès*. So great was his abhorrence of the "rebels" that he refused to allow John Carroll to say Mass in Canada.

The Canadians of course were mistaken. Nevertheless, nothing can excuse the double dealing practised upon them; and they must be pardoned for not understanding the true nature of the Revolution, which was so thoroughly grasped by the Carrolls and in a dimmer fashion by the mass of American Catholics. The war had to take its course without aid from the Canadians except as individuals. History does not show a more striking example of the disas-

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trous consequences of religious intolerance.

It may be asked how it came about that the Canadian Catholics as a whole failed to see the issue in the same light as their American co-religionists. The answer is simple: it was due to a history very different from that of the Americans. They had not suffered persecution under any of their monarchs. In their eyes Protestantism was an anti-national thing, against which France had had to struggle. They took for granted the establishment of the Catholic faith, and also—which is, I think, a capital point—they were used to a considerable degree of subservience on the part of the hierarchy toward the Crown. The King was invested with an awful majesty, and though (being Catholics) they could never accord him divine right, yet (being Frenchmen) they came closer to doing that than any other Catholic people. Their political thinking was not colored, as was that of Englishmen—Catholics and Dissenters alike—with political concepts which derived either directly or indirectly from Suarez and Bellarmine. Except for this fact they might well have joined in the Revolutionary war. As it was, they were with some difficulty kept out of it.

The ultimate success of American arms was made sure by the French alliance. At Yorktown there were 8000 French soldiers, and in the French fleet outside there were another 20,000 men. These, however, did not fight as Catholics, nor were they present because of any French enthusiasm for democracy. They were engaged merely because France saw in the war a golden opportunity for settling some old scores with her old enemy.

The case of American Catholics is, as I hope I have shown, quite different. They did not fight specifically as Catholics, but because they saw in the American cause a justice which their political (and philosophical) education had trained them to perceive. It is not part of my purpose to indicate their contribution to American independence—though in passing one might single out the names of such men as Moylan, Barry, Fitzsimons, Daniel Carroll, Fitzgerald, Oliver Pollock and Orono, the Catholic chief of the Penobscot Indians—; all I wish to suggest is that American Catholics with few exceptions, not at the instigation of their clergy and not because of the compelling influence of their lay leaders, instinctively saw that the American cause was just, and that it was supported by Catholic teaching.

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WINE FROM AMERICAN GRAPES

BY PHILIP WAGNER

THE United States is the greatest natural grape-growing region in the world. Of the forty-odd species of grape that are known, twenty-three are native to North America; if natural endowment means anything, the United States should be considered a land of great viticultural promise. And true enough, it has been considered a land of such promise for nine centuries already. Lief the Lucky, on the evidence of his visit here, about 1,000 A.D., named it Wineland the Good.

And most of the later explorers, though none of them went so far as Lief, had very flattering things to say about our vines. Amadas and Barlow, who visited what is now Roanoke Island in 1584, found the land

> so full of grapes as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them . . . In all the world the like abundance is not to be found.

But the vast potential vineyard which they thought they saw remains almost wholly potential; and here I propose to set forth some of the more important reasons why, as well as to peer down the dim vistas of the viticultural future of the United States.

Practically all suitable wine grapes are the children of one great parent species, *Vitis vinifera,* the Old World grape. It was some variety of *vinifera* that Noah planted, unquestionably:

> And Noah began to be a husbandman, and planted a vineyard: and he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent. (Genesis IX, 20-23.)

Seeds of *vinifera* have been found in Egyptian sarcophagi, and in the excavations of lake-dwellings in Northern Italy. When the ancients sang of the vine they sang, specifically, about *vinifera.* Some 4,000 varieties of this single great species now grow in the vineyards and botanical gardens of Europe, the fruit of thousands of years of selection. There are varieties best suited to every type of European soil, others adapted to the heat of the Mediterranean basin or to the rigors of the Rhenish Winter, others notable for their great productivity, and some, usually fitful and reluctant producers, which, from the unique qualities of their wines, are known as the noble vines.

Among these noble vines are the Pinot and its several sub-varieties, from which all true Burgundies are made; the Riesling, which dominates the Rhine and Moselle districts; and the Cabernet and Sauvignon, which are the basic grapes of the most famous clarets. Others only less famous are the Pedro Ximenes and the Palomino, both sherry grapes; the Semillon, which is the grape of the Sauternes; and the Petite Sirah, of the Rhone valley.

When the first South Europeans came into the New World, through the West Indies and Central America, they brought

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their priests, and their priests brought the vine. As early as 1524, when Cortez was still Governor of Mexico, vines and cuttings were a part of every cargo. They thrived in Mexico, and from there were taken into Arizona, New Mexico, and finally California. The great boom in California viticulture, which is a story too complicated to be gone into here, did not begin for another three centuries, but the foundations for it were laid by the padres. The Mission, a grape still grown a good deal in California, though its wine is not of a quality to arouse any great excitement, is a European grape which got to California in this way. It is identical with the Monica, a Sardinian grape.

II

The early colonists of the Atlantic seaboard also brought vines with them, on the assumption that where wild grapes were to be found in such abundance the tame ones would do well. Promoters in Europe and in the Colonies organized one grape-growing enterprise after another. One was undertaken as early as 1616. The colonials sent back for vine-dressers and for the best vines they could get. The provincial assemblies sought to insure the success of these enterprises by the dubious device of passing laws. In Virginia bonuses were offered by the colony to those who should produce good wine from vineyards; on another occasion the same colony established penalties for failure to cultivate the grape.

These efforts to establish the European grape went on for at least two centuries. They were more remarkable for their persistence than for their good sense, since not one of them was successful. All sorts of reasons, except the right one, were put forward to explain the failures. The vine-dressers proved to be lazy, or were scalped, or ran away; a more attractive crop, such as tobacco, lured the proprietor. The truth is that invariably "a sickness took hold of the vines". No one seemed to realize, save an occasional crank, that the European vine would not necessarily flourish where American vines would. That conditions in Mexico and California turned out to be congenial to it was only a happy accident. In Eastern America it succumbed to the indigenous diseases.

The plants were met and conquered by a grape pest called the *phylloxera vitifoliæ*, a tiny louse which attacked the leaves and roots. The European vines all had succulent roots, and the lice fell upon these with great relish: a couple of years of this feeding and the vine was dead. But the roots of our native vines were hard and firm and offered scant foothold for the louse. They were also equipped (the various species in different degree) to ward off a dozen native worms and mildews, all of them fatal to the tender Old World vines. If the early settlers had given less thought to those Old World vines and more to the taming of the native species the course of American viticulture might have been different.

Yet it is inaccurate to say that the native grapes were entirely neglected. Certain species, even in their wild state, were found to be suitable for eating and wine-making: the fox-grape, or *V. labrusca*, which chokes the woods of New England, the Appalachians and the North Central States; the chicken-grape, a common name which covers several species, notably *V. æstivalis* and *V. riparia*; and the strange Muscadine grapes of the South, which have a hundred local names. As early as 1623 Captain John Smith reported that one kind of wild grape (probably *æstivalis*) yielded a good dry red wine.

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And there are scattered records of individual experiments in domesticating other kinds and in making wine from them. In the South there even grew up a modest trade in the wines of the Muscadines.

But it is easy to understand why interest in these native grapes was slow to develop. For they are radically different from the Old World species, not merely in the structure of their vines but in the qualities of the fruit. The wild American kinds contain much less sugar and much more acid than the European, and they are so different in appearance, flavor and smell that they are apt to startle and dismay the connoisseur at the first tasting. One must learn to enjoy the sharp tang of the Muscadines, and the faint suggestion of polecat which lurks beneath; and this is true likewise of the foxy grapes (Concord has this foxiness). Such flavors, translated into wine, come strange to the palate bred on claret and Burgundy.

III

The first real impetus to the cultivation of the native grapes was accidental. A Swiss named John Dufour organized, at the end of the Eighteenth Century, the Kentucky Vineyard Society, his plan being to grow European grapes on a large tract in Kentucky, one of the few settled regions where they had not yet been tried and found wanting. His enterprise failed, like all of its predecessors, after the production of a few driblets of wine. His vines were seized with the "sickness"—all except one, which thrived.

This grape, called the Cape, he had got from an American who believed it to be a *vinifera* variety. The news of it spread rapidly, and before long certain iconoclasts were suggesting that it was not a European variety at all, but a bastard American which had fallen accidentally among its high-born cousins. Dufour denied this hotly, and fought with all the savagery of an aroused pomologist to "save its character". He died fighting, convinced that the European grape had at last been established successfully on American soil. But subsequent examination showed the Cape to be a pure native variety. It is only a piece of pomological history now, for far better kinds have displaced it. But it served its purpose: it made the native grape respectable.

It was during this period also that the Catawba, which for years afterward was the principal cultivated American grape, first made its appearance. Its actual origin, like that of the Cape, is a mystery. Hedrick says in "The Grapes of New York" that it made its début in 1823, in the garden of one John Adlum, in the District of Columbia; and Mr. Adlum said that he got the cuttings from a Mrs. Scholl, of Montgomery county, Maryland. The Scholls had always called this grape Catawba; but Mrs. Scholl's father, to the great loss of science, died before he could be pinned down as to where he got it. The late T. V. Munson, a botanist and a historian of the grape, said that it was found wild in the woods near the Catawba river, in North Carolina, in 1801, but he gave no evidence to support his statement.

There is also considerable mystery as to the Catawba's botanical pedigree. Some believe it to be a pure seedling of *labrusca*, the wild fox grape; others are convinced that it is a hybrid, and the out-spoken Munson wrote that it contains some *vinifera* blood, perhaps transmitted to some wild vine from one of the abortive vineyards of European cuttings. But all this may be left safely to the genealogists: the point is that it yielded a native wine

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which was the first to receive serious and respectful attention. The original Nicholas Longworth, a man of immense labors in behalf of his country, planted it in his vineyards near Cincinnati in 1825; in return the Catawba established the everlasting fame, and more perdurable fortune, of the House of Longworth.

Within a decade of this, grape culture had become a modest but commercially successful industry. The Catawba was planted even more extensively in North Carolina than in Ohio, for this grape is slow to ripen and in the North it is sometimes nipped by an early frost. Several other varieties had also been introduced and had achieved some popularity. In Virginia and the Carolinas a seedling of the wild *V. æstivalis*, known as Norton's Seedling (now simply Norton), was being cultivated. This grape is still deemed the best of the native red wine grapes, and at present seems to be grown most extensively in the island vineyards of Lake Erie.

In the South also the Muscadines, which constitute a family that is quite distinct from all other native species, forged steadily ahead. These grapes grow on vines which assume vast proportions, spreading sometimes over several acres and supported by trunks many feet in diameter. There are both white and black varieties of the Muscadines. The berries do not grow in bunches, but in clusters of four or five; they are very large, possess thick leathery skins, and are soft and mushy within. Their powerful scent has already been alluded to. The best of the dark kinds are the James and the Flowers, but most popular of all is the bronzy-green Scuppernong.

There are many "original" Scuppernong vines. One of these stands on Roanoke Island; another, thought to have been found by a member of Sir Walter Raleigh's colony in 1554, was still standing on an island in the Scuppernong river, North Carolina, a few years ago. It was originally supported by a tree, which died and rotted away, leaving the vine standing on its own huge trunk.

In New England and the Northern States generally, the mainstay was the Isabella, a good-looking blue grape developed from the wild *labrusca*; but it lacked sufficient sugar to qualify as a wine grape. The Clinton, a cultivated variety of *riparia*, was also being grown in the North to some extent. It is a small blue grape of no value for eating; but its wine, despite a good deal of harshness in its early youth, has many admirers.

By 1850 there were prosperous vineyards in the Ohio river valley, in Central New Jersey, in the Hudson river valley, along the south shore of Lake Erie around Cleveland, in certain parts of the Carolinas, and in a part of Missouri around the town of Hermann. (This latter district later earned considerable attention for a native white wine grape, the Missouri Riesling.) The Finger Lake region in Central New York, which was to become the greatest of all native grape regions, the Rhine of America, had not yet begun to fulfill its destiny, although several pious men, notably Deacon Elijah Fay and the Rev. William Bostwick, had established vineyards in those parts and were maintaining the traditional affiliation between church and vine.

IV

Then, in 1852, occurred a great pivotal event in the history of American grape culture: the Concord made its appearance. Its introduction was important mainly because it turned the attention of grape growers away from wine and toward the

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table. This grape was grown by E. W. Bull, of Concord, and first exhibited before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. The person who is unacquainted with the hair-trigger passions of the viticulturist simply cannot imagine the furore which it caused. Here are the reasons for the Concord's immediate success: it produces so cheaply and abundantly that it wipes out competition; it grows almost anywhere; it is immune to practically all of the vine diseases and thrives under neglect; it travels well and withstands storage; it is hardy; it is good to look at.

But it is a rotten wine grape. Its strong foxy flavor has just about as much subtlety as a Laurel and Hardy comedy, and its sugar content is so low that wine cannot be made from it at all without the addition of sugar. The success of the Concord, demonstrating so completely the fitness of American grapes for the table, was the greatest blow to the cultivation of native wine types that we have ever had. When presently it proved also to be ideal for making bottled grape juice, its success became a riot. Nine-tenths of all the native grapes grown today are of this one variety.

But the Concord, to give it grudging credit, was important in another way. At the time of its exhibition Mr. Bull thought it to be a hybrid, a cross between the wild fox grape and the Catawba. It is now denied that it is anything but a pure seedling of the wild vine; but the possibilities of developing new types by crossing were nevertheless well advertised. In the two decades which followed, American fruit growers, amateur and professional, went hybrid-mad. New varieties, from parents crossed at random, were produced and exhibited by the hundreds. Most of these were worthless, the unhappy offspring of woefully unsuitable marriages, but some showed promise.

Attempts to cross the European varieties with the native grapes were particularly interesting, although most of the resulting hybrids were also failures in which were fused the worst characteristics of the European vines and the worst characteristics of the American fruit. But among the second- and third-generation hybrids (those containing a quarter of *vinifera* blood or less) there have been some remarkable successes. The greatest of these was (and is) the Delaware, which was named after Delaware, Ohio, where it was first brought to public attention, and not after the State. It is difficult to resist growing lyrical over this lovely fruit. It is small and delicately formed, pale rose in color with a bloom of grayish lavender, and it grows in bunches that are plump and voluptuous: it is the finest of all our white wine grapes, by general agreement.

During this period also the American grapes made their famous expedition of mercy to France. In the late 50's certain of them had been carried to Europe by the French, who were combating a vine disease called oidium. In transplanting them, however, they introduced into Europe an even more dreadful pest, the phylloxera. The next two decades were years which the French still remember with horror, for no way could be found to stop the relentless march of the pest. It was soon scattered through Germany, Switzerland, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, Turkey; but its worst ravages took place in France, where the natural conditions most favored its spread. The French finally hit upon the desperate expedient of bringing over more American vines for stocks, and on these grafting their own vines. The experiment succeeded, and in time vine-stocks congenial to all the principal European varieties were developed from American plants. Grafting remains

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to this day the only sure protection against phylloxera.

Until the 80's the growers of our native grapes had the field to themselves. If they had not developed a great industry, it was because two centuries had gone by before the possibilities of the native grape were appreciated. But now they began to face the competition of California. There, after the fever of the gold boom began to wear off, the cultivation of grapes was taken up where the padres had left it. The leader in this was a Hungarian, a kinetic individual named Agaston Haraszthy, who had grown vines in his native country and who saw that California, unlike the land east of the Rockies, was peculiarly suited to the European vines. Colonel Haraszthy, and later his equally energetic sons Arpad and Attila, went in for viticulture with great zeal, and others followed them.

In 1862 Colonel Haraszthy was sent by the State to Europe (Arpad went along), and he returned after a whirlwind tour of the principal winelands with no less than 200,000 cuttings from the finest vines that he could find. In little time California was producing wines of all the important European types, from the European grapes: it went further, and produced the wines of all the important French chateaux. By 1880 the shipments of California wines to the East had reached such proportions as seriously to menace what little Eastern wine-making there was. Before long California was growing about 85% of all the grapes grown in this country, for whatever purpose, a proportion and Attila, went in for viticulture with slight fluctuations, to this day.

With Prohibition disposed of, the question of the source and variety of our native wines will again be a subject of polite discussion. It is not generally realized that during the period of Prohibition the production of wine in the United States steadily increased. The total growth of grapes in 1917 was 1,446,000 tons, about 84% being grown in California, but by 1931 it had increased to 1,967,000 tons. According to the careful computations of Dr. Clark Warburton, in his study of "The Economic Results of Prohibition," approximately 1,108,000 tons of this crop went into the production of 166,000,000 gallons of wine, most of it illegal. The consumption of wine, he estimates, was 65% greater in 1927-30 than in 1911-14. There is no need to discuss the painful subject of the quality of this Prohibition wine; Dr. Warburton's estimates are mentioned merely to demonstrate that the demand for wines is likely to be a good deal larger after Prohibition than it was before—a market certainly worth going after.

V

There can be little doubt that California wines will assume their dominance immediately. The Californians have at this moment millions of gallons in their cellars, which are all the better for their enforced seclusion. Also, the California vines are more prolific and are cheaper to grow than the native varieties grown in the East. Another thing: the California wines, being grown from the wine grapes of Europe, are familiar to everyone who knows wine at all and so find usually a readier acceptance.

But the fact that they are grown from the European vineyards is a drawback as well as an advantage, for it means that they must always suffer the reputation of being imitations. The early California vintners accepted this burden without repining, and the majority of them sought, by blending and by less legitimate means, to reproduce the European types as accu-

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rately as possible, even down to the labels. Sometimes, indeed, these gentlemen went even further, shipping their wine by sea to Bordeaux, where it was blended and bottled by the skillful wine doctors who inhabit that port and shipped back to the Eastern States as "French" wine. This enabled the thrifty French to sell their wine and have it too.

The handicap of California is the advantage of our native grapes. Their wines are definitely and aggressively different from those of Europe, in bouquet, flavor, body and every other characteristic. They are our real wines of the country. And every wine-lover who is also a patriot must find satisfaction in seeing these wines brought to a position where they may stand on an equal footing with the wines of every other wine-growing country.

Yet there are many obstacles to the attainment of this goal. The competition of California has been mentioned. There is also the fact that for eighty years the emphasis among growers of native grapes has been entirely away from the production of wine grapes and toward the production of grapes for the table and for grape juice. Table grapes, in which appearance and keeping qualities come first, seldom make good wine grapes.

As for the baneful influence of grape juice—what can one say? A good grape-juice grape must be everything that a wine grape is not. It must be low in sugar, or the grape juice will be cloying, and for the same reason it must have an excessive amount of acid; it must also have a very pronounced flavor and odor before fermentation (most wine grapes are odorless, developing their bouquet after fermentation).

The Concord fills these specifications admirably, and since it is also a popular table grape, and fine for grape marmalade, the cuttings of Mr. Bull's original Concord vine now furnish nine-tenths of all the native grapes grown. Of the remaining 10%, the larger proportion is given over to our second most popular grape, the green Niagara, which is no better for wine than the Concord.

Another difficulty has also been the apparent lack of interest of our pomologists, who are the men to whom we must look for the improvement of established varieties and the development of new. Munson, who might be called the Burbank of the American grape, made several thousand hybrids. But he confessed to a personal preference for unfermented grape juice, and his great object was to work out a series of table-grape varieties which, grown commercially, would supply our tables with grapes, blue, red and white, continuously from the first of August to the last of November. A laudable enterprise, surely; but not of much interest to the wine-maker.

Hedrick, the distinguished author of "The Grapes of New York", is a systematic pomologist and just as interested in the apple, the pear, and the sour cherry; and furthermore, the New York State Agricultural Experiment Station, of which he is director, has done much more for table grapes than for wine grapes. The Department of Agriculture has done the greater part of its viticultural work in California; but even when working directly with wine grapes it resorts to the most ludicrous subterfuges. Wine grapes are "juice grapes" so far as the Department is concerned. In brief, our experimenters have produced fifty table-grape varieties for every one having plausible possibilities for wine-making.

Yet there are good wine types now, and there is every reason to believe that the future will yield more. The Delaware is

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grown a good deal in the Finger Lake region (thanks to the fact that it also happens to be in demand for the table), and with the ending of Prohibition Delaware wine will be available. The Norton is grown on the Lake Erie islands, the Catawba may occasionally be found, and scattered growers, mostly enlightened amateurs, still cling to the Clinton, the Cynthiana, the Rommel, the Missouri Riesling, the Diana, the America, the Bacchus, the Diamond, the Ives, the Lenoir, and various others.

It took Europe many centuries to develop its thousands of varieties from a single species. The possibilities of America's twenty-three species (there are species which thrive in every part of the country except the great plains area and the extreme northerly sections) have so far been hardly scratched. Munson's achievement in developing hundreds of useful varieties in a single lifetime, and the achievements of the earlier giants of American viticulture, Prince, Rogers and Rommel, show what can be done when intelligence and zeal are bent to this great task. Only these, and patience, are needed to bring forth the full possibilities of our rich vinous endowment.

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FANTASIA IMPROMPTU

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES

WHEN going into battle read the Old Testament. When the enemy has a bayonet at your heart read him the New Testament.

II

The "truths" that come down the ages, from the earliest recorded time to the present, are like a long string of grasshoppers standing in single file who jump over one another's backs. They continue without pause, always "moving ahead", until they arrive over and over again at the point where they began. And where was that?

III

Soliloquy of a new-born child: Out of Nothing into a Something; out of a No into a Yes; out of Where was I? into What am I?; out of a possibility into a maybe; out of a sleep into a sweat; out of Nullity into Bolony.

IV

I lie; therefore I persist. The art of survival is the art of lying to yourself heroically, continuously, creatively. The senses lie to the mind; the mind lies to the senses. The truth-seeker is a liar; he is hunting for happiness, not truth. This instinct to lie is really Creative Will. Invent your lying formula and stick to it until you get a better one. Animals cannot lie to themselves, and therefore there is no mental or spiritual evolution among them. The agnostic is the supreme liar. For he *does* know.

V

I always write as if the outside world, the public, did not exist—until some one says to me "That's great stuff!" or "That's lousy!" Then I know what a liar I am.

VI

The Perfect State will be organized for the greatest good of the *smallest* number. It will compel the people to work for the upkeep of its men of genius. . . . Yes, Louis, I'll take another Scotch.

VII

The quality of our laughter is determined by the quantity of our hells.

VIII

There is a kind of sweetness of character that stinks.

IX

The game of mathematics was invented by some man to while away his boredom, as the monks invented playing-cards to keep their minds off certain indelicate matters.

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X

If a people be well fed and well housed it cares nothing about the form of government under which it lives or the honesty or rottenness of that government.

XI

Hope is a savings-bank run by the Kreugers.

XII

Belief of any kind is impossible without some degree of intolerance.

XIII

Can you recall a woman who ever showed you with pride her library?

XIV

The honest man is one whom the world both respects and plunders.

XV

Whatever exists aspires to tell a pretty lie about itself.

XVI

Progress is nothing but the victory of laughter over dogma.

XVII

If Newton, Copernicus, Darwin and Einstein had never lived, it would not make the slightest difference to me. Johann Strauss and his waltzes are worth the whole gang.

XVIII

My studies in speculative philosophy, metaphysics and science are all summed up in the image of a mouse called Man running in and out of every hole in the Cosmos hunting for the Absolute Cheese.

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SOMETHING STARTING OVER

BY THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

You don't see buffalo skulls very much any more
On the Chugwater buttes or down the Cheyenne plains,
And when you roll at twilight over a draw,
With ages in your heart and hills in your eyes,
You can get about as much from a Model-T,
Stripped and forgotten in a sage arroyo,
As you can from asking the blue peaks over and over:
"Will something old come back again tonight?
Send something back to tell me what I want."

I do not know how long forever is,
But today is going to be long long ago,
There will be flint to find, and chariot wheels,
And silver saxophones the angels played,
So I ask myself if I can still remember
How a myth began this morning and how the people
Seemed hardly to know that something was starting over.

Oh, I get along all right with the old old times,
I've seen them sifting the ages in Nebraska
On Signal Butte at the head of Kiowa creek.
(You can drink from the spring where they say that Roubadeau
Had his forge and anvil up in Cedar Valley,
You can look back down the valley toward Scottsbluff
And still see dust clouds on the Oregon trail.)
I entered the trench they cut through Signal Butte,
And I pulled a buffalo bone from the eight-foot layer,
And I watched the jasper shards and arrowheads
Bounce in the jigging screen through which fell dust
Of antelope and pieces of the world
Too small to have a meaning to the sifters.

One of them said, when I held the bone in my hand:
"This may turn out to be the oldest bison
In North America," and I could have added:
"How strange, for this is one of the youngest hands

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That ever squeezed a rubber bulb to show
How helium particles shoot through water vapor."
And the dry wind out of Wyoming might have whispered:
"Today is going to be long long ago."

I know how it smells and feels to sift the ages,
But something is starting over and I say
It's just as beautiful to see the yucca
And cactus blossoms rising out of a Ford
In a sage arroyo on the Chugwater flats,
And pretend you see the carbon dioxide slipping
Into the poverty weed, and pretend you see
The root hairs of the buffalo grass beginning
To suck the vanadium steel of an axle to pieces,
An axle that took somebody somewhere,
To moving picture theaters and banks,
Over the ranges, over the cattle-guards,
Took people to dance-halls and cemeteries—
I like to think of them that way together:
Dance-halls and cemeteries, bodies beginning
To come together in dance-halls where the people
Seem hardly to know that hymns are beginning too;
There's a hymn in the jerk of the sand-hill crawl of the dancers,
And all the gods are shining in their eyes;
Their bodies separating and going alone
Into the tilting uphill cemeteries,
Under the mesas, under the rimrock shadows.

I can look at an axle in a sage arroyo,
And hear them whispering, the back-seat lovers,
The old myth-makers, starting something over.

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THE SOAP-BOX

STABILIZED ANNUITIES

Mr. G. W. Fitch, in his "One Way to Security In Old Age" in The American Mercury for December, makes out a very good case for annuities, but does not touch on one big objection to them, namely, that they are paid out in dollars rather than in purchasing power. The importance of this objection becomes apparent when the fluctuations in the cost of living are considered. If the insured is to be paid, say, $150 a month after 1960, what warrant has he that the money will buy him even the ordinary necessities of life?

Insurance men usually answer that the same objection obtains to any other form of investment payable in dollars—bonds, savings accounts, etc.,—and that the insured may gain, as well as lose, since the future cost of living may well be lower rather than higher. That, of course, is true, but it does not alter the fact that annuities still have some element of a gamble about them. And that, of course, is precisely what the insured is trying to eliminate when he buys one.

During recent years the use of a standard-price index has been proposed to eliminate the gamble in business transactions. Why couldn't such an index be applied to very good advantage in the annuity field? If it were adopted, the insurance company would guarantee to return to the insured, not x dollars, but dollars in sufficient amount to purchase x commodities. In other words, an annuity bought today would return to the insured, after the age of sixty, not $150 a month, but sufficient dollars every month to buy what $150 buys today. If, then, the cost of living, by 1960, had doubled, the insured would receive $300 a month; if it had decreased 20%, he would receive $120; and his remaining monthly pay-checks would vary exactly as the general cost of living, as reflected by the index, varied.

Naturally, such a plan would involve a great deal of extra bookkeeping, and quite a bit of public education, since most people still think in terms of dollars rather than of purchasing power. But these disadvantages probably would be more than offset by the resultant elimination of the gamble, which would make annuities really the one way to security in old age.

Cincinnati. L. C. Beutel

PRISON GUARDS

I wish to make perhaps somewhat clearer certain statements which appear in Mr. Victor F. Nelson's "Ethics and Etiquette in Prison" in last December's issue of The American Mercury. I particularly want to make clear the fact that Mr. Nelson is presenting definitely a personal point of view, namely, that of the reflective, intelligent man who has had prison experience.

About the guards. . . . Naturally, guards are not selected from the higher walks of life or of education. They correspond on the whole to the unskilled workman type, although now and then a man enters this work who has been a mechanic or a clerk. The job selects something of the policeman type of individual. In the main, their reactions to the prisoner are the reactions of

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the average man in the community who is entrusted with some power over other men. The relationship existing between prisoner and institution is one of force, and consequently, the guard reflects that attitude.

I do not believe that the guards are, on the whole, in most of the prisons, more brutal than the average man would be under similar circumstances. Certainly, in the county jails of Massachusetts they are an easy-going lot who have, however, no faith that a prisoner can be reformed in any special way and are distinctly not educators. Like most men they want the easiest way out of their work, and their evaluation of their man depends on the amount of trouble he gives them. Upon the man who makes trouble their power descends. Toward the man who makes no trouble, in their definition of the word, they are tolerant and easy-going. So long as the prison remains what it is, the guard will be, on the whole, no better or worse than the system under which he operates.

I think it can safely be said that the prison is a direct reflection of the community in which it is located. Where there is brutality, the community on the whole tends to be brutal in its treatment of the under-dog, as for example, in the South. Where there is some effort made at reform and humane treatment, the community is, generally speaking, enlightened, as in Massachusetts, New York and other of the great States. Most prisons make no real effort to reform the prisoners. To do so would mean employing men of education, confronted with the most difficult task of educating, namely, to change the general personality reactions of adults.

Probably the most cruel part of prison life at the present time is the complete breakdown of the occupational system. Naturally, at a time when men in the free world are unemployed by the million, there is little or nothing to do for the men confined in the prisons. Thus, in one county jail where I visit, and in which on the whole there is a humane attitude toward the prisoner so far as the capacity of the jail permits, many men are twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four in their cells. With the best will in the world to find them something to do, prison officials are unable to furnish them any work. Six months to a year of this kind of life is more demoralizing than any brutality on the part of guards or prison officials.

ABRAHAM MYERSON, M.D.

Boston, Mass.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

BOTH as a writer and as a man, George S. Schuyler is one of the most civilized personalities that I have encountered on the American scene. He stimulates more differences of opinion than any other Negro writer. His column, "Views and Reviews", published in the Pittsburgh *Courier*, is the most discussed column in Negro America. I have heard his opinions attacked and defended in barber-shops, Jim Crow cars, pool rooms, classrooms, churches, and drawing-rooms. Criticisms of him have run from the sublime to the ridiculous. He gets a big kick out of reading the adverse ones. One evening in his apartment on Sugar Hill he showed me a scrapbook full of them, and I had many a hearty laugh myself.

I have often wished that he would write his autobiography. I have even wished it were possible for him to preach his own funeral sermon. I am sure that the railroads would suffer no longer from the Depression, for Aframerica would send her hundreds of thousands. They would come for a multitude of reasons, but everybody would enjoy himself. In "Our Gift to

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America", George Schuyler wrote the greatest satire on the race problem in this country that has ever been written. I showed it to a white classmate of mine at Columbia last Winter and he exclaimed: "That's the best thing of its kind I ever read! It is Swift in one of his supreme moments."

Once I heard Mrs. Schuyler say that the ironist had a streak of sentiment in him. However, I had not been able to discover that trait in his writings until I read "Black Art" in the November issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Grandma is an unforgettable character. She is delineated with sympathetic understanding against a perfect background. The sketch is rich in its revelations. It is truly interpretative of Negro lowly life. It has the golden ring.

MELVIN BEAUNORUS TOLSON
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DODSWORTH VS. SWANN

IN LAST December's issue of The Soap-Box there is a definition of love, signed by R. W. H. Have we another Proust or another plagiarist? R. W. H.'s definition runs this way: Love is the mutual recognition of common weaknesses. Our French analyst puts it this way: The bonds that unite us to another creature receive their consecration when that creature adopts the same point of view as ourself in judging one of our imperfections. ("Within a Budding Grove," by Marcel Proust, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff; New York, 1930, p. 56.)

Perhaps this will serve as a delicate distinction between American directness and Gallic verbosity in the matter of definition. Or between Sam Dodsworth and M. Swann.

Haverford, Penna. RICHARD W. FOSTER

THE WAR OF 1870

IN "Officers and Gentlemen," in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for November, Mr. Hoffman Nickerson says:

> With his own ears the writer heard this individual [a "ranker" officer] say in a lecture that the Prussians won in 1870 because they had put their money into railroads whereas the French had put theirs into fortresses. Months afterward, the head of the A.E.F. Historical Section remarked that it would have been difficult to cram more errors into a short sentence; the only true statement was that the Prussians had won.

Of the 120,000,000-odd inhabitants of the United States everyone, excepting perhaps "the odd," will probably accept this paragraph at its face value. Yet even the last line of it is erroneous, for it was not the Prussians who won that war of 1870, but the Germans. That may sound like hair-splitting to most people, inasmuch as in 1870 the German Empire was not yet in existence, according to the common run of our history books. True, it was not so in name, but it was in fact. And an earnest historian should go by facts, not by popular notions. Even a historian of the A.E.F. ought to do better.

The last war fought by Prussia single-handed was that of 1866 against Austria and the Southern German States. In 1867 the founding of the North-German Federation, with Prussia as its head was accomplished. For the time being, the Southern German States remained independent; this, however, was more or less fiction, inasmuch as all of them concluded secret treaties of offense and defense with the Northern States. They also concluded commercial treaties with them, and an all-embracing tariff law was enacted. The first German Reichstag did not convene after the "Franco-Prussian War" of 1870/71, as almost everybody seems to assume,

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but on February 24, 1867, and the first German constitution, including universal male and secret suffrage, was worked out by this body and passed on April 16 of the same year. To all practical intents and purposes the German Empire was an accomplished fact then.

Consequently, the idea underlying the designation "Franco-Prussian War" is a fallacy of the first order. No German ever heard of it; he calls that campaign, absolutely correctly, *der deutsch-französische Krieg*, meaning German-French War, for it pitted all of France against all of Germany. With the same justification as appears in the first designation, one might call the Civil War the Texas-Union War. That this misleading and positively incorrect designation has crept into nearly all of the history books of the world is due to the French, who wanted to make it appear as if poor, peace-loving France was wantonly attacked by the rapacious and war-like Prussians, and that the other German States really did not want to fight, but were compelled to do so by that Hunnish tribe. The same scheme was worked again in the World War, and three-quarters of the world fell for it with the same beautiful thud as in 1870.

Elkhurst, L. I. CARL SUESSER

"AN INDEX IS LACKING"

THE AMERICAN MERCURY's crusade for indexes in books must have the support of every serious reader. But it should not be forgotten that there are indexes and indexes. I have come upon some of late that were worse than useless. In this connection I am sent back to an observation printed in *Notes & Queries* years ago. Here is an extract:

> Most indexes are greatly impaired in usefulness by the modesty of the compiler. When a writer has made as many as two entries of one paragraph he generally thinks it a great stretch, and fears he will be accused of something like boasting if he puts it again under another and another heading. But it is a more profitable form of modesty to forget himself altogether, and consider only the reader's advantage, and how to make the matter at his disposal most available.

There follows this:

> Multitudes of desired items lie buried under one's hand, lost and useless, because the mind that indexed them thought of them under one category, and the mind that wants to unearth them searches for them under another category. But the searcher, occupied with his subject, ought to find his reference ready to hand, and not have to rack his brain over possible relations of it. It is the index-maker who should make it his business to do that, and hold the subject ready for all the various classes who are likely to want it. Complete indexing involves repetition. It is far from the easy task it is too often credited with being, and great is the havoc habitually resulting from delivering it over to inferior hands.

These "inferior hands", I greatly fear, have almost a monopoly of the indexing business in some American publishing houses.

Utica, N. Y. HARTLEY BEECHER

DOGS ARE PHILOSOPHERS

EX-HUMANIST, who writes on Dogism in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for October, need have no doubt about the spirituality of dogs. They *do* have their code. (1) They never neglect a tree. (2) They never refuse the hospitality offered in the toss of a bone. (3) They are stand-patters, either for or agin. (4) They are philosophers who believe in living for the day only, and as such should be rated with the Walt Whitmans and the Aimée Semple McPherson Huttons. (5) In their lone life they disbelieve in inhibitions and inhibitors.

Baldwin Park, Calif. DOG-CATCHER

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NOT A PERFECT CURE

It is pleasing to note that Mr. Jacob Holt, from the eminence of The Soap-Box for last December, has perfected "A Sure Cure at Last." There is, however, one slight error in his perfect plan. Under "State groups to be formed" he lists Idaho with Oregon and Washington, and Utah with Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. The gentleman knows his geography, but not his theology. Every informed person west of the Mississippi knows that any political group containing Utah must also contain all of Idaho and at least the northern half of Arizona, this territory being the unquestioned kingdom of Brigham Young (deceased), now under the control of Apostle Smoot's only peer and immediate superior. To include New Mexico in the unit containing Utah would gum things up something terrible. The good padres who control the peon vote south of the Temple might insist on teaching the Roman catechism in the public schools of Zion, thus replacing the newer revelations of Joe Smith, late of Carthage, Ill. Such a condition of affairs might lead to revolution, and could never be tolerated by us Mormons. Otherwise, Mr. Holt's sure cure is probably just about perfect.

Salt Lake City, Utah CHARLES KELLY

ADVICE TO THE SANCTIFIED

I submit a preliminary programme for restoring the long-lost dignity of the church and clergy.

As to the church:

1. Let it quit messing around in politics.

2. Let it stay out of the public schools.

3. Let it have the decency to insist on paying taxes on its several billion dollars' worth of taxable property.

4. Let it preach to its constituencies, letting alone the atheists, adulterers, boozers, and gamblers, and chasten its own illegitimate children, the Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., the religious lobbies in Washington, and the Societies for the Suppression of Vice.

As to the corps of clergy:

1. Let it cease to esteem itself the guardian of public morals, but rather see to the uprightness of its own parishes.

2. Let it lay off dictating to conscience.

3. Let it cut out begging for deductions on standard hospital and railroad rates, and bullying merchants into granting discounts that they dare not refuse for fear of boycott.

4. Let it shut up shop as supreme authority in every field of knowledge. Christians who have been fleeced in wildcat speculations recommended by their faithful and trusted shepherds are legion.

5. Let it have the modesty to refrain from prefixing a wholly honorary title before its own several signatures. Did He sign His name, The Rev. Mr. Jesus Christ?

CANDIDATE IN THEOLOGY
Lutheran Theological Seminary
Thiensville, Wis.

NEWS THE PAPERS MISS

Recently when I was in Oberammergau I was informed that Anton Lang, the Christus of the Passion Play, had become a follower of Hitler. Now, I suppose, he should be referred to as the Nazi-rene.

Munich PHILIP GOODMAN

GOETHE & YO-YO

Did Goethe play yo-yo? In an epigram, written during his stay in Venice in 1790, I find:

Welch ein lustiges Spiel! Es windet am Faden die Schribe.

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Die von der Hand entflok, eilig sich
wieder herauf . . .

Ashland, Calif. ELLEN EKSTROM

WHERE IS SHE?

APROPOS of former contributors, what has become of Mrs. Frances Anne Allen, whose article "The Vestments of the Male" in the June, 1928, issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY, which I came across the other day, has given me more than one good laugh?

Kitchener, Ont. J. A. LAW

ROCKEFELLER CITY

IT IS proposed to call the southerly building Colossity, the northerly one Monstrosity, and the middle one Atrocity.

New York BOLTON HALL

QUERIES

28. THE ORIGIN OF SHAVING.—The Egyptian Pharaohs, as they have come down to us in statues, are almost invariably clean shaven, while the Babylonian Kings are nearly always bearded. Again, judging by the extant statues, the Greek Kings and philosophers rejoiced in large and handsome beards, while Cicero and Caesar never had any. As for the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, I don't know. The paintings and statues of those days do not reveal a common practice either way. Nowadays, as everybody knows, shaving is almost a universal custom, and it is becoming more rare every day to see beards, even on older men. What is the origin of shaving, and what has been its history? Is there any book or monograph on the subject?

Tacoma, Wash. ALBERT P. LA PAZ

29. OXFORD.—Who was it that first called Oxford "the home of lost causes"? The reference books available here in Bermuda give me no light.

Hamilton, Bermuda LEONARD GAREY

30. STAMMERING.—Does any reader know of a real cure for stammering? There are many methods that are claimed to cure, but has any stammerer in the U. S. A. ever been cured by them?

New York City A READER

31. WHAT IS OBSCENE?—I am making a collection of definitions of obscenity, legal, moral, and theological. Perhaps your readers can help me. Personal definitions also interest me. If possible, I desire exact references, showing name of book, place of publication, date and page.

Oxford, England L. V. KATIN

REPLIES

8. WHITMAN & THE PROFESSORS.—For a number of years I have been collecting data with reference to the reactions of Whitman's contemporaries to the poet and his "Leaves of Grass." I have questioned half a hundred Americans who were graduated from higher institutions of learning before the onset of the Whitman renaissance (approximately 1910).

I have found but one notable exception to the rule that the Good Gray Poet was tabooed by American professors before 1900. That exception was Professor Hiram Corson. Students at Girard College as early as 1859, at St. John's College (Annapolis) from 1866 to 1870, and at Cornell from 1870 to 1903, have informed me that Corson regarded Whitman as a great poet and frequently referred to him in his lectures. I have no information that he was ever mentioned by any other American college professor before his death. Several graduates, one of a women's college, have told me that they heard of him in the eighties from fellow students, but not from their instructors.

Cornell excepted, the attitude of Harvard is probably typical of the older higher institutions of learning in the East. William Roscoe Thayer, who took his A.B. there in 1881, says that "Leaves of Grass" was forbidden general circulation by the college library. Edward Carpenter, an English protagonist of Whitman, refers in his "Days and Dreams" to a visit in 1878 to several men of letters who had been connected with Harvard—Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes. "Holmes and Lowell objected to what they called the nakedness of 'Leaves of Grass'." Carpenter replied that its nakedness was no more than the nakedness of a Greek statue, and that it

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would flavor the dish of American letters for a great many centuries. "But," adds Carpenter, "it was obvious that I might have argued with the wind."

Following Whitman's death in 1892, I have found a number of American college graduates who testify that they learned of him from their instructors, among whom were the late Professor Martin W. Sampson, who was at Stanford in 1891-1893, at Indiana in 1893-1906, and at Cornell from 1908 until his untimely death in 1931; and Professor George Rice Carpenter, who was at Columbia from 1892 until his death in 1915. Stuart P. Sherman at Illinois and Bliss Perry at Harvard were interested in Whitman before 1910. There may have been others.

How altogether different the attitude of some of the professors in the great universities in England, Ireland, and the Continent —Cambridge, Oxford, Manchester, and Dublin in particular. John Addington Symonds tells us that he learned of Whitman through Frederic Myers, an instructor at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1865, and Edward Carpenter got his first knowledge of the poet from H. D. Warr, an instructor in the same college "in 1868 or it may have been 1869." The late Professor G. C. Macaulay, connected with the University College of Wales and Cambridge University, was also keenly interested in Whitman. York Powell, who succeeded Froude as Regius professor of modern history, regarded Whitman as the only poet of the first rank that America had produced; and, while he held these United States in no high regard, he said that the only motive that would ever lead him to visit America would be to pay his respects to Whitman.

Probably no university professor did more to spread the gospel of "Leaves of Grass" during the lifetime of the poet, and many years thereafter, than Edward Dowden of Trinity College, Dublin. Bram Stoker, the Irish playwright and manager of Sir Henry Irving, entered Trinity in 1866. He tells in his reminiscences of the keen interest in the American poet among his fellows; and says that, when it was rumored that Whitman would visit Europe, the students of Dowden raised £100 to present to him if he would address them.

Waterbury, Vt. WILL S. MONROE

14. AMERICAN DOCUMENTS.—William Macdonald's "Documentary Source-Book of American History, 1606-1898" (New York, Macmillan, 1908) is just such a work as Mr. Arthur Underwood is looking for. It contains, in one volume of 616 pages, 193 basic American public documents, from the First Charter of Virginia to the Treaty of Paris of December 10, 1898, and includes every one of the papers referred to by Mr. Underwood in his query.

Brooklyn, N. Y. SEYMOUR IRWIN MAISEL

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17. THE FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT.—I think the best book on the Fourteenth Amendment is by Wm. D. Guthrie of the New York Bar. It consists of a series of lectures delivered, I think, at Yale University and compiled in a book which was published by Little, Brown & Company in 1898. Guthrie is perhaps one of the greatest lawyers this country has ever produced.

There was also written in 1901 a book entitled "The Fourteenth Amendment," by Henry Brannon, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of West Virginia. I do not consider this book as good as Mr. Guthrie's.

In 1908 there was issued a book entitled "Adoption of the Fourteenth Amendment," by Horace Edgar Flack of the Johns Hopkins. This is one of the volumes issued by that university on historical and political science.

Ashland, Wis. M. E. DILLON

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20. MR. WILKINSON.—The author of the "banal line"

> A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.

is none other than the Laureate of England, Lord Alfred Tennyson. He invented it to show that perfect verse might not be poetry. In the same spirit he coined the lines:

> All men alike hate slops,
> Particularly gruel.

But speaking of "banality", cacophony, or what you will, what of the line in "Macbeth" (V, 2):

> Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

The Attila of the West

SHERMAN: *Fighting Prophet,* by Lloyd Lewis. $3.50. 6⅛ x 9¼; 690 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company.*

I NOTE with a brief shudder that some of the brethren seem to mistake Mr. Lewis for the wicked monster called a debunker. He is, of course, nothing of the sort. On the contrary, his hero here is actually a hero to him, and he is anything but scornful of the lesser figures in his story. He takes a hearty animal delight in their feats of derring-do, and is plainly convinced that the Civil War was a truly mighty affair.

It was indeed, but it was also completely idiotic. No great conflict of modern times, not even the World War, has ever wasted blood and money, courage and high devotion upon more ridiculous ends. It was a gorgeous fraud on both sides, and out of it there issued only more fraud, doubly damned and endlessly drawn out. Did the emancipated slaves gain anything by it? Then they would have gained even more in a few years, and without the arson and hemorrhage, the graft and blah. Did the North win? Then it was only to suffer, a generation later, the appalling revenges of Bryanism and Prohibition. Did the South lose? Then it was less a defeat on the field of honor than a witless mass suicide, stage-managed by footling politicians. Out of the victor's smoke issued a god in a plug hat, Lincoln; the worst President before Hoover, Grant; and a favorite after-dinner speaker, Sherman. For the rest, there were only heaps of bones.

Each army was led, in large part, by men who had grave (and sound) doubts about the cause they served. Lee, as everyone knows, was opposed to Secession and loathed slavery. Sherman, fighting for what Lincoln (with a degree of poetic license amounting almost to lewdness) called "government of the people, for the people, and by the people", actually inclined toward monarchism, and had a violent and incurable prejudice against all Negroes. Thomas, perhaps the best strategist on the Northern side, was a Virginian, and remained under suspicion until the end of the war. Pemberton, the Confederate defender of Vicksburg, was a Pennsylvanian. Twenty-six Northerners reached the rank of brigadier-general or better on the Southern side, and probably forty Southerners did as well on the Northern side. Farragut, the chief naval hero of the North, was a Tennessean. Of the 308 Southerners who were officers in the Regular Army in 1860, 86 fought against the South. Of the 128 Virginians, 81 resigned but 47 kept their commissions. Even South Carolina gave eight officers to the Northern Army. How many South Carolinians of lesser rank wore the blue I don't know, but Alabama produced a whole regiment of cavalry, and Louisiana produced two, not to mention three of infantry.

After Sumter both sides believed that it would be all over in a few weeks. The North took men for three months, and even for thirty days, and the South took them for the trip to Washington and back. The Southerners thought that the North

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would be brought to heel quickly by the lack of cotton, and the Northerners thought that the accumulation of cotton would suffocate the South. The strategy of the first two years was mainly political. Both Lincoln and Davis had to consider, first of all, the susceptibilities of the State Governors. All of them wanted their lieges to shine in the fray, but not to die; moreover, all of them maintained busy factories for turning out generals. Next, Congress had to be considered. So long as it seemed to be only a picnic every Congressman wanted to command at least a regiment; afterward all of them turned military critics. When the blood began to flow and the barns to burn, the howl went up from five thousand Gopher Prairies that Gopher Prairie, at least, must be saved from the accursed Hun. Every officer in the field had a friend at Washington or Richmond, and every friend at Washington or Richmond had something to say to Lincoln or Davis at least once a week. A soldier might be the Cid and remain in the ranks if he had no drag at court, and he might be Ben Butler and become a major-general if he knew the right Senator or had the right wife.

Sherman seems to have had the best head on the Northern side. He predicted in 1861 that the war would last four years, and came near being sent to a lunatic asylum for his pains; down to 1864, indeed, it was generally believed that he was balmy, as he probably was. He was apparently the first Northern general officer to see that taking Richmond would not end the war. Suppose Richmond fell—what then? The Confederates would simply retire below the James and begin all over again. He saw that it would be necessary to invade and wreck the country behind them, and to that end he addressed himself in 1862, to the rage and despair of all the stay-at-home Moltkes. The fall of Vicksburg passed almost unnoticed in 1863; the whole North was too busy celebrating the failure of Lee's spectacular but senseless drive into Pennsylvania. But Sherman was for seizing the line of the Mississippi, and then striking eastward through Georgia, and he soon convinced Grant that he was right. But he got few other customers for his idea.

At that time he was an advocate of the utmost gentleness in the field. He was, in fact, so polite to the rebellious civilians in Tennessee and thereabout that he was damned all over the North as a crypto-Confederate. When he caught a soldier raiding a hencoop, he collared the fellow in person and gave him a beating. As mayor of Memphis after the capture of that great Christian city he set up a model government, ordered his catchpolls to look before they clubbed, and wined and dined the local *noblesse*. To his dying day he boasted with plenty of reason that no other American city, in peace or in war, had ever been so decently governed. But as 1863 wore into 1864 and the Confederates continued to hold out, he began to incline toward *Schrecklichkeit*, and by the time he took Atlanta and started his march to the sea he was its very earnest practitioner. To this day his name is still used all over the South to scare babies. (Darwin's, of course, is used too, but mainly it is Sherman's.) His notion was that the best way to save men was to burn towns. So he roared his way through the Confederacy, breaking its back. But he shed less blood in three months than Grant shed in a week. His men came home looking like hoboes, and many of them suffered from a kleptomania complicated by pediculosis that was never to be cured, but the great majority of them actually came home.

Sherman, in fact, for all his shrewdness and success, was probably not much of a

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soldier. He lacked, on the one hand, Lee's professional delight in the classical elegances of battle, and, on the other hand, Grant's professional brutality. Of the minor technique of war he knew nothing; it had not been taught at the West Point of his time, and he never smelled powder-smoke until Bull Run. He was a policeman rather than a drill-master, a house-wrecker rather than a strategist. What made him was mainly his hard common sense, but he was also helped, I fancy, by his enormous lack of humour. This failing, of course, is common among military gents; it is perhaps natural on Freudian grounds to any man who must dress up in comical clothes and walk in a stiff and uncomfortable way. In the whole range of history there are records of but three soldiers who were also wits: Caesar, Frederick and Bonaparte—and all of them, being geniuses, could afford to be odd. As for Sherman, he took life very gravely, and even lugubriously. He spent a great deal of time answering his critics, and he boiled with indignation, day in and day out, from 1861 to 1865. At one time, after adopting frightfulness, he proposed to hang Wade Hampton and all other such Southern bloods at sight. And after the war he spent twenty-six years making speeches—sometimes three in a day.

Only once did he say anything worth hearing—and that time he didn't really say it. This was on August 11, 1880, and the place was Columbus, Ohio. President Hayes was there to address a convention of the G. A. R., which was already touching the Treasury to the tune of $50,000,000 a year, and hoping confidently to get much more. When Hayes's harangue was over some of the veterans called for Sherman, and he stepped forward. "My speech," he began, "is not written, nor has been even thought of by me." Thus he rambled on for two or three minutes, saying nothing. And then:

> There is many a boy here today who looks on war as all glory, but, boys, it is all hell. You can bear this warning voice to generations yet to come. I look upon war with horror, but if it has to come I am here.

"Nobody in the crowd," says Mr. Lewis, "realized that Sherman had said anything immortal". Nor had he. Who changed his flaccid platitudes into the succinct and memorable "War is hell" will probably never be known. Perhaps it was some rummy and uremic editorial writer, grinding out copy late at night for some dismal sheet in Indiana, Arkansas or Oregon. Perhaps it was an idiot evangelist in the wilds of Georgia or West Virginia. Perhaps it was a minstrel-show comedian. All we know is that the words had taken wing by 1881. Pretty soon Sherman began to believe that he had really uttered them, and presently he was known throughout the world as the maker of a deathless epigram. It was in that character that he was translated to Heaven in 1891, anointed *in extremis* by Holy Church, in which his eldest son, to his horror, had become a priest.

Mr. Lewis has done a capital book about him. It runs beyond 300,000 words, but there is no padding in it. An enormous amount of hard work has gone into it. No relevant fact has been overlooked; no source has been unexplored. The thing is more than a history of Sherman; it is also, in its way, a history of the Civil War, and a treatise on the civilization which made the Civil War possible. It is full of sly and sardonic humors. It celebrates one of the most gorgeous lunacies in the history of mankind. And, as those know who recall the parts of it printed during the past few years in THE AMERICAN MERCURY, it is very adroitly and effectively written.

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A Lady of Vision

ANN VICKERS, by Sinclair Lewis. $2.50. 5⅜ x 7⅞; 562 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Doran & Company.*

COMPARED to "Babbitt" and the larger part of "Elmer Gantry", this study of a lady uplifter's struggles and ecstasies is surely no great shakes, but there is still enough good stuff in it to lift it above the general. There are, indeed, some gaudy and wholly Lewisonian scenes in it—for example, those laid in the female seminary where Ann acquires the humanities, and those laid in the suffragette bastile where she is grounded in good works—and they are numerous enough to take some of the curse off the flubdub that lies between. For flubdub it is, alas, alas. And if, shocked, you say, "It cannot, it shall not be!", then consider this:

> I will have my child, as I have my man! A working woman has a right to her child and her lover. Oh, I don't suppose she has any specific *right*. Probably there are no "rights"—only the chance of having good glands and good luck. But whatever the philosophy of it may be, I'm going to have, Barney and I are going to have, our daughter!

Is this burlesque? Is it to be taken in the spirit of the sermons of Dr. Gantry, the luncheon addresses of Mr. Babbitt? If so, then Mr. Lewis has concealed that ribald and filthy purpose with a kind of artfulness verging upon false pretenses. The whole context, in fact, points the other way: it indicates only too plainly that the speech is to be read quite seriously. Not a hint of the *New Yorker* is there; the mood is one of moral indignation, recalling the worst raptures of the *New Republic*. What would a prudent man do, hearing such words from a female in real life? He would grab his hat and run like hell. But here we must stay for more:

> By the grace of God Amen in our Christian nation wherein we rage not as the Heathen but under the gentle teachings of Jesus do combine in one grand union for the purpose of gently murdering skinny old colored mammies let us now sing the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave—

It is not Ann who is talking now, but the author himself! He goes on:

> Just as it is felony to help a condemned murderer cheat the state of its beloved blood-letting by passing poison to him, so that he may die decently and alone, with no sadistic parade of priests and guards and reporters, so it is a crime to assist a woman condemned to the tittering gossip that can be worse than death by helping her to avoid having what is quaintly known as an "illegitimate baby"—as though one should speak of an "illegitimate mountain" or an "illegitimate hurricane".

But enough of this sad wind-music! I can account for it only on the ground that Lewis, in the course of writing his book, fell in love with his heroine, and developed a senile yen to steal her away from Judge Bernard Dow Dolphin, the last and most he of her lovers. Certainly the creator of Babbitt, in a normal state of mind, would never have been fooled by her. He would have seen that, like any other lady uplifter, she was inescapably a character in comedy, and dealt with her as such. But here he takes her with deadly seriousness, and his slapstick is reserved for the low scoundrels who try to thwart and baffle her. He even keeps a straight face at the end, when she throws up the Uplift for love, and settles down to police her sixth beau, third lover, and second husband. This is her parting Message:

> I think that soil where the rose-bushes are planted is wretched. You ought to put in enormous quantities of fertilizer.

And here is the reply of an ex-Catholic, an ex-Tammany leader, an ex-Justice of

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the Supreme Court of New York, and an ex-convict at Sing Sing:

Of course, I'll do what you think.

But let us not yield to the voluptuousness of vain repining. Lewis is still Lewis, even under the fumes of Social Justice. In detail there is many a dish of Lewisonian richness—not as much, of course, as in the works of the author's major canon, but still enough to write his name all over the book. As I have said, the scenes in the female seminary are capital, and out of them emerges a Miss Eula Towers who fades much too soon: I was in hopes to the last page that she would return, for she is much better observed than Ann. The suffragettes, too, are all brilliantly real, with their Amazonian rough-house by day and their virgin whisperings under the eaves at night. Dr. Agatha Snow, Dr. Merribel Peaselee, Miss Ardence Benescoten, Dr. Addington Slenk, Mitzi Brewer, Mrs. Emily Allen Aukett, Miss Mamie Bogardus, Mrs. Dudley Cowxes, Mrs. Ethelinda St. Vincent—the very names are enough to inflame the Lewis addict.

I lament that we learn so little about Captain Lafayette Resnick, the cynical Jewish warrior who has the honor of relieving Ann of her extraordinarily oppressive virginity. He is brought to life, like Dogberry, in fifty words, but then he begins to fade out, and by the time he achieves his foul purpose he is hardly more than a shadow. Ann's other followers go the same route: the campus Nietzsche, Glenn Hargis; the pallid lawyer, Lindsay Atwell; the boisterous charity-monger, J. Russell Spaulding (he becomes her first husband); even Judge Dolphin, the bewhiskered troglodyte who gets her into so pathological a state of mind that she sees a *curved* street in Baltimore. His Honor shows high promise at his first entrance: one begins to hope that a genuine American judge is to make his début in American fiction at last. But presently he flickers and is out. Oh, wurra, wurra!

All the while it is manifest that Ann was really made for Lewis: she is almost as perfect a symbol of American buncombe and futility as Gantry or Babbitt. But she simply gets away from him. Her fol-de-rol enchants him; he swallows it without a grunt; he begins to babble it himself. Not, of course, that he lacks lucid intervals. Now and then he breaks away from the hussy, and takes a cold and scientific look at her. If the whole book were such a look it would be a masterpiece; as it is, it is a kind of patchwork, partly very good, but mainly bad. I am in hopes that Lewis, in the quiet years to come, will do Ann over, as I am in hopes that he will rewrite the last 30,000 words of "Elmer Gantry". She deserves it, he deserves it, and the nobility and gentry deserve it. Let him keep her to her anthropophagous trade to the end, and turn her inside out. Certainly the lady uplifter must be got into the national records, with not a wart gilded. She cries aloud for embalming, as the college president cries aloud, and the union leader (A. F. of L. model), and the police captain.

If Lewis lets these pearls of the American *Kultur* escape him, then they will never be done, for none of his imitators shows a hundredth part of his skill at seeing into such people. They have all tried to match Babbitt, and they have all failed. The idea that Lewis himself is simply a mimic is as idiotic as the old doctrine that Richard Mansfield was simply a character actor. He is, in fact, a novelist of really extraordinary talents, and at his best—say in parts of "Main Street," "Elmer Gantry" and "Arrowsmith", and in nearly all of "Babbitt"—he is unsurpassed.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

JAMES M. CAIN *is a former newspaper man, now living in California.*

BENJAMIN DECASSERES'S *latest book is "Spinoza: Liberator of God and Man."*

FRANK DEVINE *was born in Chicago and educated there. At eighteen he entered journalism as a reporter for the Chicago City News Bureau, and since then he has worked for papers in Buffalo, Chicago and Detroit. He is now on the staff of the Philadelphia* Record.

JOHN FANTE *was born in Denver, Colo., the son of an Italian father and an American-born mother. He studied at Regis College, a Jesuit institution at Denver, and the University of Colorado. He is now living in California.*

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL *is the author of a book of verse, "High Passage," published in 1926. He lives in Denver, Colo.*

SAMUEL GRAFTON *is an editorial writer on the Philadelphia* Record.

ALBERT HALPER'S *first novel, "Union Square," is the March choice of the Literary Guild.*

OLIVER JENKINS *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

GUSTAV KLEMM *studied harmony, counterpoint and composition with Victor Herbert. He was the youngest bandmaster in the Army during the World War. He has been programme supervisor of radio station WBAL since its opening in 1925. He has composed a large number of songs and orchestra pieces.*

ARTHUR MANN *was on the sports staff of the old New York* Evening World. *He is now writing for the magazines.*

THEODORE MAYNARD, LITT.D. (Marquette), *is an English poet now resident in America. He is the author of a dozen books of various kinds. Since 1928 he has been teaching at Georgetown University.*

CAREY MCWILLIAMS *is the author of "Ambrose Bierce: A Biography" and "The New Regionalism."*

VICTOR FOLKE NELSON *was born in Sweden in 1898. His parents brought him to America when he was three years old. At thirteen he was sent to a reformatory, and thereafter he put in twelve-and-a-half years in correctional institutions of various kinds, mainly for larceny, robbery and assault. Last Summer he was paroled from the Dedham, Mass., jail in the custody of Dr. Abraham Myerson, the Boston alienist. His first book, "Prison Days and Nights," will be published this month.*

NORMAN TAYLOR *is botany editor of Webster's New International Dictionary.*

PHILIP WAGNER *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

MARGARET WIDDEMER *was born in Doylestown, Pa., and has contributed verse and prose to the magazines since 1912. In 1919 she shared with Carl Sandburg the Poetry Society of America Prize for the best book of poems of the preceding year, "Old Road to Paradise." She has won several other poetry prizes, including the Lyric prize for the best lyric of 1932. Her most recent book of verse is "The Road to Downderry."*

WILLIAM SEAGLE *is an assistant editor of the Encyclopædia of the Social Sciences. He is a member of the bar, and was formerly in practice in New York. He is the author of "Cato, or, the Future of Censorship," and co-author of "To the Pure."*

GEORGE SEIBEL *is a newspaper man of Pittsburgh, where he was born. He has traveled all over the civilized world. He has been dramatic and literary editor of the Pittsburgh* Sun-Telegraph *for seven years past, and twice a week is heard over radio station WCAE.*

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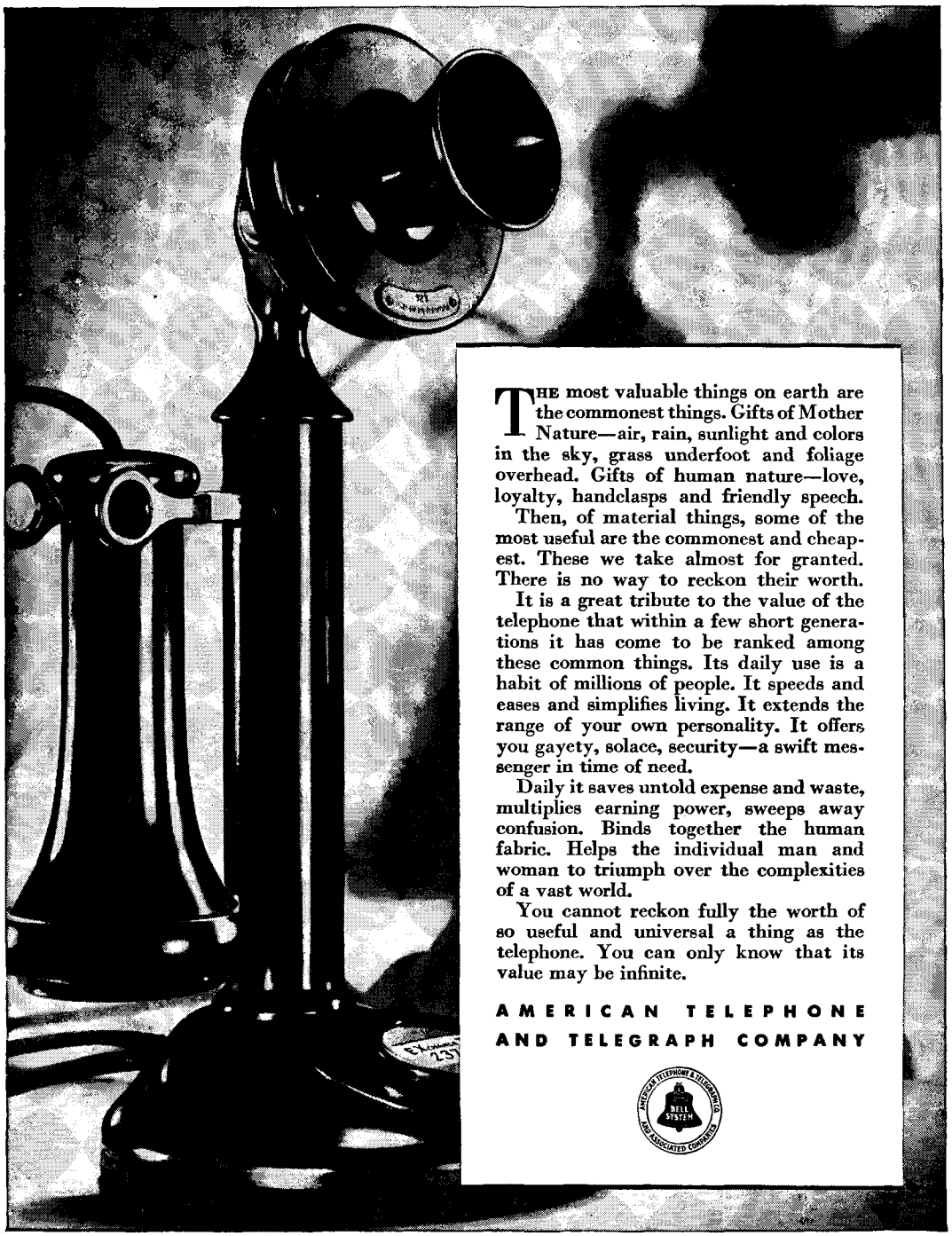
WITHIN THE REACH OF MILLIONS



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EDITORIAL NOTES

MR. PHILIP WAGNER, author of "Wine From American Grapes" in this issue, comes of a line of pedagogues; an ancestor was the Collar of Collar and Daniels' "Latin Grammar," and his father is a professor of Romance Languages at the University of Michigan. He was born in New Haven in 1904 and was removed to Michigan within the year. He grew up mostly in Ann Arbor and attended the University of Michigan, marrying before he was graduated and going into publicity work. He left as soon as he could gracefully do so. He is now an editorial writer for the Baltimore *Evening Sun*.

Philip Wagner

Mr. Wagner approaches the subject of our native grapes as an amateur œnologist rather than amateur viticulturist. It was his interest in the blood of the grape and its vagaries that led him to an interest in the grape itself, thence to the vine and the history of its cultivation, more especially in the United States. It is not necessary to know grapes to appreciate wine; but a grasp of the characteristics of the available varieties is absolutely necessary if one enters into the making of it. Although he has a few vines of his own, Mr. Wagner, like most of the amateur œnologists bred by Prohibition, is forced to rely on the markets for his raw materials.

MR. OLIVER JENKINS, who contributes "Super-Moses" to the State of the Union in this issue, says of himself:

The strange blend of Welsh hills and Salem square-riggers is my background. My father was a native of Wales and practiced law in Massachusetts for some years, and my mother, for some time a concert violinist under her maiden name, came from Yankee stock. After haphazard schooling I worked at various jobs here and there, eventually drifting to newspaper work, serving my cub term on the Boston *Transcript*, from which I was fired with the suggestion that I try some Hearst sheet. I edited and published a verse magazine, *Tempo*, when nineteen, with a list of contributors including Amy Lowell, W. E. Leonard, Waldo Frank and Haniel Long. The following year a book of verse, "Open Shutters", was published by Will Ransom, a beautiful job of bookmaking that shamed the contents. There followed another book of verse, "Heavenly Bodies," in 1928 and a novel, "Sky Is Falling," in 1931.

Oliver Jenkins

You can't escape politics in New Hampshire. I have done publicity in four campaigns, the last for Roosevelt and especially for Senator-elect Fred H. Brown, the subject of my article. I married Mary Minot Farrand, a daughter of the late George E. Farrand, a Democratic power and for some years State treasurer and chairman of the Democratic State committee. As I write this my wife has been named deputy Secretary of State.

Continued on page xx

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This Scepter'd Isle

CALL it *Aintree-madness* if you like . . . but most of us (about this time of year) feel an overpowering urge to visit England. Perhaps it's the pomp and circumstance of London . . . or the call of hunting horns and the bell of hounds in the mid-country. . . . Perhaps it's the charm of quiet hamlet life, far from the madding crowd. . . . At any rate, about *Grand National* time, we seem imbued with desire for a pilgrimage to "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

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Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

MR. NORMAN TAYLOR, who contributes "The Potato" to this issue, sends in the following autobiographical notes:

I was born in England in 1883, but came here when seven years old. Of formal education I had very little and I have no academic degrees whatever. Early in my career I came under the influence of the leading botanist in America, Nathaniel Lord Britton, then director of the New York Botanical Garden. He set me to pasting labels on herbarium specimens,—a palpable device to weed out triflers. Later I became a member of the scientific staff of the garden and went on explorations to Inagua, Haiti, Turks Island, Cuba, and Santo Domingo.

Norman Taylor

This and subsequent work elsewhere led to much scientific writing of no interest to the general public. It apparently interested various publishers, however, for I have never been, and hope never to be, free from pleasant associations with them as reviewer, reader, author or editor of books and magazines dealing with plants. The most important of these is my present editorship for botany of Webster's New International Dictionary, the publishers of which have twice given me time out to study economic plants in Yucatan, Trinidad and Brazil.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for April will be "Yeggs," by Jim Tully; "The American Theatre Goes Broke," by Arthur Mann; "The Gentleman From Greenpoint," by Henry F. Pringle; and "Uncle Sam as a Treaty Breaker," by Hamilton Butler.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xiv

BIOGRAPHY

ZOLA.
By Henri Barbusse. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 5⅞ x 8¾; 279 pp. *New York*

M. Barbusse here attempts "an intimate fusion of documentary truth and probable deduction." His book is thus not a biography in the ordinary sense of the word, but "an animated life." Zola once heard a neighbor denounce "L'Assommoir." M. Barbusse comments on the incident in this omniscient manner: "'Idiot!' said Zola to himself." About this time Duranty invited Zola for a private conversation. It was carried on "quietly, in a rather emotional, gentle tone." Duranty was lavish with his praise of the man before him. He acknowledged Zola's superiority. His hands "were twitching and in his throat the voice of his heart stammered." The volume is full of such "recreative" monkeyshines. Coming from the pen of so eminent a man as M. Barbusse, they make, not only dull, but also sad, reading. No life, least of all Zola's, needs "animating." The facts as ordered and arranged by God are interesting and tragic enough. There are some illustrations, and also an index. The translation is by Mary B. Green and Frederick C. Green.

SAMUEL BUTLER: *A Mid-Victorian Modern.*
By Clara G. Stillman. *The Viking Press*
$3.75 6⅜ x 9½; 319 pp. *New York*

Samuel Butler was one of the most fortunate of authors. Scorned all his life, and therefore goaded always to write the best that was in him, he became an immortal one year after his death—to be precise, in 1903, when "The Way of All Flesh" was published. The critics, publishers, and public would have nothing to do with him in 1902, but a year later everybody was talking about him. He was a painter, classical scholar, biologist, satirist, theologian, and novelist, and in each capacity he had something truly important to say. Fortunately, he was devoid of discretion, that feminine virtue. Mrs. Stillman has written a fine book about him, well informed and intelligent. She is perhaps wrong in calling "Life and Habit" and "Evolution Old and New" Butler's best books, but her general tribute to the man is only just. There is a good bibliography, followed by an index.

SINCLAIR LEWIS. *A Biographical Sketch.*
By Carl Van Doren. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2 5⅜ x 8; 205 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Mr. Van Doren starts out with what many readers will probably think is overpraise of "Ann Vickers",

Continued on page xxii

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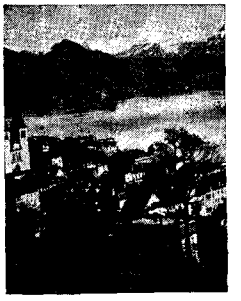

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J. MONTGOMERY GAMBRILL
Professor of History
Teachers College, Columbia University

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

but in general his judgments are sound and he gives a good account of Lewis's development. He offers a plausible explanation of the apparent discrepancy between Lewis's refusal of the Pulitzer prize and acceptance of the Nobel prize. The award of the former, considering the notorious aberrations of the committee, was an insult, but in the latter case there was no such drawback. Appended to the book is a bibliography by Harvey Taylor. It shows many gaps. For example, the fact that "The Man Who Knew Coolidge" was first printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for January, 1928, is noted in neither the list of the author's contributions to periodicals nor in the note on the book. There is an index, but it is inaccurate.

BLESSÈD SPINOZA.
By Lewis Browne. *The Macmillan Company*
$4 5⅞ x 8¾; 334 pp. *New York*

All that is known about Spinoza's life can be clearly and fully stated in about 2000 words. Dr. Browne is thus forced to do a lot of straining, to put it politely, to fill his fat book. The effect is often unhappy. Spinoza's father's first wife died in 1627. "The young widower," says Dr. Browne, "waited about a year and then, perhaps because he knew it was not well for a man to be without a wife, or for a child to be without a mother, he remarried." Naturally, "little Baruch" went to *chedar*. "The chances are that he was apt and eager . . . , his thin little legs always keeping to themselves beneath the bench, his eyes never straying from the text." When his father died, Spinoza had difficulty with his half-sister Rebeka about the inheritance. "One can imagine her arguing her cause in the women's gallery of the synagogue, her dark eyes flushed, her nostrils flaring," etc. There are several illustrations, a brief bibliography, and an index.

THE RISE OF SAINT CALVIN.
By Duff Gilfond. *The Vanguard Press*
$2.50 5⅜ x 8; 294 pp. *New York*

An anecdotal history of the late Mr. Coolidge from his youth in Vermont to his retirement to Northampton, with emphasis upon the peculiarly cryptic qualities which gave rise to the legend that surrounds his memory. Miss Gilfond writes informally—indeed, to such a degree that her transitions are often disjointed—but her book contains some interesting and unfamiliar stuff.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

THE ECONOMIC RESULTS OF PROHIBITION.
By Clark Warburton. The Columbia University Press
$3.25 6⅛ x 9; 273 pp. *New York*

Dr. Warburton put in four years on this book, which is a mine of information about the consumption of alcohol before and after Prohibition. It is full of statistics and other documentary data, and the discussion throughout is as impartial as it intelligently can be. "Except for the first three years, the *per capita* consumption of alcohol has been greater under Prohibition than during the war period, with high taxation and restricted production and sale." The available figures show that "the expenditure upon beer is less, but that upon spirits more, than it would have been without Prohibition." The dry way of life "has had no appreciable effect upon savings deposits. . . . [It] has not been a factor of measurable significance in the increased industrial productivity of recent years, . . . [and it] has not had a measurable effect upon the general health of the nation." There is a bibliography, followed by an index.

MONEY IN ELECTIONS.
By Louise Overacker. *The Macmillan Company*
$3.50 5⅛ x 7¾; 476 pp. *New York*

The materials for this book, in large part, were amassed by the late Dr. Victor J. West, professor of political science at Stanford, who died in 1927. But Dr. Overacker, who is associate professor of political science at Wellesley, has brought them down to date and added to them otherwise, and the work as it stands is her own. It makes a record of great interest. Figures from all of the States are brought together, and they are discussed with good sense. Dr. Overacker shows that large campaign expenditures, in themselves, do not necessarily indicate corruption; they may be made necessary by large electorates and multiplied issues. The book will be valuable to every serious student of American politics. It is heavily documented, and has an extensive bibliography and a good index.

THE CAULDRON BOILS.
By Emil Lengyel. *The Dial Press*
$2.50 5⅞ x 8¼; 246 pp. *New York*

In the Summer of 1932 Mr. Lengyel made an extensive tour through Poland, and here he makes an interesting and useful report on his findings. Poland has 30,000,000 people, and about one-third of them "belong to minorities which claim that their rights

Continued on page xxiv

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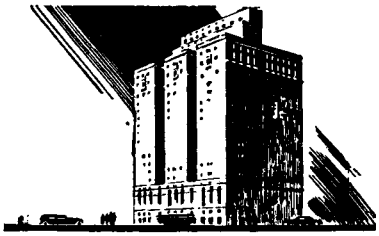

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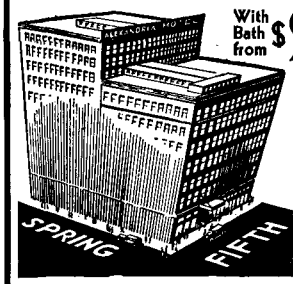

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Continued from page xxii

have been ignored." The Jews, who are more numerous in the country than anywhere else in the world, have a long-standing grievance against the Poles on account of the innumerable *pogroms* against them, and the Germans have the Corridor to think about. It is "the most conspicuous powder box in the East. . . . It is the worst humiliation to which modern Germany has had to submit." True enough, the Poles have signed a Minorities Treaty, "promising to all inhabitants of the republic full protection of life and liberty. [But] while the letter of the treaty is sometimes observed, its spirit is almost always ignored." There are some illustrations, but no index.

THE INCREDIBLE BALKANS.
By Konrad Bercovici. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$3 6¼ x 8⅞; 265 pp. *New York*

Mr. Bercovici is a Roumanian by birth and has traveled extensively through all the Balkan countries. He knows them well, and here he presents a sort of outline of their histories and cultures. It is a well documented, ably written, and useful book. For more than a thousand years the Balkans have been the football of the Great Powers. The hardships endured by their peoples have been almost incredible. The Versailles Treaty, by creating new countries among them and by changing the boundaries of the old ones, has made life even more miserable for them. Jugoslavia and Albania, viewed historically, are comic nations, and of the tragedy of Roumania the whole world knows. Modern Turkey is the only Balkan country that is better off now than it has been in the past, thanks to the labors of Mustapha Kemal, for whom Mr. Bercovici has a large respect. The volume suffers from the lack of maps and the absence of an index.

THE CRISIS OF GERMAN DEMOCRACY. *A Study of the Spirit of the Constitution of Weimar.*
By Herbert Kraus. *The Princeton University Press*
$2.50 6⅛ x 9⅛; 223 pp. *Princeton*

Dr. Kraus is professor of public and international law and political science and director of the Seminary of International Law and Diplomacy of the University of Göttingen. Here he attempts a broad outline of the history and operation of the German Constitution, "comprehensible to the educated, politically interested layman." Some of the chapter titles give a rough idea of the scope of the book: "The German Revolution," "The German Reich as a Democratic Republic," "The Principle of the Separation of Powers in the German Constitution," "The Reichstag," and "The Reich President." At the end there is a new translation of the Weimar Constitution by Professor Marguerite Wolff. The volume is edited by Professor William Starr Myers of Princeton, who also contributes a brief introduction. There is an index.

HUMOR

LOST BAB BALLADS.
By W. S. Gilbert. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
$2 4¾ x 7⅛; 127 pp. *New York*

These pieces, hitherto uncollected, are rescued from the files of *Fun*, *Punch* and other English comic sheets of the 60's and 70's of the last century. How near the collection comes to being exhaustive, the editor, Townley Searle, does not say, but in all probability a diligent search would have unearthed at least twice as many pieces as are here presented. In the main, they fall much below the Bab Ballads that Gilbert himself chose to preserve. They are all undoubtedly his, but most of them belong to his least ingenious and amusing moods. Altogether, there are thirty-three of them. The book has indices of titles and first lines. It is printed on such stiff paper that reading it is uncomfortable. The illustrations by the editor are pretty bad.

RODA RODA & DIE VIERZIG SCHURKEN.
By Alexander Roda Roda. *Paul Zsolnay*
M. 2.85 4⅝ x 7⅜; 415 pp. *Berlin*

It is curious that no American translator has so far discovered Roda Roda, for his humor would be understood and appreciated in this country. He is an indefatigable writer of everything from three-act farces to two-line dialogues, and many of his jocosities are famous in Germany and Austria. He has lifted the anecdote to the dignity of an art-form, and has got a great deal of new pungency into the prose epigram. The present volume is the first of a two-volume edition of selections from his shorter writings. It is full of odd and amusing conceits, and makes capital reading. No doubt Americans will be surprised to find a German publisher producing so sightly a book, printed on good paper and stoutly bound in cloth, at the price of seventy cents. In the same edition a translation of Dreiser's "American Tragedy," complete in one volume, is offered at M. 3.75 (90 cents).

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Zoölogically Speaking...

H. L. Mencken stands alone. He is accepted today as one of the foremost of American authors and editors, but there is one point upon which his many admirers have, perhaps, not been informed. H. L. Mencken, whose many books are listed below, is a most remarkable zoölogical specimen.

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Continued from page xxiv

TRAVEL

JEHOL, CITY OF EMPERORS.
By Sven Hedin. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3.50 5⅞ x 8½; 278 pp. *New York*

Jehol is the capital of the province of the same name, lying on the borders of China and Manchuria. It has been fought over of late by the Chinese and Japanese, and will no doubt figure in the news for a good while to come. Dr. Hedin visited it in 1930 on a commission from Vincent Bendix, a wealthy Chicagoan, who wished to have "a Lama temple erected in Stockholm and another in Chicago." The journey was uneventful, and the two temples—they are replicas, not originals—are now in place. In the present volume Dr. Hedin recounts the history of Jehol, which has been a sacred city since the Eighteenth Century and is full of gorgeous temples, now falling into decay. The book has many illustrations, chiefly from photographs made by a member of the Hedin expedition, and there are two indices.

THE STORY OF BERMUDA.
By Hudson Strode. *Harrison Smith & Robert Haas*
$5 6⅛ x 8¾; 374 pp. *New York*

More than 70,000 Americans visited Bermuda in 1931, and even today, despite the Depression, there is heavy travel to and fro. Fast and comfortable ships run to the island from New York, and it has excellent hotels. Moreover, there is a considerable colony of Americans who take houses, and remain for a year or more. Mr. Strode's book is thus sure of a wide audience. It is well planned and competently written. After a chapter on the history of the island, there is a description of Bermuda today, and an account of its more prominent recent residents. There follow several chapters on the peculiar local architecture, and upon the Bermudan gardens. The seventy-five full-page illustrations are bound in groups. At the end there is a bibliography. Vice-Admiral Sir Vernon Haggard, of the British Navy, contributes a foreword.

REFERENCE BOOKS

GERMANY. *A Companion to German Studies.*
Edited by Jethro Bithell. *Lincoln MacVeagh*
$4 5½ x 8⅝; 423 pp. *New York*

If the whole of this book were as brilliantly done as the opening chapter by the editor, it would be extraordinary indeed. In thirty-three pages Mr. Bithell produces a really masterly picture of the German people, their land, their language and their cultural heritage. Of the remaining chapters three deal with German history, four with German literature, and one each with German painting, German architecture and sculpture, and German music. The aim of the book is to provide a general survey of Germany for the use of persons who are interested in some special phase of the national life. It is admirably adapted to that end, and will be useful not only to students but also to idle travelers. There are two maps, and each chapter is followed by a well-chosen bibliography. An index is at the end.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE.
Compiled & edited by Paul Harvey.
The Oxford University Press
$4.50 6 x 9¼; 866 pp. *New York*

The compiler of this useful work is an English economist and politician, and his labors were carried on during the leisure hours of a busy life. He lists in one alphabet all the principal English and American authors, all their principal books, and a large number of the localities, characters, phrases, etc., that they have made familiar. Every reader, of course, will find omissions, but on the whole the heavy and difficult task has been carried out very well. The book is printed in double columns, and runs to 850,000 words. The American articles, which seem to have passed under the eye of Mr. B. R. Redman, are inferior to the English articles. There are some inexcusable errors in them, and they do not distinguish important works with much discretion. In the list of Dreiser's books, for example, "Jennie Gerhardt" and "The Titan" are omitted.

FICTION

GUARDIAN ANGEL & OTHER STORIES.
By Margery Latimer.
Harrison Smith & Robert Haas
$2 5 x 7½; 308 pp. *New York*

Here are eight stories describing the mysterious and often contradictory moods of women, from childhood onward. In "Guardian Angel", which is beautifully sustained throughout, an older woman completely dominates the life of a young and sensitive girl; "Daisy Turlock" is the description of a girl whose spirit is irrevocably broken by one bitter experience; "Married" is the story of a woman who is in love with her divorced husband, and cannot

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

bring herself to marry again or to stop interfering with his second marriage; "Gisela" is the story of a little girl who keeps house for her incompetent parents; "The Little Girls" is the description of the subtleties of a childish quarrel; "The Death of Mrs. Vanderwood" is a remarkable picture of the last moments of a tenacious old lady. The remaining three stories are not so good, but all of them are well written, and all reveal an unusual insight into feminine character.

THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN LONDON.
By E. M. Delafield. *Harper & Brothers*
$2.50 5⅜ x 8⅛; 302 pp. *New York*

Miss Delafield here continues the adventures of her Provincial Lady. Following the publication of her book, she becomes one of the London literati, with her dear Rose to sponsor her and Pamela Pringle, an old schoolmate, to scandalize her with endless intrigues. In addition, there are "dear old friend Emma Hay, author of many successful plays, . . . wearing emerald green, which would be trying to almost anyone, and an astonishing quantity of rings, brooches and necklaces"; Casabianca, the new tutor who succeeds Mademoiselle at home, "invaluable in every respect"; Our Vicar's Wife who "sends a postcard of Lincoln Cathedral, and hopes on back of it I have not forgotten our Monthly Meeting"; and Robert's Aunt Mary, who "asks about children, says that school is a great mistake for girls (Vicky, the Lady's daughter, is attending one), and that she does so hope Robin (the Lady's son) is good at games—which he isn't." Robert, the Provincial Lady's husband, appears as a far more interesting person than he was in "The Diary of a Provincial Lady." Altogether, an amusing piece of characterization.

FAREWELL MISS JULIE LOGAN.
By J. M. Barrie. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$2 5 x 7⅜; 103 pp. *New York*

The charming story of how Miss Julie Logan, that "long stalk of loveliness", whose humor was as profound as her mystery, comes to Adam Yestreen, minister of a small kirk in a snowbound Scottish glen, enslaves him completely, and then, when he holds her in his arms "in the exultation of his man's strength", confesses that she is a Papist. Horrified, as any good Presbyterian would be (in the year 1860), he drops her into the burn. "That she is still there," Adam writes in his diary, "I do not doubt, though I suppose she will have been carried farther down." But never will she be carried so far that Adam will wake of mornings without the thought that he loved her, for even though he has been married and become a family man in the quarter of a century since that day, he still dreams of her and his lost youth. The story, within its limits, is a little masterpiece.

HOUSE FOR SALE.
By Elissa Landi. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2 5 x 7½; 310 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

The retrospective story of Elsa, a devoted wife and mother, and her life with James, her husband, a curious egotist warped by the war. One encounters her daughter Helen, a charming girl incurably lazy and melodramatic; Kitting, her second daughter, impatient, idealistic, with some talent as a chemist, who lives with Christopher, Elsa's early admirer; Oliver, her only son, a very nice boy who will go into Peabody and Hootes', the publishers, when he comes down from Oxford; Janet, a strange wild girl whom James loves for a while; and Giles, her sophomoric lover. There is not much plot. Miss Landi is concerned always with the psychological reactions of her characters, and she describes them with considerable skill.

ANONYMOUS FOOTSTEPS.
By John M. O'Connor. *Cheshire House*
$2 5¼ x 7¾; 341 pp. *New York*

An excellent yarn about a series of murders committed on an ice-bound island in the Adirondacks. Mr. O'Connor has achieved a very dramatic plot, but it cannot be said that he has done so at the expense of his characters. These are exceedingly well drawn, from Henry Larnard, a knowing, strange person, the wealthy head of his family, whose murder sets the story going, to his murderer, who, for all his appetite for butchery, still has some very engaging qualities.

MR. CHILVESTER'S DAUGHTERS.
By Edith Olivier. *The Viking Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 313 pp. *New York*

Mr. Chilvester's daughters are: Lilian, the elder, an invalid with a mysterious spinal disease, who paints charmingly in her attic at the top of the house, and who dies when she goes in search of her younger step-sister, Emily, whom her fanatical old father turns out of the house; and Emily, vivid and gay, who stages an unconvincing quarrel with her father that only profits her an unhappy love-affair. The story must be put down as an undistinguished performance.

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aak as i see it

I HAVE just contracted for *Obelists at Sea* by C. Daly King. I won't call this the best detective story I have ever read for I'm a poor judge of the *genre* and no true fan. But I do think it will appeal to anyone who cares for a good story well told.

The scene of the mysterious killing of Mr. Victor Timothy Smith is the crowded smoking room of the S. S. *Meganaut*, one of the most luxurious of the North Atlantic liners—not long out of New York en route to Cherbourg.

Four eminent psychologists aboard, bound for a European convention, are permitted by the Captain to take a hand in trying to discover the criminal. The behaviorist, the psychoanalyst, the integrative psychologist, and the middle grounder, meet with varying degrees of success in applying their pet theories to a practical end, but each finds his major premises false and it remains for another passenger to solve completely by the good old method of deduction from objective clues, a most baffling mystery.

I think I may claim that *Obelists at Sea* has everything the hardened detective story fan seeks—a good murder, a novel setting, an exciting running down of legitimate clues, an author who plays fair with his readers and a completely satisfying solution. In addition, Mr. King, who happens to be a psychologist of distinction (and a writer of authority in that field) supplies in his four psychologists a note that is absolutely new in crime fiction and one that will delight the connoisseur.

HUGH WALPOLE, who always manages to speak his mind with engaging frankness in the London Letter he sends each month to *The New York Herald Tribune*, recently wrote about the great success of *The Fountain* as follows:

"This has been an extraordinary phenomenon both in England and America. No one before publication dreamt of such a popularity. . . . Here is a book sober, rather humorless, written

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with elaborate care, mystical and, in incident, unexciting.

"The excitement of Morgan's book is a spiritual one and it is there, I think, that its importance lies. I have believed for some time past that readers would tire of the reiteration of cynical pessimism and negation with which our novelists have for ten years been supplying us. It has for too long been the only sign of good taste that one should believe in nothing at all. Further than that the brain has been given all the credit and the heart not allowed to beat. I am not asking for any return to falseness or sentimentality, but I think that we have all felt that clever novels are not enough and that we may be getting half the truth but that half the truth is thin fare.

"I am sure that Mr. Morgan's success will have a great and valuable effect on the younger novelists who may now be encouraged to raise their heads and supply some of their characters with souls as well as bodies."

I think many readers found *The Fountain* "in incident" anything but "unexciting," but I don't doubt that it owes its great success (American sales to date over 106,000 copies plus 43,500 to members of The Book-of-the-Month Club) to its spiritual qualities. Thousands of novel readers turned out to be sincerely interested in the contemplative life and inquiries for books to read on that subject moved The New York Public Library to print a special list of them in an issue of its Monthly Bulletin.

The American Jacket

I WILL publish on March 15th *Waiting for a Ship*, a remarkable novel by a young Dane. Though its author, Marcus Lauesen, has just turned twenty-four, it took Denmark by storm in 1931. Gyldendal sold 35,000 copies in the first few months following its publication (the population of Denmark is 3,550,651; of Norway 2,817,124; some Swedes read Danish, of course).

Hugh Walpole writes in recommending this book to members of the English Book Society:

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The Original Danish Jacket

"The detail is excellent, and at times, in its clear, brilliant outline, reminded me of Mr. Hergesheimer. Furniture, coloured glass, old tables, miniatures on the wall, old Chinese figures, all delight Mr. Lauesen. He is always a poet. . . . He can create character, build up atmosphere, tell a story. This book is always exciting to read, and there are things in it, details of landscape and scenes of excitement, that will remain for the reader long after the book is finished. Mr. Lauesen seems to me the most promising new novelist Denmark has given us for many years."

In the belief that the original Danish jacket for this novel was a little too brutal in its conception, I commissioned Ernest Walker to design a new wrapper for the American edition. Both are reproduced here.

F. P. A. wrote in his column on January 18th as follows:

"Speaking of book sales, The Conning Tower, choking down the unbidden sob, extends its condolence to Miss Rose C. Feld. From Mr. Alfred A. Knopf, who two or three years ago published Miss Feld's *Heritage*, comes the information that this book apparently has set the rental record, one copy of it having been borrowed and returned—it was rented from the Peter Pan Gift and Card Shop, 131 West Kingsbridge Road—158 times; finally it was sold as a used book for 30 cents. For all that resoundingly hollow record Miss Feld got the royalty for the sale of one volume which if it was a $2 book, probably was 20 cents.

"We know, to a less heartbreaking degree, how Miss Feld feels. Often our heart has leaped up when we beheld the rainbow of somebody saying to us, 'I enjoyed your book enormously.' 'Thanks,' we say, embarrassedly hiding the emotion of a pleasure-filled heart, 'I'm glad you bought it.' 'Oh,' says the miser, 'I didn't buy it. I borrowed it from So-

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and-So, who got it from Who's-This, whom you presented a copy to. It's a wonderful book. You ought to make a fortune on it.' "

Miss Feld's novel was published in 1928 at $2.50. It sold 2,663 copies. 458 copies were remaindered. If the Peter Pan Gift and Card Shop's copy was bought in the regular way, Miss Feld received 25 cents for a book that may have been read 158 times. If, as it is possible, this copy was one of those remaindered, she received nothing, as these copies were sold (after the sale at the regular price had ceased entirely) at 18 cents each, less than the actual cost of production.

A. EDWARD NEWTON'S *A Magnificent Farce** is now twelve years old. But much of what he wrote there is as true and timely as ever. For instance:

"Too many of us, who are liberal, not to say lavish, in our household expenses, seem to regard the purchase of books as an almost not-to-be-permitted extravagance. We buy piano-players and talking machines, and we mortgage our houses to get an automobile, but when it comes to a book, we exhaust every resource before parting with our money. If we cannot borrow a book from a friend, we borrow it from a library; if there is anything I like less than lending a book, it is borrowing one, and I know no greater bore than the man who insists on lending you a book which you do not intend to read."

And again: "Who was it who said, 'I hold the buying of more books than one can peradventure read, as nothing less than the soul's reaching towards infinity; which is the only thing that raises us above the beasts that perish'?"

THE *Eagle and the Serpent* by Martín Luís Guzmán, one of the best books on the Mexican Revolution, has just been published in Germany by Engelhorn of Stuttgart. Let us hope it fares better there than here where it sold only 988 copies.

My purpose in publishing sales figures in these pages, is neither to boast nor to complain. I simply want the public, or at least that part of it interested in Borzoi Books, to have a more definite idea of what sales books actually enjoy. I will be glad to publish from time to time the sales figures of any titles about which readers may inquire.

Alfred A. Knopf

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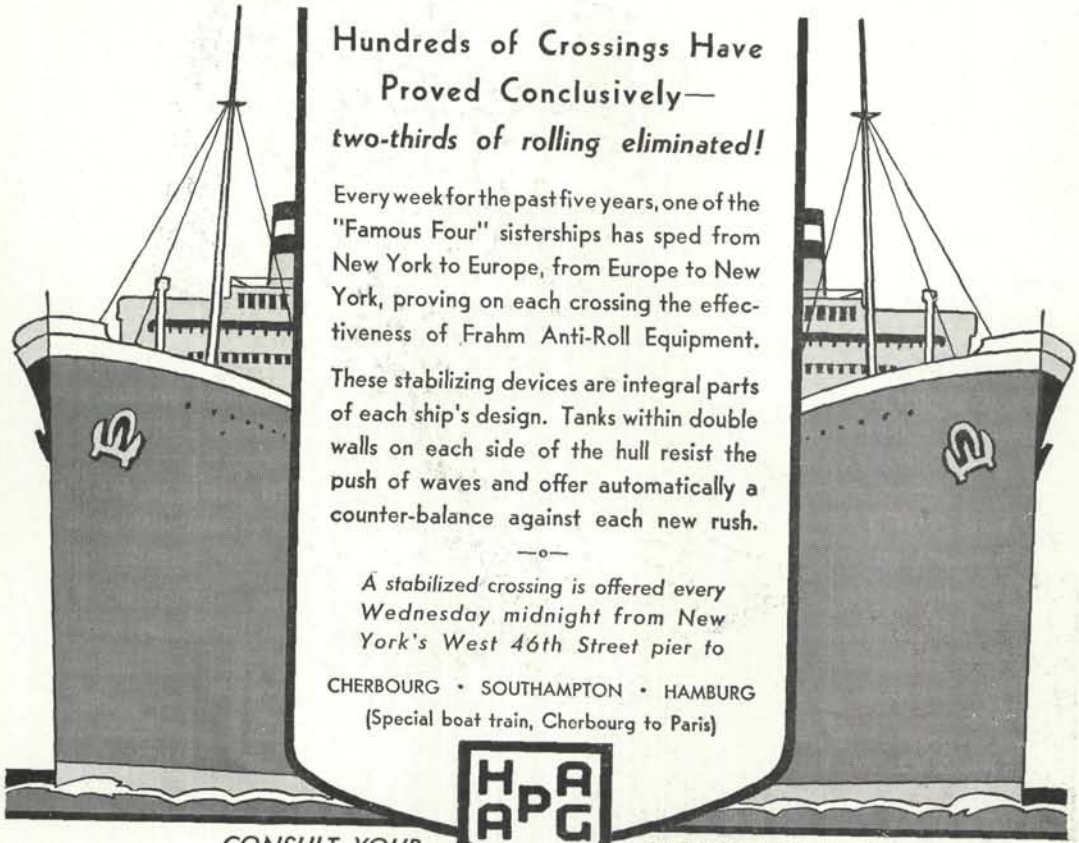

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